

CLELIA.

AN
EXCELLENT
NEW
ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO
MADemoISELLE de LONGUEVILLE.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

Written in *French* by the Exquisite Pen of
Monsieur de Scudery, Governour of
Nostredame de la Gard.



L O N D O N,
Printed for *Humphrey Mofely* and *Thomas Dring*,
and are to be sold at their Shops, at the Princes Arms
in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, and at the George
in *Fleet-Street*, near *Cliffords-Inne*. 1656.

CITIZEN.

AN

EXCELLENT

NEW

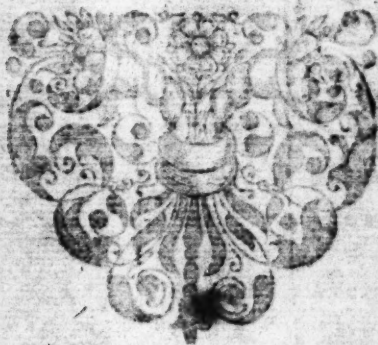
ROMANCE:

DEDICATED TO

MADEMOISELLE DE LONGEVILLE.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

Written in French by the Exquisite Pen of
Madame de La Fayette, Governour of
Normandy.



LONDON:
Printed for Humphrey Moseley and Thomas Dering,
and are to be sold at their Shop, at the Princes Arms
in St. Pauls Church-yard, and at the George
in Fleet Street, near Chesham-lane. 1686.

TO MY
HONOURED LADY,
THE LADY

DOROTHY HEALE

MADAM,



For to comply with your *Moderesty* were
not to sin unpardonably against your
other *Vertues*, whose infinite meritts
forceth all persons to disobey you, by a professed
admiration and acknowledgement of them, I should
feare to owne this Duty. But the offence being so
generall, and the person against whom it is commit-
ted of so great a Goodnesse, I am the better encour-
aged to hope your pardon for a zeale so inconfide-
rable, that the noise thereof will be soon lost in the
crowd and univerrall acclamations of your Admi-
rers.

Amongst these, *MADAM*, you may behold
those generous persons upon whose *Vertues Rome*,
the Emperesse of the world, was founded, suing to
yours

yours for protection, which (if you please to hear
them relate their misfortunes) I am confident your
charity will not deny, and they shall then confesse
themselves rewarded far above the merit of their un-
just sufferings. It is not, *MADAM*, that I dare wish
these vacant houres should betray the least minute of
yours to a losse; it will be happinesse enough that
you allow them to live under your name, in whom
all those scattered excellencies, which are here divi-
ded amongst many persons, are united and perfect-
ed; for which there cannot be a greater veneration
than that of

MADAM,

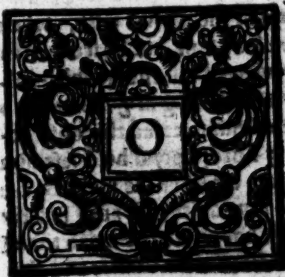
Your most humbly devoted Servant,

J. DAVIES.

CLELIA.

THE SECOND PART.

The first Book.



YE Gods, cry'd out *Arancis*, with a dolefull accent,
viewing the severall wayes, whersof it was now in
his power to take his choyce, into what a strange con-
fusion am I reduced! Why do you not either enlight-
ten my Minde, or force my Will? Or why must I be
ignorant of what I ought, or might, or would do?
It is indeed high time, reply'd *Amilear*, to resolve on
something; for when all is done, you must either for
the Camp, or for *Rome*. It is resolv'd reply'd imme-
diately *Arancis*; it is resolv'd, and what ever may be
the event, I must go thither where *Clelia* is, and there
expect how Fortune shall dispose of us. The sage *Sivilia* will haply favour me with
a retirement, she well knowes the tender affection of her son *Herminius* towards
me, she hates the Tyrant, and loves Vertue, which is motive enough to oblige her to
do me any good office. If I repai'd to the Camp, continu'd he, I should be disco-
ver'd to be the son of *Porfennus*, secur'd, and sent to *Glossina*, without being able to
do any thing for *Clelia*. In the mean time it is easily conceiv'd she will want assistance,
whether *Tarquins* consider her as the Daughter of his Enemy, or look on her as a
Servant, or that Prince *Sextus*, forgetting the beauty of *Lucretia*, be absolutely subdn'd
by her. Therefore, my deare *Amilear*, do you repaire to the Camp, and there employ
that noble Talent which the Gods have bestowed on you, cunningly to divert *Tar-
quin* from causing any search to be made for me at *Rome*; my acquaint not even *Sextus*
himself with my resolution thither; be both the Protector of *Clelia* and mine; engage
our friends to contribute their services; and to be short, omit nothing which your ge-
nerosity, friendship, or courage, shall suggest unto you, as fit to be done.

This said, *Arancis* and *Amilear* resolv'd on a certaine place, where they should
hear from each other, and so parted, the former making towards *Rome*, the other
to the Camp. *Amilear* made such speed, that recovering the time he had spent with
his friend, he overtook Prince *Sextus* before he had reach'd the Camp, which he did
purposely, that he might be an eye-witnesse of the first transports of *Tarquins*, when
he should understand that *Arancis* was not in his power. But having joyned with
this Prince, and those which accompanied him, *Collatinus* asked him where *Arancis*
was; whereto *Amilear* answering, that he had lost sight of him in the Wood, and
believ'd he would soon overtake them: *Sextus*, who was satisfied, he would not re-
turn,

turn, and had his imaginations filled with the beauty of *Lucretia*, began to play upon *Collatia*, and told him that *Artemus* was false in love with his wife, and haply was return'd to *Clelia*. He it to my Lord, reply'd *Collatia* smiling, you may lament the misfortune of your friend; for as to the humour of *Lucretia*, if I were not her husband, I would never be her servant, were I not resolv'd to be the most wretched of all men. Hah *Collatia* (reply'd *Amilior*, who made it his business to divert the company from thinking on *Artemus*) what a happy man are you to be husband to one of the greatest Beauties in the world, and yet be guilty of no Jealousie! It is indeed, sayes the Prince of *Pometia*, a very rare thing. I am of your minde, reply'd (mainly) *Sextus*, but when all is done, it is not so strange that *Collatia* should not be jealous of a woman that never sees any body; one that views not her own beauty, and one so jealous of her self, that she will not be seen by any. What Prince *Sextus* sayes, replies *Artemidorus*, is questionlesse considerable, yet the felicity of *Collatia*, is not to be esteem'd the less, who is married to one who onely loves him and solitude. For my part, sayes the pleasant *Zenocrates*, I should rather wish to be a while jealous, than to have my wife to given to solitude. But I, replies *Collatia*, am very well pleas'd with mine, not, that if she were of an humour to be as gallant as they say your *Græcian* and *African* Ladies are, I should be ever the more jealous. You would indeed do very well in that, replies *Amilior*, for to speak truly, Jealousie in a Husband many times hastens the misfortune by feares, since that his Jealousie rendring him hatefull to his wife, she most commonly bestowes all the love she abates him, upon some other.

Such was the discourse this merry company entertain'd themselves with, when they came to the Camp: but they had scarcely reach'd *Sextus's* tent, but he sent a man conducted by an officer of *Tarquins's* who very earnestly view'd all those which follow'd him, whence he infer'd, that it must be that Envoy of the King of *Chusim*, who came to seek *Artemus*. So that approaching *Amilior*, he communicated this observation to him, and ask'd him softly, where his friend was. My Lord, reply'd he, I left him so distracted, as to resolution, that as I dare not assure you whether we may not see him here to morrow morning (though it be contrary to my advice) so am I utterly ignorant where he is, as having onely a promise that I shall know. In the mean time I conjure you to save him what lies in your power, as also to protect *Clelia* and still, consider'd he, I conjure you to do by the beauty of *Lucretia*. It is but a day since, reply'd *Sextus*, that if you had made any request to me, I was onely exorable by the fair eyes of *Clelia*: but now, added he laughing, those of *Lucretia* carry it. Ah, my Lord (reply'd *Amilior* laughing with him) you do well to prefer the *Brown Beauty* before that which is *Flower fairer*, for the latter is often guilty of coldness and indifference, and seldom discovers any piquancy or passion.

Upon this the Prince shew'd his Teeth, taking no notice that he had seen the Envoy of the King of *Chusim*, who having view'd the Prince of *Pometia*, Prince *Titus*, *Artemidorus*, *Amilior*, *Zenocrates*, *Clelia*, *Collatia*, and the rest of the company, told *Tarquins's* officer, who conducted him, that he whom he sought was not there, and so made toward the Prince, to acquaint him, that he had not found his Masters son. But he was hardly in his presence, ere *Sextus* accompanied only by *Amilior*, and *Zenocrates*, came in to him. In the mean time, *Tarquins* being in a great distraction of mind, ask'd somewhat hastily, whether he had heard that *Artemus* should be reliev'd by *Collatia*, for so he thought, consider'd he *Artemus's* converse, but that you leaving the Camp, while I was engag'd in so important a siege, you had some other design in it than your diversion. *Sextus* not us'd to brook such reproaches, was incens'd into a blush, and answer'd him as roundly. But *Amilior* knowing how much it concern'd *Artemus*, there should be no such intelligence betwixt their Princes, he engag'd himself into their contest with that pleasant confidence, which is so natural to him, and which gain'd him the opportunity to speak what he would, without offence taken. So that *Tarquins* recovering his temperance towards his son, by the mediation of *Amilior*, at length came to see where *Artemus* was. My Lord, while we all came somewhat disorderly, every one according to his impatience, to be at the Camp, I am

to learn whether *Aronces* be come before us, or be yet behinde; and all I can say of him is, that I have not seen him since we came into a wood, which is not far hence. He had scarce said this, but *Tarquin* commanded he should be sought in his Tent, and all places he used to frequent; but it being fruitless to look after him, word was brought to *Tarquin* he was not returned. This gave him occasion to suspect he might be son to the King of *Clusium*, since that he appear'd not. But to be more fully satisfied, he oblig'd the envoy of *Perseus*, to describe him whom he sought, which he did so naturally, that it was no longer doubted, but that *Aronces* was the very Prince. *Tarquin* knowing that *Celerus* was his intimate friend, he sent him to seek him, and in the mean, enquired of *Amilcar* and *Zenocrates*, what they knew of the condition of *Aronces*. The latter answer'd, that his acquaintance with him was only that he casually met him upon a journey, but for his birth and quality he knew nothing. And for my part, says *Amilcar*, though I know no more of him than *Zenocrates*, yet I am perswaded he deserves your Majesty's protection. Ah *Amilcar*, cries out *Tarquin*, I would not wish *Perseus*'s son in my power, but only to hinder him from doing a thing which would cause me to hate him, and which one day would raise a war between *Rome* and *Etruria*. For, to be short, if *Clelia*'s daughter were once Queen of *Clusium*, I know nothing should divert me from entering into a war, should dethrone her, which I should be farther encourag'd to; for that it were to satisfy the desires of *Perseus*, who pretends an aversion she should ever reigna over his Subjects. After some other discourse, *Celerus* returns, but though he answer'd what ever *Tarquin* demanded, with much prudence and circumspection, yet was this Prince further satisfied, that *Aronces* was the son of *Perseus*; which though *Celerus* did not acknowledge, yet was it easily discover'd, that, not answering positively; neither as to the place of his birth, nor quality, there must be some secret reason that hinder'd him. But to be absolutely resolved, this Envoy of the King of *Clusium* having mention'd a mole which he that he sought had on his hand, *Tarquin* had observ'd it one day, that *Aronces* presenting him with two Prisoners he had taken; he stretch'd forth his hand to shew them unto him, so that the business being by this discovery put out of all doubt, *Tarquin* commanded he should be diligently sought out. He even sent to *Rome* to take him, if he were returned thither, and he spake with that violence, which easily discover'd his mind disturbed by more than one passion. But my Lord, says *Amilcar* to him, may I presume to ask you what crime hath this pretended son of the King of *Clusium* committed? He loves the daughter of a man I hate, reply'd he furiously, and the King his father desires me to secure him; lest this passion engage him into something unworthy his quality, and the greatness of his courage. But my Lord, replies *Amilcar*, do you know where that daughter of your enemy is, whom *Aronces* is in love with? In all likelihood, says he, she is among the Captives, which were taken at the fall out of *Ardea*; but the difficulty is to know which of them is the daughter of *Clelia*, for they are all very amiable; in the meantime, it is my greatest concernment to be satisfied. If you please, my Lord; replies cunningly *Amilcar*, I will be your spie, for (added he slyly) since there's no more to doe, than to cross *Aronces*'s Marriages, I shall easily waive the interests of his love to engage my selfe into those of his ambition. What you say is very pertinent, or very generous, replies *Tarquin*, but all things consider'd, I am resolv'd to be my own spie, for I would not be deceiv'd in this designe.

Seim hearing his Father speaking thus, was troubled at it, as inferring thence, that he must needs love *Clelia*; which consideration had almost restor'd him to the inclination he once had to that Beauty, and taken away much of that which he now had to *Lucretia*. But at length *Tarquin* being resolv'd to act alone, *Seim* shifting place, chang'd with all his sentiments, and not considering *Clelia* otherwise than as his friend's Mistress, he directed all his thoughts to *Aronces*, and imagining what a great satisfaction it is to conquer a heart which was never conquer'd, he could think of nothing else for *Amilcar*; he advis'd with *Arimidrus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus*, concerning the interests of their Friend, inso much, as conceiving it requisite he should be acquainted with the state of his affairs, they sent to him a trusty Slave, directed to

the virtuous *Sisilia's* house, so to be brought to *Ardea*. But for *Tarquinius*, he was in a strange disturbance, as not being able to remain long in that uncertainty; so that the siege of *Ardea* being in a good condition, he resolv'd to pass away a day or two at *Rome*; as well to discover by his own industry, which of the Captives was the daughter of *Chloris*; as to cause a stricter search to be made after *Arances*.

The next day therefore, without any further delay, he departed, and came to *Rome* the same night, where he was no sooner arriv'd, but the cruel *Tullia*, who had perceived that *Clelia* had smitten the heart of the King her Husband, came and acquainted (though she knew nothing of it) that that Captive whom he prefer'd before all the rest, was certainly the Daughter of *Chloris*, and Mistress of *Arances*; which she augmented with a hundred other things of her own invention, to induce him to believe it. But he not being thereby convinc'd, and that the fierce passion of his soul, stirr'd him into a Wish, that that person might not be the daughter of his Enemy, he gave the less credit to *Tullia's* relation. I know very well, answer'd he, that by many arguments, *Chloris's* daughter is among the Captives; for, to be short, they were taken escaping out of *Ardea*, whence the Envoy of the King of *Clusium* affirms, that that daughter of my Enemy was departed not long before the siege; beside, the Grand *Vestal*, Sister to *Chloris*, pleaded for their Liberty, with an earnestness by which I easily perceiv'd, that there was an interest of family, which she was more tender of, than any *Vestal* privileges. But all this does not absolutely satisfy me, that this fair Captive, of whom you speak, is the daughter of *Chloris*. If you were not prepossess'd, reply'd the fierce *Tullia*, you would believe as I do; for as she is more beautiful than the rest, so is she the more likely to kindle a violent passion. May she is without more given to Melancholly, she hath much the aire of a *Roman Lady*, she will not positively tell who she is; and I have observ'd, that twice or thrice she hath not answer'd to the name which she now hath, whence I infer, it is not her own, and that she is not yet sufficiently accustomed to the name which her companions have given her. But I beseech you, replies hastily *Tarquinius*, whence are you so resolv'd, that this beautiful Captive must be the Daughter of *Chloris*? When you have told me (reply'd she as fiercely) the reason, why you would not have her to be your Enemy's Daughter, I will tell you why I would have her to be so: Did you not know it, reply'd he, I would tell you, but since it is so easie for you to imagine it, I shall spare my self the pains. However it be, reply'd she, know that I think it unworthy, that he who hath brought *Rome* itself under subjection, should submit himself to a Captive, and Reply the Daughter of his Enemy, and assure your self further, that *Tullia*, who hath violated all right to put the Scepter into your hand, can easily hinder that person from coming above her, who ought not to look on me, but kneeling.

Having thus said, this fierce Priestess departed, and *Tarquinius* being in a strange confusion of thoughts, was duly certain of this, that he had a greater affection for *Clelia*, than he had ever had for any. But instead of this had to taken up his whole life before, that it may be said, he had not the leisure to Love; but as things stand now, Ambition lay in a manner dormant in his heart; since he saw no further object to engage his wishes. And since there is a certain relation between Love and Ambition (since that certainly it is as great an ambition to reign in the heart of a beautiful person, as in a State) *Tarquinius* was infinitely captivated by the beauty of *Clelia*. But as the cruel Tyrant knew as yet better how to hate than to love, he was strangely torment'd in mind, fearing to find the same person the object of his hatred and his love. Is it possible, said he within himself, that I should be so unfortunate, as to love the daughter of *Chloris*? No, no, added he, it is an absolute impossibility. For my Heart without the assistance of my Reason, would have soon discover'd the Daughter of my Enemy, and would not have been guilty of so great a baseness as to have lov'd her. It must be so, continu'd he, there is such an Antipathy between *Chloris* and me, and I have so inveterate a hatred for him, that if he were certainly the father of this beautiful person, I should be naturally oblig'd to hate her. But in
fine

fine (contin'd he, after he had pain'd a while) in case my heart have betray'd me; if I am really deceiv'd, and that this faire and enchanting Captive be effectually the Daughter of my Enemy, what course should I take? At these words *Tarquin* stop'd a while, but suddenly recovering himself, Ah! base spirit! that I am, cry'd he, doe I deliberate how I should deale with the daughter of *Clelia*? No, no, continu'd he, I desie all further deliberation, I must renounce her love, I must burthen her with my hatred and chains, and put her to death, to be reveng'd of her Father. But am I certain I should doe what I say (said he again to himselfe) I have certainly in my life done things so extraordinary, that such an action as this might be lookt on as an ordinary consequent of the greatnesse of my courage; but when all's done, I never did any thing that seem'd so hard to do as this: I have sacrific'd a Wife to my Ambition, tis true; but I had no great love for her. I dethron'd *Servius Tullius*, I acknowledge it; but I had ever hated him; and I never yet met with a necessity should force me to destroy that which I loved, because I have loved nothing but my owne greatnesse, and therefore I must confesse I am yet to resolve what I should do, if this faire prisoner proved my Enemy's daughter. Here *Tarquin* was silent, and having pain'd a while, he repair'd to the lodgings of the Captives, with intention to try all means to discover which of them was the true daughter of *Clelia*.

But while he was employed in this visit, *Aronius* struggled with incredible afflictions. For as according to his expectation, he had found the sage and generous *Sivellus* servent to serve him, so he was hid in her house, and by her means held correspondence with all the secret friends of *Clelia* and *Herminius*, as also with the Grand Vessall. Thus he knew all that passed in the Camp, and at Rome, for the Slave which *Amileus* had sent, was come to him, and by *Sivellus* he knew all that happened in the City. But that was it that rendred him the more unhappy, for as the state of affairs stood then, he could not rationally hope to apply any remedy thereto. *Tarquin's* power seem'd to be so strongly establish'd, that nothing could shake it. He was indeed generally hated, but withall he was as generally feared, in as much as had he been beloved, he could not have been better obeyed than he was; and to be short, he was become so dreadfull, that men durst hardly think ought against him. There was not one true Roman who with'd not it were in his power to destroy him, but there was not one who had courage enough to undertake it: so that it might be said, that Rome had alwayes an infinite number of men fit to be conspirators, before there ever was any conspiracy; so dreadfull were the proud *Tarquin* and cruel *Tullius* grown. Thus all that *Aronius* could do, was to bemoan himselfe, and endeavour to find out some means to send to *Clelia*, to see if there were any possibility to carry her away. But that was a thing seem'd not so easie to be done, he being oblig'd either to continue his retirement, or run the hazard of being taken. *Sivellus* was of such a high spirit, that she never went to *Tullius's*; nor was the Grand Vessall's absence thence without suspicion: it was not fit many were acquainted with *Aronius's* retirement in Rome; all which augmented his misery as much as could be. *Tarquin's* arrestall was no small affliction to him, nay he escap'd not the misery of being acquainted with his visit to the Captives, and that the design of it was onely to discover which of the Prisoners was the daughter of *Clelia*, so that his sufferings were such as will hardly admit a perfect imagination of them: For he consider'd himselfe a very moment ready to be discover'd and secur'd, and that *Clelia* would be found out by her fathers inveterate enemy, and the cruell enemy that ever was. Alas! (said he to himselfe, during this visit) what a deplorable condition am I in? for if *Tarquin* discover *Clelia*, and that the hatred he beares her father exceeds the love, it is said, he beares her, he will destroy her, nay, will invent new torments to doe it; but if his love to her shall out-vie his hatred to *Clelia*, to what persecution is she, to what misfortunes am I expos'd? But cruell and proud *Tarquin* continu'd he, though thou wert lov'd as much by thy People as thou art hated, and that all thy Subjects were thy Guard, nothing should discourage me from attempting to deliver Rome, that so I may deliver *Clelia*, if so be thou art so unjust as to evil intreat her.

But while the unfortunate *Aronius* thus sadly entertained himself, *Tarquin* was in

the lodgings of the Captives, from whom he had receiv'd the greatest civility which he could expect from persons, whose liberty could not be obtained without his consent. The end therefore of his coming thither that day, being to discover *Clelia*, he entertain'd them all secretly one after another, as soon as the first civilities were over. He was desirous *Clelia* might be the last he spoke with, because it was she he wish'd might not prove the daughter of *Clelia*; so that not doubting but to find her among the Captives, he talkt with the sage *Cesonia*, the merry *Plotina*, and her companions before he spoke to *Clelia*. But though he list'd them very craftily, yet he could not make any great discovery; for being all excellently witty, and withall, bearing a great affection to *Clelia*, they told him nothing whereby he might be inform'd which was the daughter of *Clelium*.

But at length, taking *Clelia* aside, and viewing her sometimes with the looks of a Lover, sometimes with those of an Enemy (such a distraction was in his soule) I beseech you, Madam, sayes he to her, deliver me out of the greatest disquiet I ever was in, and, if it be possible, restore me into a condition, wherein I may both make you happy, and entertain some hope of being so my self. There is such a distance between your fortune and mine, replies modestly *Clelia*, that I cannot easily imagine how the same thing can make us both happy: and, my Lord, continu'd she, can there be any thing wanting to your felicity? There is Madam, sayes he to her, and to acquaint you wherein my happiness is deficient, you are to know, there are in my soule two passions, both which I would fain satisfy, that is, *Revenge* and *Love*; for, for my part, I have every where plac'd *Revenge* among the most violent passions, since there is not any thing from whence proceeds greater violence as to *Desire*, nor greater sense as to pleasure. I therefore conjure your assistance to appease these two passions which exercise such a Tyranny over my soule. As concerning *Love*, pursu'd the Tyrant, I shall need onely to tell you, that you were no sooner in my chains, but I was in yours, I need say no more to engage an answer from you which shall make me happy. But for *Revenge* you must tell me which of these Captives is the daughter of *Clelium*, for as for your part, I am confident you cannot be the daughter of a man indeprecably hatefull to me, and one whom I will destroy sometime or other, what part soever of the earth affords him a retreat. *Clelia* hearing *Tarquius* in such a fury, could not but blush, which he observing, and interpreting to signifie as much as that he might thence conceive she was the daughter of *Clelium*, he was surpris'd into the most horrid agitation of spirit could be imagin'd. However *Love* prevailing in this first fall, Ah Madam (cry'd he, taking her by the hand) be not the daughter of my Enemy, I conjure you, for I perceive that all your beauty could hardly fasten love so in my heart, but that hatred would forcibly displace it. If therefore you are not *Clelium's* daughter, shew me her whom I must sacrifice to my vengeance; but if you are she, deceive me if you can, and name some other to me who shall suffer all those punishments which the daughter of *Clelium* (the daughter of my most mortall Enemy) deserves. I shall presently believe you Madam, continu'd he, and I shall not afterwards trouble my self to be undecerv'd, so you but satisfy the love I bear you.

What you tell me, my Lord (reply'd *Clelia*, with an admirable expression of a great courage) is so sudden and so strange, that I hardly know what to answer to it. But now I am provided, and shall do it so exactly, that you shall not need any further to persecute either my companions or me. Know therefore my Lord, that I do not conceive my self any wayes oblig'd to tell you whether I am *Clelium's* daughter, or not, and so I shall tell you nothing which may give you any light in that you so much desire to know, yet shall not stick to tell you what I truly conceive of your demand, whether I am she or not. For if I am not she, but some one of my companions be daughter to that unfortunate Exile, I will dye ere I discover her, having heard what I have said. But if on the contrary, I am she, whom yet you would not know, but that you might hate and destroy, I declare unto you, that if the metall of my heart be right, I shall wish rather your hatred, than your love, and shall never submit to flatter the passion of a man who would take away my fathers life. Therefore, my Lord, let

set your minds at rest for this matter, for as my companions will not betray me, in case I were *Clelia's* daughter, so neither shall I discover whether the daughter of *Clelia* be among them: and to puzzle your enquiry the more, I will not positively tell you, whether I am or I am not daughter to that noble Roman. I would not believe that you are his daughter (reply'd he abruptly) but you discover somewhat the fire of his heart; and if the mildness of your looks did not abate the sharpness of your words, I should immediately treat you as the daughter of *Clelia*. As I am perswaded (replies *Clelia*) that I have said nothing to you, which I ought not to have said, so I cannot admit of any repentance for it. But my Lord, continu'd she, whether some one of my companions be *Clelia's* daughter, or that I am she, is it possible you should not see, that your minds cannot be guilty of these cruel sentiments of detestation, without a greater injustice than any you now stand accus'd of? All the violence you have committed since you came into the world, were done in order to your mounting the Throne; but what would it advance you to sacrifice a wretched Captive? To be reveng'd, reply'd he insolently, is the daughter of all the mischiefs the father hath, or hath endeavour'd to do me. For I am certain, continu'd he, that in what place soever *Clelia* is, he is perpetually plotting my ruine, and when he shall not imagine any possibility to accomplish his design, he will persecute me with his wishes, and it will be his affliction that he cannot do it. But to be short (Madam) there is no mean in this case, you must either name the daughter of *Clelia*, whom I may as highly hate, as I love you. I have told you already how gladly I would be deceiv'd; but my *Vengeance* requires a *Victim*, for in that transportation I now am in, if you do not what I desire, I shall deal with all your companions, as daughters of *Clelia*, that so I may not be deceiv'd as to that point: and so while you receive from me a thousand and a thousand expressions of affection, they shall as many of my detestation, and pretended cruelty. Ah my Lord, cry'd out the generous *Clelia*, though I were at my own disposal, though *Tullia* were not your wife, and though you offer'd to raise me into the Throne, I should abhorre the love of a Prince so unjust as you are. How now Coyneffe, says he to her, do you slight the passion of a man, who never loved any thing but Glory and You? who hath brought all that have resisted him under subjection, who hath subdued a heart as great, and as high flown as yours, and yet makes you that offer which never was made to any? In the mean time, continu'd he, do not imagine that what I say is an airy threat, for I go presently, and begin the punishment of your companions, by separating them from you. To be short, *Tarquins* commanded the Captain of his Guards to be called, but *Clelia* staying him, no my Lord (says she to him, with an undisturbed generosity) it shall never be said, that I have altogether escap'd the injustice of *Tarquins*; and my life, in the condition I am, is not so precious, as that it should be preserv'd by any treacherous act. Know then, unjust Prince, that I am the daughter of the noble *Clelia*, and that my true name is *Clelia*. Ah Madam! reply'd he, why do you tell me what I desired not to know? I tell it you (reply'd she with a wonderfull constancy) that you may see I am not unworthy my fathers virtue, and that though I had not my birth in Rome, yet I have a heart truly Roman.

Clelia utter'd these words with a confidence so alloy'd with modesty and composure, that *Tullia* was amaz'd at it. Ah Madam, cries he, you must questionlesse have a greater sense of the love I beare you, than I imagin'd, since you discover such a secret to me. But I know not (continu'd he sighing) what reason you have to trust me, for the agitation of minds I am in, makes me uncertain whether I yet love you, or begin to hate you. Hate me, hate me, my Lord, reply'd she, for it will be much easier for you to satisfy your hatred, than to oblige me to satisfy your love. I have at this instant so great a desire to know you, reply'd he, and have so much reason to justify it, that I despair not to subdue that other cruel passion which is in my soule. But to doe it the more easily, I must forbid my selfe your sight, for though I am inclin'd by your confidence, yet the sweetness of your looks all-engage my cruelty, and distract my fury. And I wish it the pleasure of the Gods, my Lord, reply'd she, I were so powerfull as to re-instate Reason in your soule, and banish thence that injustice which

which makes you hate my Father, and so fills your government with violence, that you can never expect Love where you finde Obadiance. Ah, excessive Charm I (cry'd he, relenting on a sudden) how little would I value the hatred of all the world, so I had but your love I You are yet, continu'd he, at liberty, to retract what you told me. Tell me, I conjure you, that your affirming your self to be *Cleliu's* daughter, was onely out of design to save your companions, hoping the love I beare you would exempt you from punishment: I promise you belief, and though all the world should tell me that you were my enemy's daughter, and that he himself should confirm it, I would not credit it, if you did not tell me so your selfe. To be short, have you not observed, that I have not done what I might for your discovery, and on the contrary, have onely said that by which I might not discover you? For I might more easily have scr'd out this secret, by giving you hopes of all things, and promising to pardon the father for the daughters sake, which you might, with justice, expect from a man so deeply in love as I am. Tell me then, I once more conjure you, that you are not *Cleliu's* daughter; deceive me, since it is for your advantage I would be deceived: but to deceive me right, abjure the interests of my enemy, and if the sacrificing of *Tullia* can translate you into her place, I can easily consent to it. No, no, my Lord, reply'd *Clelia*, without seeming to be moved, I shall never recant; and since I have confess'd my birth to you, my discourse and resentments shall be proportionate to it. I will not promise so much for my part, reply'd he, for if you will obstinately persist to be his daughter, who hath so often endeavour'd to dethrone me, I shall soon deal with you, as such a mans daughter deserves. When I told you my name was *Clelia*, reply'd she, I prepar'd my self to suffer all your outrages, and that like a daughter of *Cleliu*, that is to say, with an unalterable constancy. Hah, 'tis too much, cries out the unjust Prince, so boldly to name my enemy, and make it a glory to be the daughter of a man who hates me beyond the measure of all hatred that ever was.

This fury having seized *Tarquin's* minde, it exhal'd such black and ominous vapours into his imagination, that though *Clelia* were the same she was wont to be, that is, one of the most beautiful persons in the world, yet he, looking on her with eyes trouble'd and eclips'd, by the severall passions which were stirring in him, thought her not now, what he thought her a quarter of an hour before. Being therefore as unlikely to treat her with the same respect, he commanded her to be carried to a lodging a part, that she should be carefully watched, and should not be admitted to speak with any whatever. All her friends and companions, who were on the other side of the chamber, hearing this unjust command, cast themselves at *Tarquin's* feet, to beseech him not separate them from *Clelia*. If there be any one among you, reply'd he insolently, that will be *Cleliu's* daughter instead of her, I will be content, if she be. For my part, says the generous *Cesaria*, there's not any thing I will not say or do, to keep such a vertuous person from being ill-intreated. What you say is great and noble, reply'd *Clelia*; but if you think me worthy of so high a testimony of friendship, I must intreat you not to envy me the glory to be daughter to the most vertuous Roman, that ever *Rome* was mother of: Take not that from me, I conjure you, since it is almost the onely comfort I have left me. At these words, *Tarquin* being at a losse of all patience, caus'd the order he had given for the separation of *Clelia* and her companions, to be put in execution, he remaining immalleable amidst the Teares of so many eminent Beauties; which done, he departed to his own Apartments.

But he was no sooner arriv'd there, but one of those he employ'd to discover what pass'd in the houses of those unfortunate Nobles he had banish'd *Rome*, acquaints him, that there was a man lay very secret at the vertuous *Sivelia's* house; adding, that it was in all likelihood, *Herminius*, who was come away disguis'd from *Ardea*, and come to *Rome* to raise some tumult while he were engag'd in that Siege. *Tarquin* being then extremely disturb'd in his minde, did not at the first consider the probability, or improbability of this report; but being alwayes ready to do violence, he commanded a strong party to go and search *Sivelia's* house, in case she should make any

any resistance against those should come and demand *Herminius*. But he had scarcely given this order, but another relation arrives and confirms the former, and assures him that *Arances* lurk'd somewhere about *Rome*; so that concluding that he who was said to be at *Sivillia's*, might very well be the King of *Clafius's* son, he call'd back him whom he had commanded to the Mother of the generous *Herminius*; for considering that the valiant now concern'd the taking of a servant of *Clelia's*, and one of so great quality, he made some distinction between an Enemy and a Rivall, and added some new orders to the former, that, in case they should finde at *Sivillia's* neither *Arances* nor *Herminius*, they should bring to him the virtuous Roman Lady, to see if he could list any thing, he desired to know, out of her.

He who was ordered to *Sivillia's* house, could not be there so soon, but, by her intelligence at Court, she had understood, that *Tarquin* had separated *Clelia* from the other Captives, that she was narrowly watched, and that there was a rendezvous of those whom this Tyrant us'd to employ, when some violence was to be committed in any of the houses of those illustrious Citizens, whom he hated only for their virtue. So that she, as famous for her Prudence as her Generosity, conceived that order might concern her, and that haply *Tarquin* had been acquainted with *Arances's* retreat at her house; for *Amilcar* had once sent thither, and it was not impossible, but that a Slave might reveale a secret of so great importance: so that to go prudently to work, she thought fit *Arances* were acquainted with the state of Affairs, and consider'd what were to be done for his safety, if they came to search the house for him: for having a high esteem for him, and looking on him as a friend of her son's, and, though unfortunate, yet guilty of a great Virtue, she was resolv'd to do as much for *Arances*, as she would for *Herminius*; for whom she would have done any thing. Engag'd in this consideration, she went to *Arances*, who had just made an end of writing to *Amilcar*, and acquainting him how things stood, she propos'd how much it concern'd him suddenly to change his lodging. But I beseech you, says she, conceive not I make this proposition to you, out of any suggestion of fears for my own concerns: for it is long since I am prepar'd for any violence the Tyrant shall be guilty of. But it so much concerns you, that you be not taken, besides the satisfaction my son receives in my serving you, that I shall neglect nothing. The safest way therefore is, that you depart my house, and that very suddenly, and lodge your selfe in some one lesse suspected. When you are gone, continued she, spare not, I shall discover where you are, though *Tarquin* put me to the greatest torments imaginable. I should be very unhappy, reply'd *Arances*, if I should expose one of the most virtuous Ladies in the world, to so great misery, and I would rather returne into the power of *Tarquin*, than lay you open to his cruelty. To be short, if the admirable and unfortunate *Clelia* wanted not my assistance, I would spare you even that trouble of finding me a refuge. But (generous *Sivillia*) it is you have acquainted me with her condition; and if the contrivances of *Amilcar*, seconded by your endeavours, with those of your friends, and *Clelia's*, put me not into a condition to carry her away, when *Tarquin* shall be return'd to the Camp, I fear I shall be the most unfortunate man in the world, since that otherwise the earth shall not owe a more unhappy person than *Clelia*.

This done, *Sivillia* conceiving the departure of *Arances* was not to be delayed, considering the intelligence she had receiv'd, told him, that for to make him retreat good, he should be let out at a back-doore into a blind street, abutting on the *Cyprian* street, and that there was a garden gate, which should be open'd to him; as soon as she had acquainted herewith a certain friend of hers, who was Aunt to *Brutus*. But that you may be the more confident of her fidelity, says she to him, know that this illustrious Roman Lady is a friend of *Clelia's*, that she abominates the Tyrant, & that if her life might deliver *Rome*, she would be glad to sacrifice it. She is very ancient, yet guilty of a great vigour of body and mind, a lover of Glory and Honesty, a Kindwoman of my Husband, and one that hath a great affection for me.

Here

Here *Arances* staying her, told her, there needed so much pre-caution, and that he wholly resign'd himself up to her disposal, so that to lose no longer time, *Sivelia* sent one of her servants to this *Anne* of *Brutus*, whom she before had prepar'd for the business, having indeed always foreseen what she now feared would happen; so that it being one night, all was accomplish'd with ease. Thus *Arances* having taken leave of *Sivelia*, who promis'd to acquaint him with what she should learn, and to send him whatever came from *Amilcar*, went from the house of this virtuous woman to that of *Brutus's* *Anne*, who not knowing him as yet to be the son of *Por-senna*, entertained him only as a friend of *Clotius* and *Herminius*, and an enemy of *Tarquin*.

* But he was hardly out of *Sivelia's*, but he who was ordered to come to her house, was at the door follow'd by those who were able to force obedience. They soon were masters of the gates: but *Sivelia* knowing they could not find what they came for, she herself gave order all the lodgings of the house should be opened to them: Which done, the Tyrant's officer in this business telling her, that he was commanded by *Tarquin* to bring her to the Palace; she told him, that heretofore she had more willingly obey'd him, when she was commanded to depart *Rome*, than she could now; that she was to go to a place where she had not set her foot since the death of the generous *Tanaquil*, and the Princess of *Amerle*; but that however she was ready to go along with him. To be short, follow'd by many of her Slaves, she is conducted to *Tarquin*, who no sooner cast his eye on her, but he asks her, whether it were *Herminius* or *Arances* who had hid her in her house. My Lord (replies she without the least disturbance) if you truly knew what I am, you would easily apprehend what I am going to tell you, that is, that I shall tell you nothing which shall give you the least discovery of what you desire to know. For if neither *Arances* nor my Son had been at my house, I should be oblig'd to say, I had not seen them; and if either of the two have really been there, I should so much the more earnestly assure you that your intelligence hath been false, for there are some emergencies wherein truth itself is criminal. If you might therefore, with less trouble to your self, have spared your pains of sending for the widow of a man of a great virtue, whom you did not love, and mother of another, whom you hate, though all the world assure me he hath all those qualities which can render a person of Honour worthy to be lov'd. The question is not, whether I have, or have not reason to hate *Herminius*, replies the rude Tyrant, for I never much examin'd that in all my life, because I suppose that those that are in sovereign power do right, when they do what they will. But the business now is, to tell positively in what place he now is, who lay secret in your house, and whom you now have dispos'd else-where. No, no, my Lord, I shall never be forc'd to tell what I know not, or what I have no mind to reveal; therefore all I have to do, is to assure you that you get nothing out of me, which may be prejudicial either to *Arances* or *Herminius*, and that this resolution is such as no rewards, nor menaces, can make me change. *Tarquin* seeing the constancy of *Sivelia*, was extremely enrag'd, and spoke all he conceiv'd would shake her resolution; but it prov'd fruitless, and she behav'd her self with so much cunning and indifference, that he was somewhat doubtfull whether he had been truly inform'd. So that to gain leisure to examine his owne apprehensions, he sent *Sivelia* back to her house, and commanded all out of his presence.

But this solitude lasted not long, for the cruel *Tullia*, who had learnt how things stood, came to tell him that he was not so diligent as he should be, to satisfy the King of *Clotius*; that in the mean time he might want the assistance of his armes, seeing the obstinacy of those of *Arden*; and that for this reason he should have searched for *Arances* in all the houses in *Rome*. It is true (continued she, out of a hideous designe of wickedness) there is a shorter and a surer way to satisfy *Perseus*; for since, as they say, the daughter of *Clotius* is among the Captives, the only way is suddenly to dispatch her, for that done, where ever *Arances* be, he will soon resolve to return to *Clotius*, there being, questionless, no more approved remedy against Love, than the death of the person lov'd. I think the advice very good (replies *Tarquin* somewhat sullenly)

suddenly) but presently holding his peace, he studied a while, as if he would have examin'd whether that which *Tullia* said, or he said himselfe, was well or ill spoken. So that in this secret discourse, perceiving that *Tullia* passionately wish'd the death of *Clelia*, rather out of a suggestion of jealousy, than any reason of state, he became the protector of her, to whom he had carryed himself as a Tyrant and a Persecutor, and not acquainting *Tullia* that he really knew the daughter of *Clelius*, when you have advis'd me to put to death all these Captives; said he to her, you consider not, but that onely one can be my Enemy's daughter, that the rest are persons of quality of *Ardea*; that, if we should happen to treat with that City, which defends it self so obstinately, these Ladies will be demanded, and that it might prove of ill consequence to have recourse to so violent a remedy in the present conjuncture. Those of *Ardea* will be the more hardly reduc'd; and the secret enemies I have in *Rome* will make it the pretence of an insurrection, when I am return'd to the Camp. Of a hasty man you are a very prudent man, replies smartly *Tullia*, but I am but too well satisfied, that your Prudence is more oblig'd to your Love, than to Policy. In the meane time I am to tell you, that though *Ardea* should prove irreducible by the destruction of these Captives, and that *Rome* it self should thence rebell, I shall finde the meanes to destroy the daughter of *Clelius*, that it may never be said, that a Princess who lifted you up into the Throne, be so slighted by you; as to be thought lesse considerable than a Captive. Fortune, Madam, reply'd fiercely *Tarquin*, hath plac'd you where you are, and me where I am; therefore let us continue as we are, and assure your self I shall ever do what I ought, to make the best use of that authority, which you say is deriv'd from you.

As *Tullia* was going to make some mischievous reply, *Amilcar* (who had prevail'd with Prince *Sextus* to send him to *Rome*, both to visite *Arnces*, and endeavour to make *Tarquin* return to the Camp, so to divert him from seeing *Clelia*) had sent in a message to the King for audience. *Tarquin*, who was well pleased, his conference with *Tullia* was thus interrupted, gave command he should be admitted, which caus'd this fierce Princess, who at that time regarded not what newes came from the siege of *Ardea*, to retire grumbling. But *Amilcar* was scarce come in sight, but *Tarquin* having receiv'd him as well as the present disorder of his minde would permit, asked him the reason of his coming. My Lord, said he to him, Prince *Sextus* knowing what zeale I have for your service, hath been pleas'd I should come and represent unto you, how necessary your sudden return to the Camp is, for since the enemy had understood by certain spies, that you were not there, they are strangely encourag'd, insomuch that they have ever since exercised us with perpetuall sallies. There is also a certain report scatter'd in the Army, which hath generally disheartned your Soldiery, for it is said you intend to raise the Siege and will not return any more to the Camp: Therefore am I come in the behalf of all your Captains, to conjure you to return as soon as you can possibly. Prince *Sextus* himself (added he very cunningly) acknowledges that his humour, inclined to pleasures and diversion, is not so proper to retaine soldiers in a regular discipline. Thus my Lord, if you credit me, you will soone disburthen your selfe of those affaires which detain you at *Rome*, and repaire to the Army. For, to be free with you, I doe not conceive you should be so earnest to satisfy the King of *Clutium*, that you should be wanting to a designe so important as the siege of *Ardea*.

Tarquin thank'd him for his advice, and told him he would follow it, but that he must continue yet a day or two at *Rome*. *Amilcar* having by this meanes insensibly disperst part of that heaviness, which clouded this Prince's heart, husbanded so discreetly his humour, that this fierce Tyrant enter'd into discourse with him, about *Arnces* and *Clelia*, as if he would play the mediator between *Perseus* and them; and that he had chang'd his sentiments of *Clelius*, though indeed it was onely to lure *Amilcar* reciprocally to tell what he knew of them. But he being faithfull to his friend, and withall, as reserv'd as *Tarquin* thought himselfe, told him nothing that could prejudice either *Arnces* or *Clelia*, though it were the hardest task in the world, for he must neither have over-flatter'd *Tarquin's* love, nor yet too much away-

ken his hatred, and there was a certain moderation to be observed, which onely *Amilcar* was able to finde out. But at length, after a long conference, which amounted to nothing, *Amilcar* retir'd. However, he could not that night have any account of *Arances*; because it was too late; and not coming to know what had happen'd at *Sivolia's* till the next morning, he durst not go thither in the day-time. But as soon as it was night he visited that vertuous Lady, from whom he received all the civilities, which a friend of *Arances* and *Hermione* could expect: so that as soon as the first salutations were over, and some little discourse about the present posture of affairs, she told him she would bring him to the place where *Arances* was. But generous *Sivolia* said *Amilcar* to her, when he knew where *Arances* lodged) doth not *Brutus* live with his Aunt? He does, replies the discreet Lady, but trouble not your self for that. I am satisfied, reply'd *Amilcar*, he is a man will not dive very deep into your designs; but if I am confident of his Rupidity on the one side, I am fearfull on the other. To be short, continu'd he, who told you that this man, who seems to have so little judgement, and whom the world looks on almost as an Ideot, may not have wit enough to discover that *Arances* lyes conceal'd at his Aunt's? Not but that I am perswaded he hath more understanding than is believed, for I have seen him smile twice or thrice more opportunely, than if there were no reason for it. However it be, says the sage *Sivolia*, fear not *Brutus*, and be assur'd I would not have expos'd your noble friend to any danger. I crave yons pardon, Madam, replies pleasantly *Amilcar*; and that for no light crime, since it is one of the greatest, that I had not absolutely cast my self on your prudence, but presume to dispute a thing which the sage *Sivolia* had done. But I assure you I shall not, while I live, be guilty of such a miscarriage; and that I had not now slip't into it, if the friendship I beare *Arances* had not made me feare what I needed not, since he is under your conduct. Friend-ship with me, replies the generous *Sivolia*, signifies a thing so sacred, that if it had engag'd you into some speeches I must needs have dislik'd, I should not have been displeas'd. But it is not come to that, for what you said proceeded from caution, and were it not that I am better acquainted than you with the whole family of *Brutus*, I should have been too blam'd to have done what I have.

This said, *Sivolia*, according to her first intention, caus'd *Amilcar* to be brought to *Brutus's* Aunt's, where *Arances* lay hid; but he had no sooner seen her, but he thought her worthy to be a friend of *Sivolia's*, and that the affections of these two illustrious persons were cemented with Vertue and Generosity, for she discours'd with him with so much judgement, and so great goodness, that he might justly conceive, that *Arances* would not have trust'd himselfe to a greater Sanctuary. But at length this illustrious Roman, who was call'd *Amilla*, perceiving he was in some impatience to see *Arances*, led him to his chamber, where now had so much as sight of him, save two Slaves, of whose faith his Lady was confident, not fearing to be deceived in them, as having in matters of great importance, where her whole house was concern'd, made trial of their discretion.

As soon as *Arances* perceiv'd *Amilcar*, his patience quickly reacht him, to express the joy he had to see him, and to know what occasions brought him to *Rome*, and what, since his arrivall, he had learn'd of *Clelia*. He had such an art to make his thoughts so easily intelligible, that though in first he utter'd but four or five words, *Amilcar*, by the paraphrase of his looks and actions, understood all he would say. To spare him therefore the pains of asking, he told him in few words the occasion of his coming; and what he had done at *Rome* since his arrivall assisting him, for his greater comfort, he doubtes not but take away *Tamius* to the Camp, and consequently remove him, both from *Clelia* and him; adding, that he was really much oblig'd to Prince *Idmon*, who seem'd concern'd in his story, and that of his Mistress. Alas, my dear *Amilcar*, said he to him, I am assur'd he is but too much concern'd in *Clelia*. No, no, replies this pleasant friend, you have now nothing to feare on that side; for *Arances* is the amiable, *Brutus* and my self have done nothing since your departure, but staid at *Glizon* with'd Beanties, and celebrated the browes; and presently *Idmon* runs so in his minde, that he can talk of nothing else, unless it be when *Clelia*

tine

me is present, nor can he well obtain them, and some days since transported with his amorous imaginations, he had almost discovered to him the passion he had for his wife. Ha, *Amilcar*, how am I oblig'd to you, says *Arucas*, to have remov'd from me so terrible a Rival? and how much would you add to that obligation, if you could hinder *Targuin* from being one? But if he were not, reply'd *Amilcar*, he would be an enemy to *Clelia*; and she should be equally a mark for his hatred, or his love. Good God! cry'd out *Arucas*, that which I think in this occurrence, is absolutely criminal; for if I should believe my first apprehensions, I could wish *Targuin* were rather an Enemy to *Clelia*, than a Lover; but after a consideration, resum'd he, since that as an Enemy he might take away her life, that as a Lover he may preserve it, and that his love is the necessary obstacle, which stays off the lamentable effects of his hatred; let us, if we can, wish that he may continue his love to *Clelia*, but let it be wishall, our prayer, that we could dispose of her in such place as where she may see neither his Hate nor his Love. To this end, reply'd *Amilcar*, I shall make it my endeavour to continue in *Rome*, when I have oblig'd *Targuin* to depart, to see if there may not be some means to corrupt the Guard of *Clelia*, to carry her away, or even to persuade the cruel *Tullio* to dismiss a Captive, who possesses the heart of *Targuin*. *Arucas*, who could think of nothing but *Clelia*, first laugh'd all *Amilcar* said, as if things were really assur'd to that pass; and as those whose souls are govern'd by a violent passion, he discount of occurrences which in probability would never come to pass. He made a hundred frivolous objections, propos'd for expedients, things almost impossible, though he knew them to be such, and he kept *Amilcar* so long, that the lady *Racilia* was fain to find them word, that it was time he retir'd, lest that returning late to his lodging, he were suspected engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, and that it should be discover'd it were so indeed; so that these two friends were forced to separate. My dear *Amilcar*, says *Arucas*, embracing him, how happy are you, that you are not acquainted with Love! I and have wretched am I, who have not the power even to wish I know it not, though all the unhappiness of my life proceed from this passion. Truly replies *Amilcar* smiling, if you but knew how idle he is that loves nothing, you would not think me so happy as you do, for many times I know not how to dispose of my leisure, nor of my reason, no nor of my thoughts; and were it not that my own frolick humour gave me some diversion in the Camp, where there are no Ladies, I know not what would become of me; nay, so far am I from being able to chide Love, real or feign'd, more or less, that many times I create to my self an imaginary love, which plays with me the Lieutenant of a real one. This created passion, when I have none real, engages my imaginations without disturbing my mind; and this amorous disposition, causing neither great grief, nor great joy, does yet gently entertain the fondness of my fancy. In this condition, I can more easily make Love-verses, than when the soul is hurried away with some violent passion; and in this humour I can be almost artificially pleasant in talk, as if I propos'd to my self all those indulgences, which feed the hopes of the happiest lovers. Ah, my dear *Amilcar*, cry'd *Arucas*, you rather affect Love in generall, than direct it to your particular Mistress, and could I be but of your humour, I should be much less miserable than I am.

Being at this point, they heard a certain noise upon the stairs, which enquiring what it was, they were told that *Bruno* was come into the house, so that *Amilcar*, to give him way to repair to his Lodging, stay'd a little longer with *Arucas*, yet not without a little reflection on *Bruno*'s late staying out, for that he could not imagine, that one of no greater designs than he, could be guilty either of humour or business to detain him so long. But he made no long descent on it, and so parted with his friend, after he had once more promis'd him the utmost of his power for *Clelia*, and so engage *Targuin* to a sudden return to the Camp, that he might endeavour in his absence to carry away this beautiful person, and that so, on *Arucas* and she might return to *Clelia* at *Capua*, to avoid at once the cruelty of *Targuin*, and the violence of *Perseus*. But for *Amilcar*, his intent was to pass into *Sicily*, and thence return to the Prince of *Carthage* his Master, knowing well, that by reason

of the interests which were to be reconciled between the Republic and that Island, *Tarquin* was not to be thought over-considerable, *Rome* being not at that time able to wage a Sea-war.

But as humane prudence cannot with certainty foresee whatever shall come to pass, though one be ever so expert in the art of disputing by conjectures, Fortune disposed otherwise of things. At first sight it seemed likely things would have happened as *Amilcar* had imagin'd, for he acted his part with so much subtilty, that within two dayes he got *Tarquin* to return to the Camp. It is true, the former of these two dayes proved infinitely cross to *Clelia*, for *Tarquin* came once more to visite her, and talk to her things so contradictory, that it was easie to perceive that Hatred and Love caused a strange disorder in the heart of that Prince. But as his soule, through the whole course of his life, was rather accustomed to hate than to love, so he insisted more on things harsh and cruell, than those which speak sweetness and passion; and he much more easily found out words fit to expresse his hatred than his love: so that he omitted no means he thought would oblige her to deny her self to be the daughter of *Clelius*, and to resolve to satissie his passion. But she being fortified with a rocky constancy, a vertue that hath no parallel, and an extraordinary faith to *Armenes*, answer'd him with a confidence might convince him, she would not retract what she had said. Whereupon having shook hands, with all hope of making her change her resolutions, and his love coming to act the last part, he remained a certain time silent, not so much as looking on *Clelia*, as if he were afraid her beauty might soften the hardness of his heart. He therefore lean'd on a window which opened towards Mount *Palatin*, and musing on the present posture of his soule, Love became predominant, and he flatter'd himself with a persuasion, that if he could subdue the hatred he bore to *Clelius*, he might conquer *Clelia*.

But he had hardly entertain'd the imagination, that to gain *Clelia*, he must send for *Clelius*, and recant his own former apprehensions, but Love gave place in his turne, and Hatred as being the stronger, entred on the government of his soule. So that being resolv'd to depart the chamber where *Clelia* was, disorder'dly he lifted himself from the window, and began to go towards the doors: But not being able to do it without looking on the beautiful person, and meeting with her eyes pregnant with a new birth of teares, he once more suffer'd a change in his imaginations, and not taking the least time to consult, Well cruel person, said he to her, what must be done to make you flexible? must I rise the hatred I beare *Clelius*? must I love you as the daughter of my enemy? must his banishment be revok'd? must he be preferr'd before all other Romans? Speak Cruelty, speak, and set a price on your heart, that I may purchase it; for to be short, I will sacrifice the hatred I beare *Clelius*, and the love I profess to *Clelia*; but that heart, as obstinate as it is, shall one day come into my possession. I am perswaded, replies the generous Virgin, that if you should send for my father to come to *Rome*, he would not consent, and that it were as hard for him to forget the injuries you have exercised towards him, as for you to forget your own cruelty. Therefore I have nothing to answer you, but what I have already, for I am not onely against you, because you hate my father, but also because he hates your tyranny, and that I hate it my self. Not but that if you could repent you of all your violences, the hatred might dissolve from my heart, but, my Lord, that love should take its place, it doth not follow, that which you desire of me being so absolutely impossible to be granted, that it is not worth your bestowing a thought on't. Ah, 'tis more than enough (cries out the Prince, exasperated by the constancy of *Clelia*) and I cannot suffer this obstinate assurance, wherein you so much glory. How, content'd he, blushing for anger. I shall be thought weak for my desire, to love you as the daughter of *Clelius*, for endeavouring to subdue my hatred, and offering a horrible violence to all my inclinations; and I shall be asham'd to have been guilty of this baseness to no purpose. If it be so, continued he with a certaine threatening action, you shall rather repent your obstinacy. As I have never desired any thing but what reason and vertue suggests, reply'd *Clelia*, so, my Lord, doe I never repent, nor can all your power ever oblige me to entertain a thought of that nature. We shall see that,

that, says he arrogantly to her, when I shall once be able to hate you, which I hope I shall, if you learn not that I am well versed in the art of Revenge, and that it is easier *Clelia* for to undergo banishment, than for you to suffer the torments I shall assign you. When you once begin to hate me, reply'd *Clelia*, without the least agitation of spirit, you deliver me from one of my greatest torments, by disburdening me of your love. If I were of your opinion, reply'd he, I would struggle with my passion, and love you while I lived. If you take it so, answered *Clelia*, I must certainly be the more wretched, but you will be never the happier: Therefore, my Lord, if you will trust me, hate me, since that chance onely you must derive your quiet. My life is at your disposal, and there is no punishment which you may not inflict on me; but for my will, my Lord, it is not in your power to regulate it according to your humour, and my Father is the only man in the world, whose empire extends to that. Since you will have it so (reply'd he with a Barbarisme, which carried something terrible along with it) I will hate you, and that most horribly. But what do I say? continued he, I hate you already, and if I were not oblig'd to make you suffer a tedious punishment, you should not long tug your self in the vain-glory you derive from opposing one whom never any oppos'd but to his repentance.

Hartupon *Tarquius* left *Clelia* but withall commended she might be carefully looked after, and that none whatever should speak with that faire and virtuous person, no not even *Tullia* her selfe. As he went out he met *Amilcar*, who desirous to discover somewhat of his sentiments, said to him smiling, that he was come to beg the favour of him, that he might visit the Captives; for, my Lord, continued he, I suppose you trouble not your self much to suffer those to be seen whom you do not believe the daughters of *Clelia*. You are in the right, reply'd *Tarquius*, and on the contrary, I should be well pleas'd you saw them, conditionally you will informe me what they shall tell you of *Clelia*. I told you, my Lord, once before, reply'd runningly *Amilcar*, that I was a friend to *Armenus*, but that I do not therefore conceive my self oblig'd blindly to humour his passion, if so be he be guilty of any, and it is not impossible but that I may be very servicable to you in your designs. But my Lord, added he, it is necessary I see *Clelia* her self, for from her companions I should get nothing, since they are not together, and it were much the shorter way, that I should see her the first, whether your desire be I should scree something out of her which you would be glad to know, or that I must endeavour to make her change her resolutions. Besides, my Lord, continued he, I must needs tell you, and that with an ingenuosities which cannot proceed but from the earnest desire I have of your quiet, that great Persons, such as you are, cannot condescend to a hundred trifles which yet must be known to make one able well to husband the inclinations of women. You have spent your whole life, either to learn the art of Government, or to put in practise some nobly kingly Science, which consists onely in things high and soveraign; but on the contrary, to discover the Secrets of women, and take in the Garrisons of their spirits, a man need ascend no higher than a certain Art, called the Trifling Art, if I may so expresse it, which I have studied all my life and am admirably perfect in. In the meane time, my Lord, you are not to conceive, that this Art is easily learned, for, take it from me, there is as much required to know all the severall wayes of Application, wherein a man must address himselfe to the Reserv'd, the Jocond, the Faire, the Deformed, the Gentle, the Fierce, the Weak, and the Obstinate, as skillfully to govern severall nations of severall inclinations. For whereas ordinarily every Nation is actuated and informed by a certain generall inclination, almost all women are so wedded to their particular humour, which must necessarily be found out by him whose business it is to over-master it. There are some a man must be as submissive to as a Slave; there are others which you must in a manner fight, before you have their love. There are some cannot be brought acquainted with Vice, but by continually preaching of Vertue to them; others on the contrary, though pleasantly free in discourse, yet of a constant Vertue. There are some, into whose greatest secrets you skue not your self, but by entertaining them with triviall stories; there are others onely reducible by Presents; others whom you engage when you give them occasion

tion to present you with any thing; there are, to be short, so many several sorts, that, without an extraordinary correspondence with women-kinde, a man may be easily deceived. But for my part, my Lord, I dare brag I cannot be, and if you would pump out any secret, I am the fittest handle in the world for such a business. I am convinced, replies *Tarquin*, but the question is, whether a friend of *Armenius* be fit to make representations of *Clelia*. At these words *Amilcar* was a little to seek, for that a certain punctilio of Vertue made him a little shy, and hardly inclin'd even to deceive *Tarquin*, though a Tyrant; but considering there was no other way for him to serve his friend, he answer'd him in such ambiguous termes, that *Tarquin* might expound them well, even according to his intention. So that really believing that *Amilcar* thought it more advantageous for *Armenius*, to suffer himself to be cur'd of the love of *Clelia*, than to persist in the disease of it, he was inclin'd to burthen him with part of his secrets. Whereupon, taking him along with him to his chamber, he entertain'd him with a Panegyrick upon *Armenius*, telling him how earnest he was for his quiet and his glory; and to rid him of his lover he was, if possible, to be perswaded that *Clelia* lov'd him not, and so performe this the better; it was to be certainly discover'd whether she did love him truly. It is true, continued *Tarquin*, correcting himselfe, that *Armenius* is a person so amiable, that it is not to be doubted but that he is belov'd where he loves. Ah my Lord, replies *Amilcar*, smiling with that freedom he took, when he endeavour'd to please, it is apparent that your soule hath been guided by *Ambition*, rather than *Love*, since you conceive there is any regard of equity in the choyce of a Lover. Besides that, to speak truly, a King can never be well acquainted with things of this nature, for the respect which men bears to persons of your quality, causes them not to appeare to you without disguise; and so you are to learn, that there is nothing so humorous as the choyce which Love makes. For sometimes you see men of excellent parts love persons of ordinary merit; and very often it's observ'd, that women despise very handsome men, and adore others, who can boast of almost nothing recommendable. For which reason I have ever rely'd more on the fantastick humours of those I have lov'd, than on my owne Addresses and Services, nay than on a certaine Drollery I am guilty of, which, they say, is sometimes requisite to entertain Ladies. Therefore, my Lord, though *Armenius* be indeed a gracefull person, it followes not he is belov'd, and if you will grant me the liberty to entertaine *Clelia*, I promise you a faithfull account of her heart. I am content, replies *Tarquin*, conditionally you truly informe me, whether she love *Armenius* or not. But my Lord, (replies *Amilcar* very cautiously) I do not engage my self to discover the whole secret of her soule at the first visit, and you must give me leave to see her more than once; say it were not amiss if you suffer'd *Plinius* to be with her, for she being a merry conceited Lafe, and one that pretends some friendship to me, I may make use of that affiction to make her reveale what you desire to know.

This *Amilcar* uttered, in a manner seem'd so naturall, that *Tarquin*, notwithstanding his distrustfull humour, was surprized by it: So that by this meanes *Amilcar* got one of *Clelia*'s friends to be with her, and had the liberty to see her, which was no small comfort to that beautifull Captive, and the unfortunate *Armenius*, whom *Amilcar* acquainted with all this the same day. But to continue this intelligence, he related divers things to *Tarquin* concerning the consent of these two persons, whence he concluded, that he really was an engine very fit to discover what he was impatient to know.

In the mean time the newes that came from the Camp, pressing *Tarquin*'s returne thither, he left *Rome*, not being fully resolv'd whether he should love or hate *Clelia*, none being able to guess whether of these two passions should have the disposall of his mind. For, in some strict charges that he gave, he provided that the cruell *Tullia* should not, in his absence, meddle with the Captives; and in others he seem'd to be the absolute disposer of *Clelia*'s destiny. He set over her as a guard, one he had employ'd in his most horrid cruelties, for it was the same who was accus'd of having poisoned *Brutus*'s Father and Brother, by the command of this cruell Tyrant, who had

had never furnished him but with such tragicall Commissions. Nevertheless he commanded him to admit *Amilcar* into *Clelia's* chamber, untill he should receive order to the contrary, allowing this friendly African eight dayes to finde out the true apprehensions of *Clelia*, which expir'd, he was to render him an account. He also charged all those Spies, whom he had alwayes kept at his own charge, to use all meanes possible to discover if *Aronces* were not at *Rome*, and to learn precisely who that man was, who (he had been informed) lay hid at the vertuous *Sivilia's*. He spake more insolently than ever he had done to the cruell *Tullia*, who certainly wanted not an earnest desire of being able to destroy him whom she had elevated into the Throne, could she have hoped to be countenanced either by the Senate or People.

But her cruelties had so alarm'd the generall hatred against her, that she could not hope the least assistance, though she should undertake to destroy *Tarquin*, for that none would have trusted her.

Amilcar, in the mean time, acquainting *Aronces* with every day's adventures, they sent to the Camp, and writ to *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus*, that they might take notice of what passed; as also that they should oblige Prince *Sextus* to do what lay in his power for *Aronces*, and keep *Tarquin* from returning to *Rome*, at least till the siege of *Ardea* was over: On the other side, *Sivilia*, going almost every day to *Racilia's*, visited *Aronces*, where was resolved what was to be done. These two vertuous Ladies went also sometimes to see the grand Vestall, but secretly, and advised with her about the meanes to relieve *Clelia*. But though *Aronces*, by the advice he gave, was as active for *Clelia* as any other, and was as it were the intelligence of all those designs which were moving for her Liberty, yet was he overwhelm'd with incredible misfortunes, but chiefly for that he was forced to confine himself for certain dayes, not daring to stir abroad for fear of being taken, and that he durst not act by himself.

In the mean time, *Amilcar* knowing whatever newes was stirring in *Rome*, as well as if he had liv'd there all his life, found there was a knot of young men, persons of quality, who were very desirous to shake off the yoke of Tyranny; and when they were sure they were not heard, expressed their hatred of the Tyrant with much freedom, though till that time none durst so much as speak of him, ever since he was establish'd in his power. But being very raw, as if it were the first year of their acquaintance with this world, their courage much exceeded their prudence, so that *Amilcar* looking on those young men as fit for the execution of any dangerous enterprise, if there were need, thought fit to court their correspondence; for though they were of the Army, yet they often came to *Rome*, the distance between it and the camp being not great. Besides that, upon *Tarquin's* return thither, a cessation of all hostility for eight dayes was agreed on, during which time there were some offeritures made of an Accommodation.

In the interim, two Nephews of *Publius Valerius*, a Kinsman of *Horatius*, and an Uncle of *Lucretia* came to *Rome*, into whose company *Amilcar* shuff'd himself so handsomely, that they distrust'd him not; and he so flatter'd their humours by the sport he made them, that he soon commanded their hearts: so that he concluded, that if there were any occasion for them, he might command them, especially if they were to be employ'd against *Tarquin*; for they were no longer scrupulous even in his presence, to discharge whole volleys of detentions and imprecations at the Tyrant. There was one thing which particularly made them glory in their Resentments, which was, that there was another combination of young men which they called, by way of abuse, the *Slaves of favour*; for indeed the young *Vitellians*, the *Aquillians*, and *Brutus's* two Sons, who were yet of the youngest, were much at the devotion of Prince *Sextus*; and the two Princes his Brothers, so that not being able to comprehend how those, whose fathers and most of their friends, had been destroyed through the cruelty of *Tarquin*, could be faithfull to the Prince, they cast at them, among themselves, all the injuries imaginable, whence *Amilcar* presum'd he should finde them ready to execute any adventurous action when occasion should serve.

But during the cessation of the siege of *Ardea*, it seem'd to be the pleasure of For-

tune, there should be a kinde of a generall truce in the hearts of so many illustrious afflicted persons. For *Aronces* had the opportunity to write to *Clelia*, by *Amilcar*, and by the same hand receiv'd her answer. *Clelia* consequently had the happiness to receive fresh expressions of her Lover's faith, and to give reciprocally the like of hers. *Plotina* had the felicity to see *Amilcar*, who was so precious in her esteem; *Amilcar* had the satisfaction to entertain her, and the glory of being so effectually serviceable to his friend. And the virtuous *Sivelia* was felicitized in the company of her illustrious Son, who taking the advantage of the Truce, came disguised to *Rome*, not only out of a consideration of love, but also to see his noble Mother, and visit *Aronces*, whom he was not a little glad to acquaint with what he knew of *Horatius*, as also to endeavour to do him some good office; for he had receiv'd by the Spies which those of *Ardea* had in *Tarquin's* Camp, that *Aronces* was not there, and was conceiv'd to lurk in *Rome*. So that not doubting but that *Sivelia* could give some account of him, his resolution was to be fully satisfied. *Horatius* for his part, in his excessive affliction, had some benefit by the Truce, for that it afforded him the leisure to perfect the cure of his wounds, and to consider what he should do to outvie the generosity of his Rivall, yet without violating the interests of his love. Nay, even *Tarquin* himself was at some ease, for that he received from *Amilcar*, what gave him some shadow of hope.

As for Prince *Sextus*, he had the least share in this happiness, for the love of *Lucresia* exercised such a tyranny over his soule, that he had not the least command of it himselfe.

As for Prince *Titus*, and the Prince of *Pometia*, they also having some secret interest to manage at *Rome*, found their convenience of the Truce as well as others: Nay, even the cruell *Tullia* put on a little more cheerfulnesse, and became lesse furious than she was wont, as being in some hopes to corrupt him who kept *Clelia*, who not conceiving himselfe sufficiently rewarded for the late murders he had committed by the orders of *Tarquin*, seem'd inclin'd to swallow the promises of this cruell Prince.

Things being in this posture, the noble *Herminius* came one evening to *Sivelia's*, *Amilcar* being in the house, who was extremely glad to see him, for he had a naturall affection for him, and infinitely esteem'd him for his parts and vertue. *Herminius* also, who had as great experiment of the merit of *Amilcar* as any living, was overjoy'd to finde him at his virtuous Mothers, from whom he had receiv'd a thousand expressions of tendernesse, which he had requited with as many obliging testimonies of gratitude and true friendship.

But *Sivelia's* enjoyment was somewhat obscur'd by a certain feare she had, lest her Son's returne might be discover'd; but *Tarquin* not being at *Rome*, and *Amilcar* advising, that *Herminius* should, for more safety, lodge with *Aronces*, she was receiv'd, and with more quiet enjoy'd the presence of a Son, in whom all the virtues made a glorious constellation, and in whom his greatest enemies found not the least declination to any evill habit. For indeed *Herminius* was in his inclinations noble, in heart free, passionate, compassionate, and generous; in humour he was mild, civil, obliging, complaisant, having a minde fit for all things, and fortunate in finding out many pleasant and innocent circumventions to divert his friends of both sexes. Moreover, though he was a very discreet person, and sufficiently reserv'd among those who had not much of his company, yet, when he pleas'd, he screw'd up his humour to a certain bravery and sprightlinesse; but to those he loved not this was mysticall, and his frolicknesse might confidently be taken for an expression of his esteeme and his affection. He was excellent good at writing of Billets of all sorts, and had such a happy and easie vaine of Verses, that it was *Amilcar's* judgement, *Greece* afforded not a more generall, a nobler, and a more nimble wit, than that of *Herminius*, insomuch, that sometimes he would with he might change wits with this illustrious Roman, saying, that *Phocildes* the *Milesian*, who was then alive, had never made better Verses than he, nor *Sappho* more amorous. *Amilcar* therefore having an infinite esteem for *Herminius*, made a thousand obliging expressions to him at his

his coming to *Sivelia's*, but at last left this deare Son with his excellent Mother. but after promise he should go to *Aronces* his lodging whither he was going himselfe, and where, according to his custome, he used to passe away the Evening. *Sivelia* therefore having acquainted *Herminius* how all things stood which concern'd his fortune, sent notice to *Racilia* of her son's arrivall, and begg'd the same favour for him as she had done for *Aronces*. To which that generous Matron having made such answer as was fit she should, *Herminius* went to her house, where he was receiv'd as a kinsman of her husband's, and as a friend for whom he had a great tenderneffe. He had also the happinesse to see a Neece of hers, whose name was *Hermilia*, a Virgin, if any in the world, had extraordinary excellencies both of body and minde; but he was much surpris'd to finde that neither *Aronces* nor *Amilcar* had so much as seen her. Not that *Racilia* was confident of the discretion of this Beauty; but the reason she gave *Herminius*, was, that she found *Aronces* so afflited, and *Amilcar* so frolick, that she thought the melancholy of the one would not admit diversion, and the frolick humour of the other was enough for his friend and himselfe. But *Herminius* assuming the interest of a Kinsman of the fair *Hermilia*, told her Aunt, that his friends must needs see her; *Racilia* then, without delay, accompani'd with her daughter, conducted *Herminius* to *Aronces's* chamber, where they found *Amilcar*, who had that day brought a Letter from *Clelia* to that illustrious Lover, which consequently affording him as great satisfaction, as the unhappy state of his affairs would permit him to receive, he entertain'd *Herminius* with a many expressions of gladnesse, having first ask'd *Racilia* leave to embrace his friend. But these first Ceremonies of friendship being over, *Herminius* presented *Hermilia* to him, acquainting him who she was. How, cries out *Amilcar*, hath this fair Virgin been in the house ever since I came hither? She has, reply'd *Herminius* smiling, & had it not been for me, this Treasure had been yet hidden from you. Ha Madam, sayes *Amilcar* to *Racilia*, your generosity is very great in regard of your compassion, not to consider that the sight of this beautifull person is an excellent medicine for unfortunate persons. It may be, reply'd obligingly *Aronces*, she is as likely to make, as to cure such. But if you'll believe me, sayes *Racilia*, there is no great danger of her doing either, for she ever sayes that a man is not to seek his comfort any where but in himselfe, and that in her own nature she is so harmlesse, she can do no hurt, which her compassion shall not allay, if it cannot cure. As I have never been so unhappy as to do any, reply'd the modest *Hermilia*, so I am not certain whether I should be so good as I am believ'd, and so I should have as great a pittie for those ill I were guilty of, as for those I were not.

This past, *Aronces* being Master o'th' Ceremonies in his own chamber, though it were in *Racilia's* house, caus'd these Ladies and his two friends to sit down. It is true, that while *Amilcar* spoke to this vertuous Roman and her Neece, *Aronces* listned to *Herminius*, who acquainted him with all he knew of *Horatius*. As I am true to you, sayes he in a low voyce, I must needs confesse that I have discover'd in your Rival, the most generous resentments in the world; for it is constantly believed, that in some intervalls, he wishes he could love you, and that he could give over loving *Clelia*. But in others he hath an extream indignation to be oblig'd to you for his life, and cannot but wish himself the possession of her whom you love, or at least desires you might not possesse her. So that Generosity and Love being at continuall variance in his heart, Reason, instead of deciding so great a difference, sometimes is of one side, sometimes of the other, and rather foments than qualifies this civill war. But I pray, sayes *Aronces* to him, how long may *Ardea* hold out? for it concerns me the Siege continue, that it may be the longer ere *Tarquin* return to *Rome*. As for *Horatius* and my self, replies *Herminius*, we shall maintain it so well with the generall assistance of the inhabitants (who are so resolute, that they will not yeild till after all extremities) that in case the Treaty come to no effect, as I verily believe it will, *Tarquin* shall finde he hath more work to doe than he conceives; for his Army is daily weakened, and the People of *Ardea*, becomes more warlike by Discipline, so that it is probable our Forces will be the greater at the end of the Siege,

then they were at the beginning, though we have had no forraigne supplies.

But while *Aronces* and *Herminius* were thus engag'd, *Amilcar* entertain'd *Racilia* and her charming Niece; and having an admirable insinuation, to sift out any thing he had a mind to know, and yet do it by way of diversion, he pleasantly asked *Racilia* why the women at *Rome* were reserv'd, and more given to solitude, than in *Greece* or *Africk*, or indeed in any other parts of *Italy*. Is it that the men are here more terrible? or is it that the women are guilty of too easie a resentment of (not to say) a greater disposition to love? or is it that they are threatned more like prisoners? If you had known *Rome*, as I have known it, replied *Racilia*, you had much more reason to speak as you doe; for when I was young, all the women were as reserv'd as so many Vestalls, they were not seen but in the Temples, and upon Festivall dayes: Marriages were contracted rather upon consideration of the interests of Families, than any acquaintance of the persons, and mens hearts are so inflam'd by a love of Fame, that they thought not of any thing else.

But since the death of the vertuous *Tanaquil*, and the dethronement of *Servius Tullus*, the greatest part of the Roman Ladies are not indeed Romans, and women live in a manner here as they do in other places. But a little farther, says *Amilcar*, I would fain know why they are also more austere here than in other cities, and why they have been yet more than now they are? For my part, reply'd *Racilia*, when she had well consider'd it, I think, it proceeds from this, that *Rome*, was built by men that had no wives, and who came not by them, but by forcing them from their neighbours. For being at the first afraid, lest they should againe forsake them they kept them very strictly, and used them to a solitarie kinde of life, which after became customary and decent. Certainly, reply'd *Amilcar*, this decency is very unjust and very rigorons. Besides, continu'd he, if the women at *Rome* were not handsomer then elsewhere, I should be content they were mew'd up, but they are so handsome, that it is an affront to the Gods who govern the world, to hide the greatest ornament of it, and I am confident, he who should take the faire *Hermilia's* opinion in this case, would finde that her thoughts and mine were at no great distance. As I am not handsome enough reply'd she smiling, to oblige you to conceive that I am troubled for the sight of the world, so am I to learn what makes you believe there is such an affinity between our thoughts. If I durst tell you before the sage *Racilia*, what your Glasse tells you as often as you consult it, replies *Amilcar*, you would acknowledge I had reason to say what I doe, and withall perswade your selfe, that there is no Beauty in *Rome* hath so much cause to quarrell with the retirement of Women, nor so much reason to rejoyce that it begins to diminish. I know not (interrupted *Racilia*, smiling with a certain Majesty) whether *Hermilia* can answer what you say, but had it been to my self at her age, I should not have been much troubled at it. I am so desirous, reply'd pleasantly *Hermilia*, not to do you any dishonour, that if I should answer, I might haply answer to purpose, but being not assur'd of it, I had rather return nothing to such webs of flattery; and he that weaves them, knows well enough that I am not to be caught with them, and haply conceives I should, could I not blush at his commendations. You answer so nobly, in not answering, reply'd *Amilcar*, that certainly I am not the first that told you that you were one of the greatest Beauties in the world. But to return into our way (said he, directing his speech to *Racilia*) I would gladly ask you, Madam, who are Vertus it self, whether you believe these extraordinary retirements are the only pales of Modesty, which is so natural to the Sex, & whether, on the contrary, an honorable liberty may not contribute a greater lustre to their vertue. For what commendation can that woman deserve, who sees not any either pleases her, or she can affect, to have all her life-time a new heart, which she knowes not on whom to bestow, had she a desire, and which none desires of her? However, reply'd *Racilia*, there are at *Rome*, as well as other places, women that bestow their hearts. If it be so, return'd *Amilcar*, I believe they bestow them unhand somely, and out of time, for there being not here so great a freedom of Conversation as there is in *Africk*, they must needs bestow them, not knowing
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on whom, and must measure men onely by the outward sight, which is the most deceitfull thing in the world. To be short, I know a man in *Greece* who is well-set, handsome, of a good stature, a good face, free in his action, in his carriage noble enough, and at the first sight, one that seemes a man of businesse and quality; for he acquies himselfe very well of his first complements, comes confidently into company, departs the same, is not discountenanced at any thing, and till you ascend higher than the questions, of what weather it is, or some such piece of intelligence, comes off pretty well. He laughs with a good grace, so it be with others, but the mischief is, that when he laughs alone, he laughs in a wrong time, and then are discover'd a low reptile spirit, that creeps not up neere a Mediocrity, and a soule purely materiall. Judge now, if some great Beauty who had seen this man, onely in the Temples, or on some Festivall-dayes, and should bestow her heart on him, would not be finely trapp'd. Your exaggeration is so pleasant, reply'd *Racilia*, that if all men had such excellent parts as you have, I should not quarrel, that there is a freer toleration of Conversation in *Rome* since *Tarquin's* government, and *Tanaquil's* death. But to be plaine with you, I think it a very extravagant thing to have a house open to all manner of persons, and to entertain a sort of trifling Amorists, to tell triviall stories unhand-somely, and to no purpose; and in what countrey soever I had been born, I should never have lov'd company without choyce. Nor are there many true Romans that do so, and those who are any thing carefull to preserve the customes of their countrey, comply with the times with a certain moderation, which makes a distinction between their Houses and an Exchange, so far as to banish solitude. In few words, there is here a noble personage, who is called *Publius Valerius*, who hath a daughter of excellent endowments. To all persons of Honour his house is open, and he freely suffers his friends to see both his wife and daughter *Valeria*.

At these words *Herminius*, who was talking with *Aronets*, and who confus'dly heard the name of *Valeria*, made a step, and hearkned to what was said of her, which made *Racilia*, who knew that Lady had a great interest in the heart of *Herminius*, smile a little, however going to continue her story. *Amilcar* staying her, Ah Madam, said he to her, I beseech you tell me whether this *Valeria* be of my acquaintance or not, or am I the most abus'd man in the world, if I have not once seen her with the Queen? She goes not often thither, reply'd *Hermilia*; but certainly it must be the same that I mean, reply'd *Amilcar*, for, being extreamly taken with her, I ask'd whether she came not often to *Tullia*, and I was told, very seldome. But to be further assur'd whether it be the same, I can onely tell you, that she, whom I saw with the Queen, and whom I was infinitely taken with, is a Lady of a mean stature, and hath not such great staring eyes, as are sometimes the emblems of a naturall stupidity, but such as being neither great nor little, cast a ray full of mildnesse, passion and spirit, which pleases and charms, and which at once argues ingenuity, vertue, goodnesse and love. Moreover, she hath a sweet, sprightly, and a serious look, which is infinitely pleasing. Her mouth is narrow, her lips carnation'd, something a pale complexion, her haire ashie colour'd, and the aire of her countenance so free and so noble, that a man cannot but come neare her as soon as he sees her. And, to be short, I prevail'd so much, that I stood two houres near this enchanting Beauty. Could you as exactly describe her minde as you have her person, reply'd *Herminius*, you would make an excellent piece of it. I am of your minde, sayes *Hermilia* smiling, that indeed *Amilcar* had admirably drawn *Valeria*; but he shall give me leave to tell him, that, for her mind, it is you onely are concern'd to commend it, though it deserve the commendation of all the world. I confesse (sayes *Amilcar*, not giving *Herminius* leisure to answer) that I had not time to discover the whole minde of *Valeria*, but if I have not knowne it, I have guess'd at it, and I am confident she hath at once, a great, noble, lofty, pleasing and modest minde; and to advance a little higher in my discovery, I also affirm, she hath a heart full of passion and tendernesse, and that if she be not in love, she is fit to be, and that most passionately. Ah *Amilcar*, cry'd out *Herminius* smiling, you know more of her than I, for I can tell you no newes of *Valeria's* heart. Without being curious to dive too deep into your secrets, reply'd *Racilia*, I must needs agree

in the same vote with *Amilcar*; for I believe *Valeria* fuell for the greatest affection. However, I have not a whit the lesse esteem for her, continu'd she, because I am satisfied, she will never be guilty of an irregular affection, and whereas she is guilty of tenderness, she is so much the more worthy praise; since it is not to be doubted, that she ever loved what was not worthy to be loved, and constantly endeavours that her esteem and her friendship may be the reward of Vertue. *Hermippus* hearkned to this discourse of *Racilia*, with an extraordinary content, and it was easily perceivable, that, if he durst, he would have said much more of her than she, inasmuch as *Aronces* observing it, whisper'd to him as much as signified, that he was convinced that *Valeria* govern'd his heart. But perceiving, as he spoke to him, that he was unwilling to make a publick profession of it, he diverted the discourse, and thought to make an end of it where it began, pleasantly concluding, that though the Roman Severity were guilty of no other inconveniences, but depriving us of the acquaintance and conversation of *Valeria*, it ought to be condemned.

But I assure you, reply'd *Amilcar*, it is guilty of many more, for, to speak truly, there are two things which are in a manner equall in the hearts of all people, in what place soever they are born; the desire of *Liberty*, and a certaine naturall inclination to *Love*; and I am confident there is not a woman in *Rome*, but could love some one or other, if she would be guided by her inclination, and would be glad to be at liberty. In the mean time, according to that manner of life which they are forced into, they are reduced to an impossibility both of being lov'd, or loving innocently, & lock'd up as Captives. Whence it will happen, that those whom nature hath endued with a passionate inclination, and a violent desire of liberty, will hate their Fathers, Mothers, the custome of their Countrey, and their own Vertus, which forbids them a thousand and a thousand indifferent things. So, to come neerer what I aime at, walking, conversation, noble entertainments, whereas they are in themselves harmlesse pleasures, which bring no dishonour to those who make use of them, are transform'd to crimes to almost all the women of *Rome*, through the impatient desire they have to them, and the continuall quarrelling they have with those who forbid them the use thereof. For in fine, it is not so far from hence to *Capua*, but they can heare that such a severity is not exercised there as here. It is true, said *Aronces*, that to speak rationally, the vertue of women is check'd very much by an excessive restraint, and a deniall of those pleasures, which bring with them nothing of scandall. Ha, generous *Aronces*, cry'd out *Racilia*, that which to you seemes so harmlesse, is not of so little consequence as you conceive.

As I have lived a many years, and have been banished *Rome* long enough to know how they live in other places, so I can assure you, that those things whereof you make so slight account, are those which cause the greatest disorders that happen among women. I am so well opinion'd of my owne sex, that if my judgement be taken, there is no woman can at first sight prove faulty, nor can be guilty of any premeditated designe to engage her selfe into a dangerous affection. But commonly, familiarity, opportunity, a desire to please, the pleasure of their conversation, whom we see often, the enjoyment they mutually receive from us, the desire to be preferr'd before others, and friendship it selfe, doe all contribute to the generation of Love, who would never be born in Solitude, nor would ever appear, if men would onely be content to look on women at publique Festivals, and not speak to them. For we must not say that Love is the child of that Beauty which passeth to the heart through the eyes onely; since it is an error condemned by experience, that this passion is not lasting, when it is bred and nourished by the onely desire of Beauty:

But to return where I left, I knew a woman at *Tarentum* (during the time I solow'd my banish'd Husband) who had been brought up by her Mother according to the Roman severity, inasmuch, that though she were very beautifull, yet did she live in a great restraint, though in a City where there is liberty enough. She however bore it patiently, was satisfied with her manner of life, she was pleasing, jocund, and seem'd to be so indifferent, that it was said in the house, that *Madam Indifference* did

did what she pleas'd. For my part, it was ever my opinion, that the moderation of her humour was her onely felicity. However it be, being of this condition, her mother having some business in the Country, left her with an Aunt of hers, who was not so much addict'd to solitude as she; but she had not left her behind, had not some little indisposition of body disabled her for the journey. To be short, she kept her chamber four or five dayes, during which time being not very sick, her Aunt, for her diversion sake, admitted to her all those that came to visite her. The first day she being utterly unacquainted with this fashion of the world, was very troublesome to her; the second prov'd little better; the third she did not think very tedious; the fourth she thought very divertive; & the fifth, she was the first took occasion to inveigh against her former solitude, and did it so gracefully, that she infinitely pleased an honest man who was there that day. The man hereupon making it his business to return her the content he had receiv'd from her, came at last to please her effectually; yet could he not assure himself an interest in her heart. For as Indifference is the temperament of prattling Cocknies, so she had not much more affection for this Lover than for another, but had such a huge ambition to be courted, that she became the veriest Gossip that ever was; and all the endeavours of her Mother, when she return'd out of the Country, cou'd never cure the infection she had contracted from this world's conversation. You had spoke more truly, if you said that of solitude, reply'd *Amilcar*, for in my opinion, all the disorder of her minde proceeded from the solitude she had lived in before, which made all things seem new, all things pleasant to her; her minde and senses being equally surpris'd by that which was strange to them. The great secret therefore is to accustom young people to all harmlesse pleasures, lest they should one day prove dangerous to them. For certainly it is with pleasures, as it is with perfumes, which a man smells not when he hath alwayes about him. Therefore, added he pleasantly, if ever I have a daughter, she shall dance as soon as she can goe; the first word shall be taught her, shall be *Gallant*, she shall know *Love's* name before her own; and after all this, she is more likely to prove a Vestall, than a Gossip. *Racilia* smil'd at this humour of *Amilcar's* as well as *Hermilia*, and *Herminius*; but for *Aronces*, melancholy had so stiffen'd his complexion, that his face would not admit the lightest appearance of joy, so that the vertuous Matron perceiving how little he seem'd concern'd in the company, retir'd, taking *Hermilia* with her, and leaving with him *Herminius*. *Amilcar*, who was not afraid to be seene, thought it his duty to conduct her to her lodgings; which done, he return'd to *Aronces's* chamber, where he staid as long as he could. But at length he left him; and repair'd to his lodging, lest in case he did not come in, it might be suspected he had a hand in some plot in the City. Soon after *Herminius* also left *Aronces*, and went into another chamber joyning to his, where *Racilia* had designed him a lodging.

Now is our illustrious Lover left alone to comment on his afflictions past and present. But at last he fell asleep, overwhelm'd with his discontents, and flatter'd with a small hope of the possibility of delivering *Clelia*. It is true, he slept not long, for the Sun had no sooner appear'd, but he heard people talking with *Herminius*, such whose voyce, he had no great acquaintance with, so that knowing it was of equall concernment to that generous Roman, not to be discover'd, as to himself, he was desirous to know whether they who spoke were his friends or his enemies. Harkning therefore very attentively, towards the place whence he heard the voyces, one whereof he thought he should remember, he was fully perswaded that it was the voyce of *Brutus*, *Racilia's* Nephew. But soon after he was of the contrary opinion, for that calling to minde his stupidity, he distrust'd what a minute before he absolutely believed. For though he heard not distinctly what he said, because she spoke not very loud, yet he concluded him a very understanding man, for that when he had given over speaking, he, to whom he had directed his discourse (who was the same *Publius Valerius* who was afterward called *Publicola*, and whose daughter had been so much commended the night before) speaking a little louder, told him, all he had said had been excellently well spoken. But, said he, when all is done, my hope tyres, and I expect no more of Fortune. I know, reply'd he, to whom he spoke, that whatever *Hermi-*

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nus hath propos'd, is so strong, that there seemes nothing to be oppos'd against it; and that in all appearance, *Tarquins* power is so strongly establish'd, that nothing can overturn it. For, the People is accustom'd to the yoke of his Tyranny, the Senate is full of his own creatures, or, to say better, his Slaves; the Army is at his devotion, and there seems not even in *Rome* to be one true Roman. So that to judge of things according to outward appearance, *Rome* is for ever enslav'd, and we quietly expect to see Vice triumph eternally over Vertue, and to see *Sextus* one day seated in the Throne, for, as to the Princes his Brothers, they are better endowed, than to think they shall ever possess their Fathers place. But, in fine, notwithstanding all these reasons, which seem so invincible, I shall still retain a hope of Liberty, though I do not yet apprehend the ways whereby *Rome* may be delivered. For when I call to mind how *Tarquin* came to usurp the Supreme power; when I reflect on the vertue of the late lawful King, whom this Tyrant caus'd to be massacred; when I consider the great number of innocent persons, whom he hath either banished or put to death; when I review all the wickednesse of *Tullia*, and stirring them in my memory with those of *Tarquin*, I see a confusion of Parricides, Poysonings, Murthers, and all Impieties imaginable, and cannot believe but all the Romans remember it as well as I, and thence inferre, that, though we know it not, there are thousands and thousands of Romans that abhorre *Tarquin*, that earnestly desire his destruction, and onely expect a favourable occasion to manifest the detestation they have for him. I therefore hope, that as Fortune hath dandled him a long time, he may at last meet with a Check in his Game, and that by a happy frolique of the same unconstant Fortune, we shall meet with a conjuncture of time fortunate for the deliverance of our Country. It may indeed happen, answers to that *Herminius*, that the Siege of *Ardea* may prove ominous to the Tyrant, and that from our so well defending the City, that he cannot take it; it may be, I say, this is a fit conjuncture to make a rising at *Rome*. For if the siege last yet a while, his Army will be weakened, he will not lose a Soldier, who leaves not in the family whereof he was a ground of complaint, nay he will lose his power in the Senate, since as you know, when some propos'd the difficulty of taking *Ardea*, he slighted the advice was given him, and treated the Authors of it, as ignorant persons both in war and policy. Moreover, the people whom he hath employed so long time about the building of *Jupiter's* Temple, and the Scaffolds of the *Circus*, is certainly weary of such an endlesse work, besides that, having expended vast summes, the Treasure he had got together out of other mens Fortunes to that end, are almost exhausted. So that if it happen, that this Prince should not take *Ardea*, it is not unlikely but that the vertue of the Romans might be so far recover'd, as to be strong enough to make the Tyrant flee. But how can the taking of *Ardea* be obstructed, reply'd *Publius Valerius*? for when the Army he now hath shall be mouldred away by the oblinacy of the besieged, and that the people weary of the War shall not take up Arms; *Porfennas*, who waits his assistance to bring his son into his power, and hinder him to marry the daughter of the generous *Clelius*, who, they say, is in *Tarquin's* power, will furnish him with Troops. To doe what I propose, reply'd *Herminius*, it must be endeavour'd that *Tarquin* may not be supply'd by the King of *Clusium*, and that *Ardea* may be reliev'd by the King of *Ceres*; for in this conjuncture, it is the concernment of *Rome's* Liberty, that her Tyrant may not encrease his power by any additionall conquest. You speak very well (reply'd he who made the third man in the Dialogue) but since I must say all I have in my minde, it is your part to doe what you say is necessary for the safety of *Rome*, for it is you must maintain *Ardea*, it is you must perswade the King of *Clusium's* son, that by the correspondency he holds in his Fathers Court, he may hinder *Tarquin* from having any supplies, if he desire it; and it is you also, that must perswade him to make use of the intelligence, which I conceive he hath in the King of *Ceres's* Court, to obtain reliefe for *Ardea*, while in the mean time *Valerius* and our secret Friends shall so dispose things at *Rome*, as that advantage may be taken of the first favourable opportunity which Fortune shall afford. But who hath told you, reply'd *Herminius*, that I am acquainted with the King of *Clusium's* Son? *Aroncus* himself (reply'd he who spoke) yet he thinks not that he told

told me so much, continu'd he, for he was deceiv'd as well as others; and believing me the most stupid of mankind, he heeded me not, when one day he talk'd with *Celeres* concerning his Fortune; so that I have from his own mouth, all that is to be known concerning his Birth, to confirme what I have said. Moreover, you know that *Racilia*, as well as your noble Mother, is a true Roman, and considering how much it concerns all true Romans to have *Aronces* their friend, she hath told me all she knew, either from *Sivellia*, or the grand Vestall, who is also of our correspondence. For in point of Insurrection, we must be sure to make those who are Ring-leaders for Religion of our party. Therefore *Valerius* courts as much as may be, the friendship of the *Salii*, who you know challenge a great Veneration in *Rome* as well as the *Vestalls*. Since you are so learned, reply'd *Herminius*, I conceive it is fitting as well for *Aronces*, as your self, that you two be better acquainted; and if you will give me leave, I will goe into this *Hero's* chamber, to dispose him to know you as you are, and to oblige you and *Valerius* to unite your interests for the destruction of *Tarquin*.

While these three excellent men were in this discourse, *Aronces*, who heard all, was so surpris'd, that he was at a losse, whether he should believe what he had heard; for he was satisfied, that he was not mistaken in the voyce, and that he who was with *Valerius* and *Herminius* could be no other than the same *Brutus* who seem'd to be so stupid. Yet he remembred he had heard *Amilcar* say, that he had seen him smile very opportunely twice or thrice, and that he had more understanding than was believed. But after all consideration, he could not apprehend, during the present tumult of his thoughts, upon what rationall account so wise a man was resolv'd to go for an absolute Ideot, nor how he could so naturally seem so, having so great a reach, as he found in him by the things he had heard. Hence his astonishment encreasing every moment, he could not hear that *Valerius* and *Brutus* consented to what *Herminius* had propos'd. But presently he hearing tapping at his chamber doore, which he having caus'd to be opened by a Slave that waited on him, sees *Herminius* enter, who not giving him the leisure to speak, My Lord, sayes he to him, I come to offer you the friendship of the two most noble Romans that ever *Rome* nurs'd, and to beg yours for them. For mine, reply'd *Aronces*, you shall dispose of it as you please between your two friends; and I am glad to receive theirs. But *Herminius*, tell me presently, whether my eares have deceiv'd me, is it not *Brutus*, whose voyce I have heard? am I not deceiv'd? No my Lord, reply'd *Herminius*, and this *Brutus*, to whom that name was given for the eternall memory of his apparent stupidity, is the greatest and noblest soule you ever knew; he is a man capable of things of greater, and things of lesser consequence; he is both solid and pleasant, and whose obscure life is so strange, that nothing can be more. But I beseech you, sayes *Aronces*, disguise him not any further to me, and so starting out of bed, while *Herminius* went to fetch in his two illustrious friends, he was at the chamber doore ready to receive them.

Brutus, who was at his owne house, in that it was his Aunts, made *Valerius* and *Herminius* go in before him; but as it was not fitting such an interview should have any witnesses, *Aronces* bid the Slave, who attended him, though he nothing doubted of his fidelity, to depart the room. Which done, looking on *Brutus* with admiration, he seem'd not to him the same man he had been, for though he was not very handsome, yet now he seem'd indifferently well-favour'd. His Physiognomy was sprightly, and giving his minde liberty without affecting that simplicity, whereby he used to conceal it, *Aronces* presently knew, that he whom he saw, was the same whom he had heard speak. But he was further confirm'd by what this illustrious Roman said to him; for after that *Herminius* had by a pertinent complement opened the interview, that *Valerius* had complemented in particular, and that *Aronces* had spoken to all three according to his excellent wit, and pleasing way; which is ordinary with him; it coming to *Brutus's* turn, you see, illustrious Prince, said he, how farre the Tyranny of the wicked *Tarquin* extends, since that to preserve my Life, I was forced to lose my Reason, or at least to conceal it, so as he might have no knowledge of it. But I beseech you, continu'd he, conceive not that my onely designs in it

was by such a humorous carriage, to avoid death; for if my feigned stupidity proceeded not from a nobler cause, I should not think my self worthy your notice. In the mean time, as I cannot now particularise my Fortune to you, be pleas'd to give me leave to conjure you not to judge of me before you understand me perfectly, either from my self or *Herminius*, who knowes the myserie of my life, and whose apprehensions I acknowledge as my own. What I have heard from you not a quarter of an houre since, reply'd *Aronces*, what I receiv'd from *Herminius* just now, and what you tell me your self, give me so much caution, to interpret all things to your advantage, that without knowing any thing of your adventures, I yet believe that your feigned extravagance is an effect of a great wisdom, and a great generosity. You are in the right, my Lord, sayes *Valerius*, in what you say; for I can assure you, that since there have been any generous men, there have not been any that could ever arrive to such a constancy, or, to say better, obstinacy of generosity, as that of the illustrious *Brutus*.

Upon this, *Herminius*, who had not brought them together to commend one another, chang'd the discourse; and, as it is certain, that in great men there is a certain secret Sympathy, which unites their hearts sooner than those of others; so in one halfe houre, these conceived themselves of a long and standing acquaintance, and the sprightly *Herminius* knew so well how to humour his friends, that he was in a manner the cement of their Society. By no other assurance than that of his honesty, which was equally known to all, he rais'd such a confidence between them, that upon his single word they mutually trusted to one another that which was of greatest importance in their fortunes. But when they had so discover'd themselves one to another, they found that their interests, though different, required the same remedies. For *Brutus* and *Valerius* wishing onely *Rome* deliver'd from the Tyranny of *Tarquin*, look'd no further than how to take away from him the power he had usurp'd. *Herminius* was engag'd in the same interest, and in divers others; and *Aronces* desirous to deliver *Clelia*, and to avoid falling into the hands of *Tarquin*, could no other way accomplish his designe, better than by destroying him who kept his Mistressse Captive. Upon which *Herminius* telling him, that if he hop'd to bring about so great an enterprise, he must, by the meanes of the friends he had in his Fathers Court, hinder him to supply *Tarquin*, and oblige the King of *Ceres* to relieve *Ardea*, or at least to make a diversion; *Aronces* having consider'd of it, told *Herminius*, that he must oblige *Zenocrates* to go to *Clusum*, for that he was well known, and much esteem'd by the Princess of the *Leontines*, a woman of great authority, and much subtilty; that he must take with him a Letter to her, and another to Queen *Galeria* his Mother; and that *Celerus* should be sent to the King of *Ceres*, with whom he had been long enough when he was young, to expect credit, when he spoke on the behalfe of *Aronces*. For though his Court had sometime been a Sanctuary to *Porfennus*, yet, as he was nothing interest'd in the siege of *Ardea*, so was it not impossible to perswade him, that it concern'd him that *Rome* became not so powerfull, as to be able to oppress all its neighbours. To make this more feasible, *Herminius* engag'd himselfe, that those of *Ardea* should also send to that King. For though their City was besieg'd, yet was it not so narrowly, but that some every day came in, and went out of it. But *Aronces* not knowing how to acquaint *Zenocrates*, nor *Celerus*, but by the meanes of *Amilcar*, he desired permission of *Brutus* and *Valerius*, to communicate their designes to him, promising he would be answerable for his fidelity; you may also engage him to contribute his subtilty to the business, reply'd *Herminius*. It is not necessary, reply'd *Brutus*, for I know by experience, that one African is more subtil than all the Romans. I have been also told, that he hath suspected that I had more understanding then my words betray'd, and if I had not been very cautious indeed to avoid his surveying, I am confident, he had pry'd into my heart. If he had, reply'd *Aronces*, you would have sav'd never the worse for it, for *Amilcar* loves not to hurt those who hurt not him.

While *Brutus* and *Aronces* were in this discourse, *Herminius* was fallen into so deep a musing, that *Valerius* who awoke him out of it, asked him the reason thereof.

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He at first seem'd a little scrupulous to tell him, but *Valerius* having aloud express'd his curiosity to know it, *Aronces* and *Brutus* joyn'd with him to presse him to declare what he thought. At last resolving to comply with their desires, Conceive not, said he to them, that the deniall I made you, proceeds from any humour I have, my thoughts should be a secret to you; but I wish you had given me leave to decide within my self, whether a certain scruple of Vertue be well or ill grounded. But since, in the mean time, you will know it, it is fitter you should be Judges of my thoughts, than that I should judge of them without you. Know then that I was considering with my self, whether it were not to be feared, that the different interests which equilly oblige us all to destroy the power of *Tarquin*, may not flatter us so, as not to see any difficulty in a designe to change the whole face of Government. For if you will have my true apprehensions, I shall tell you, that if *Tarquin* had been legally chosen, I should never endeavour to force him from *Rome*, though even he had banish'd me, though he had destroy'd my house, and were the most unjust Prince in the world; I believe we ought to reverence the Gods in the persons of those who have a legall power, and should undergo their violent domination, with the same patience as we endure Earthquakes and Deluges. I know well enough that the business now in hand is not of this nature. For *Tarquin* is a Tyrant, and his cruelty is such, that we may innocently endeavour to destroy his power; but I beseech and conjure you, consider well whether we may not expose *Rome* to a greater Tyranny; and whether, while we hope to make her fetters lighter, we may not make them heavier. For, in fine, a change of this nature cannot be effected without a generall alteration of the body of the State; and what is more to be feared, is, that, if the designe faile, *Tarquin* may strengthen his authority by the destruction of so many thousand of Innocents, and the ruine of many illustrious Families. So it may come to passe, that instead of being the Deliverers of our Country; we shall be the Destroyers of it, and we may be accus'd of having preferr'd the desire to be reveng'd for our private injuries before the publique Tranquillity.

If *Tarquin* could be more wicked than he is, reply'd *Brutus*, there were, questionlesse, some consideration to be had of what you say, which certainly is worthy of your Vertue: But can *Rome* be more miserably dealt with than she is? Is there any one house of honest people, which *Tarquin* persecutes not? or can there be one found under his government, who suffers not? The Rich he impoverishes; the Vertuous he either banishes, or puts to death; nay sometimes he torments the Innocent, onely to satisfie his humour, though it conduce nothing to the confirming his authority. Let us not therefore raise any more doubts, generous *Herminius*, about a thing of such importance, and so much glory, continu'd he, and let us expect the successe of our designs from the Gods. Since I am no *Romane*, reply'd, discreetly, *Aronces*, I conceive I ought not to speak upon this occasion; and as I am, continu'd *Valerius*, I will presume to say, that *Rome* is so o're-press'd with the weight of its chaines, that there can be no change but must be advantageous to her. Since it is so, I have no more to say, reply'd *Herminius*, for it is impossible my reason should have a stronger light than both yours.

Hereupon *Brutus* and *Valerius* departed, and *Herminius* stay'd with *Aronces*. It is true, he was not there long alone, ere *Amilcar* came in, who was strangely surpris'd at what he heard from these two friends; for though he had some light jealousies that *Brutus* had more understanding than was conceiv'd, yet he could not believe what he heard of him; and if *Aronces* and *Herminius* had not promis'd he should see him in the Evening, with all his reason, and all the excellencies of his mind about him, he would still have doubted their words. In the mean time, not to lose time, *Amilcar* having understood about what *Aronces* had a meeting with *Brutus*, *Valerius*, and their noble friend *Herminius*, sent immediately a Slave to the Camp, to bring *Zenocrates* and *Celerus* to *Rome*, to receive instructions what they were to doe. For *Herminius*, he return'd to his chamber to write to that enchanting Beauty, from whom proceeded all the Enjoyment, and all the Torment of his life; for he was never sensible of any pleasure, but when he thought on her; nor did he feele the hard-

ship of Exile, but only in this consideration, that being not in *Rome*, he was farre from *Valeria*. But Friendship had a strong influence over his soule, and that which he had for his illustrious Mother, and for the admirable *Clelia*, caused him both pleasures and afflictions. But at last, Love became Mistress of all the Passions, and he had a greater tendernes for such of his friends as were in love, than others, so penetrable was his heart to this passion. *Aronces* in like manner, for his part, set himselfe to write to *Clelia*, whom *Amilcar* visited every day, and his intention was to give his friend his Letter in the Evening, to be delivered the next day to that incomparable Virgin, who led a very melancholly life.

The merry disposition of *Plotina* was some comfort to her, and the visits of *Amilcar*, allay'd her affliction much, not onely by the hope of Liberty, but also those remonies of Love, which she received by him from her dear *Aronces*. That which was heaviest in her affliction, was, that she heard no newes from *Clelius*, nor *Sulpicia*; but having a great and resolute heart, she underwent her misfortune with a great constancy. Her former misfortunes were now a kinde of comfort to her, for when she call'd to minde that terrible Earth-quake which had separated her from *Aronces*, and put her into the power of *Horatius*, when she reflected on what passed in the lake of *Trafalmen*, where the Prince of *Numidia* fought with this fierces Rivall, who had carried her away, and that to recover her from him; when she was neere *Ardea*, and was an ocular wiew of that cruell combat, wherein the illustrious *Aronces*, after he had deliver'd her, was like to perish, had not his great Valour, and his good Fortune rescu'd him; when she consider'd the condition she was in when she was brought before the cruell *Tarquin*, and when the grand Vestall interceded for her liberty, and afterwards when she remembred *Tarquin's* fury after she had acknowledged her self the daughter of *Clelius*, she consider'd that in all these adventures she could not hope to have *Plotina* with her, to see *Amilcar*, to have the meanes to write to *Aronces*, and to receive from him. Conceiving hence some weak hope of a better fortune, during this cessation of *Tarquin's* Tyranny, she spent her time somewhat comfortably with that merry-conceited Virgin, whose humour was so neere of kin to Mirth, that she made a pleasure of that which would have been an affliction to another.

In the mean time *Amilcar* to continue the opportunity of visiting *Aronces's* Mistress, and to knit longer delays, writ every day to *Tarquin*, and fed him with hopes, that in time he should discover *Clelia's* most secret apprehensions; and that she might be brought over to prefer the interest of his Family, before that of *Aronces*. He also visited the cruell *Tullia*, and was not unwelcome to her; for as it concern'd him for his friend's sake to keep in her favour, so he knew excellently well how to manage her humour. When he was in her presence, and that it was opportune, he took occasion to set Ambition in the front of all the passions, and represented Love as a Satyr, and all the pleasures that attend it: Cruell actions he called Confident actions, when they conduc'd to their advantage who did them; and (in fine) he had gained such an influence on her, as he doubted not to make use of her in opposition to the Tyrant, if there were need. This cruel Princessa knowing that he had the permission to visit *Clelia*, was glad to hold a correspondence with him, that by that meane she might take away that Captive from *Tarquin*, when she should think it fitting. *Tarquin*, for his part, wanted not employment, for the siege of *Ardea* found him work enough, Love and Hatred dichotomiz'd his heart, and was a greater torment to him than his cruelty had caused to others.

As for *Sextus*, his minde was full of *Lucretia*, whose beauty had made such an impression in his heart, that he could think of nothing but the meanes how to satisfy his passion. The Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Tisni*, were not without their secret Loves; *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had each of them their Secrets and their Afflictions; and onely *Cleves* was at liberty, though he had a soule naturally very passionate. But yet in the condition he was in, his tender affection and wit was spent in bemoaning his unfortunate Friends, and in finding out wayes how to serve them, and therefore he was over-joy'd that he could imagine the meane:

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But whilst these several persons had their different resentments; there was no mention of the Prince of *Numidia*, who had been expected in the Camp; nor could *Aronces* imagine what resolution he should have taken, for there was no likelihood he should have cast himself into *Ardea*; besides, that *Herminius* knowing him, he was confident he was not there. But, in fine, night drawing on, *Amilcar* return'd to *Aronces's* chamber, where he found *Herminius*, *Brutus* being not yet come, so that while they expected him, *Amilcar* related to *Aronces* all he had done, and afterwards renou'd the desire he had to be inform'd of that man's life, who had so cunningly conceal'd his Reason; for I cannot believe, said he, there was ever any man so unhappy, or at such a distance from all kinds of pleasures. I cannot well apprehend what he could have done; they say he married very young, he hath children, and he seemes not to have an estate proportionable to his birth. How then could he conceal his reason from his wife, while she lived? How could he subsist, carrying himself so, as if he had not the discretion to govern his estate? And how could he live without Love, without Society, without Friends, without Pleasure, and without any comfort? How could he endure to be treated like a stock, and a mad man? And how could he abjure all acquaintance with Fame? How could he be perswaded to renounce both to love any thing, or be beloved, and could brook the contempt of all the World? It is indeed true, reply'd *Aronces*, that this seems incomprehensible; but a greater miracle than all this, is, that though *Brutus* hath constantly acted the Sor, he yet hath preserv'd that great and admirable Understanding, which you shall by and by finde in him. When you shall understand it of your self, reply'd *Herminius*, you will be much more amazed; for, as I have told you already, *Brutus* hath not onely a good understanding, comprehension, judgment, and an acquaintance with great things, but he hath withall, a lively, nimble, delicate, and an admirably versatile wit. Besides he understands so exactly all the contrivances of Love, and knowes as well how to make use of all those ingenious circumvations, which sometimes doe sooner conquer the heart of a great Beauty, than the most signall services, that neither *Greece* nor *Africk* afford a Gallant that knowes better than he, the art of reducing of an illustrious Soule. But you consider not, sayes *Amilcar* laughing, that while you would describe *Brutus*, you really draw your self, for I can easily see your picture in it. You know *Brutus* then so much the better by it, reply'd he, and here he comes in good time to confirme what I have told you. And indeed *Brutus* was coming in while *Herminius* was speaking of him, but it was after such a manner, as *Amilcar* was surpris'd at it: For knowing there was none in the chamber, but *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and he; he did not shadow his reason as he was wont to doe, but enter'd with a certain freedom, which *Amilcar* had never observ'd in him. But he was no sooner come in, but going straight on to that witty *African*, since that when I deceiv'd the distrustfull *Tarquinius*, and the suspicious *Tullia*, said he to him, I could not over-reach the subtle *Amilcar*; I were as good shew him what I truly am, that being oblig'd to me for my confidence, he may help me to keep a secret, wherein haply the safety of *Rome* is equally embark'd with my owne. What, the *Brutus* whom I now see, reply'd *Amilcar*, is he the same as I have formerly seen! Spare your exclamations, replies *Herminius*, till you have seen him better than you now doe, for you have yet but a glimpse of him. Ah *Herminius*, reply'd *Amilcar*, I will see him thoroughly, and I confidently promise there shall be nothing I dare not doe, might I but obtain from *Brutus* the History of his *Thoughts*, for according to the manner of his life, I believe he can hardly afford us any thing else.

If I had nothing else to tell you, reply'd he, your demand were easily granted; but my life may afford things of greater consequence than you conceive. If there wants onely fidelity to become worthy the knowledge of your adventures, sayes *Aronces*, I will be responsible to you for *Amilcar's* and my own; and if you will think your self requited with twenty Histories for one, added *Amilcar*, you shall have all mine for yours; for if you believe me, I was never so much oppress'd with curiosity. Since I am oblig'd in point of honour, to satisfy it, reply'd *Brutus*, I promise you an account of my whole life; but if you have it not from my selfe,

you must take it from *Herminius*, who knowes all my adventures and all my thoughts, or from one of his Kinswomen, who hath known much of the secret of my soule. But it shall be conditionally, that I be not present at the relation, for I do not finde my Spirit strong enough to heare the recitall of my past happinesse, at a time when I pretend to no other pleasure, then that of revenge, and the deliverance of my Country, from the slavery wherein it is. *Aronces* and *Amilcar* thinking the request reasonable, it was resolv'd, that on the morrow *Herminius* should relate unto them the life of *Brutus*. But he could not doe it so soon as these his two Freinds could have wish'd, for that some occasions of his found him writing all the morning, and in the afternoon, he had the happinesse to see the enchanting person whom he lov'd, in *Hermilia's* Chamber, who to further his satisfaction had feigned her self sick, so to oblige *Valeria* to give her a visit. It was therefore after night, ere he related to *Aronces* and *Amilcar* what they were so impatient to know. It is true, that *Brutus* being employ'd otherwise, they had as much leisure as they could wish, yet were they so importunate, as if they feared they should never have enough of it. For as soon as *Amilcar* was come, and had given *Aronces* an account of what concerned *Clelia*, they pressed *Herminius* to a performance of his promise.

Accordingly, this noble Roman, who needed not study long about what he had to say to them, but only to observe some order, began in these terms, directing his speech to *Aronces*, being first assur'd, he was not over-heard by any, but those who were to be acquainted with a secret so hidden and so important as that which he was going to reveale unto them.



THE HISTORY OF LUCIUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

YOU are not to expect, my Lord, in the History I am to relate to you, to meet with those extraordinary accidents which of themselves suffice to make a relation pleasant, since my particular businesse is to discover unto you a life absolutely obscure. I shall make you acquainted with a man, of whose worth *Rome* it self is ignorant; one thought equally a stranger both to understandig and courage; yet one, notwithstanding his seeming stupidity, never guilty of dishonour in his actions, nor extravagance in his speech, though he have strangely accomplish'd so great a designe as to keep one of the greatest hearts, and noblest minds that ever was, undiscover'd from the fiercest Tyrant upon earth. Look not therefore to finde him gaining of Victories, besieging of Cities, and doing those illustrious actions, which ordinarily fill up the life of a Heroe, yet I must bespeak for him the highest of your esteem, and the greatest of your praises, which I am confident you cannot deny him, when I shall fully have represented him to you.

But in the mean time, do but reflect on your thoughts of *Brutus*, but two dayes since, consider him wrapt in those cloudy distracted looks, which promis'd neither goodnesse nor discretion; call to minde that affected stupidity, which when he spoke since, seem'd to disguise it into non-sense, that so when you shall conceive your self oblig'd to acknowledge that this very man whom in this relation I shall call no otherwise than *Brutus* (though it be not his true name) is the most generous, the
most

most pleasant, the most amiable person in the world, and one as capable to undertake affairs of the greatest, as well as the least consequence, you may be pleasantly surprised into a greater admiration of him. But that you may not make his virtue so much the object of your astonishment, you are to know, that he is of as noble a Family, as any *Rome* affords, for he is descended from one of those gallant Trojans, who having to extremity defended their City, follow'd *Aeneas* to seek out another country, under the conduct of those Gods; who directed them to *Italy*. The Family of *Brutus* Fortune seem'd to be particularly prodigall to, as to Riches; for *Marcus Junius*, his Father, was one of the wealthiest Citizens of *Rome*. For which reason *Tarquin*, before he made himself King, had brought about a Marriage between him and his only Sister, *Tarquinius*, out of intention, if occasion serv'd, by the strength of his Brother-in-law's wealth, to bring to effect his owne secret designs. For, though he knew *Marcus Junius* to be a man of a great virtue, and that *Tarquinius* inclin'd more to the peaceable humour of the Prince of *Amurcia* (who was then living) than to his, yet could he not be perswaded, but that the interest of alliance would easily engage *Junius* into any interests of his. But this conjecture deceived him, for this generous Roman could not be tax'd with the least concurrence with the crimes of *Tarquin*, and the vertuous *Tarquinius* spilt as many harmlesse teares, as her brother had shed, of innocent blood, since his assuming the Sovereignty.

Thus may *Brutus* be said to be the Offspring of Afflictions, and I have it from *Stellia*, that *Tarquinius* never had merry day from the death of *Marcus Junius*, till her owne. For besides that she abhor'd the impieties of the proud *Tarquin*, and cruell *Tullia*, and sympathiz'd with all those unfortunate Innocents whom they ruin'd, she her self lay open to the violence and tyranny of her own brother.

But that you may be the better inform'd what justice *Brutus* had to hate *Tarquin*; I must in few words tell you whence proceeded the hatred of *Tarquin* to *Brutus*'s Father. You are then to know, that as soon as *Tarquin* had by those strange wayes, known to all, made himselfe King, he initiated his reigne, with all the injustices imaginable, it being his designe, by the ruine of all honest men, to establish himself in the Throne he had usurp'd. He did not presently engage his Brother-in-law in this designe, out of a hope, that being gradually disciplin'd into his violences, he would in time be even prevail'd with to be the executioner of his cruelties, as you shall soon understand.

Being ambitious to over-master his Neighbours, as well as the Romans, he was no sooner seated in the Throne, but he plow'd the subjection of the *Latins*. But that prov'd a harder task than he conceiv'd, for there was one *Turnus Herdonius*, a man of great authority among them, oppos'd him, because he refus'd him his Daughter, whom yet he was willing to bestow on another of that Nation. *Tarquin* looking on this man as one that would prove a rub to all his undertakings, if he were not destroy'd, and considering withall, that to attempt it openly, would be dangerous, resolv'd to do it by treachery. Knowing therefore that the whole Senate was satisfied with the integrity of *Junius*, he told him, that he was certain, that *Herdonius* was in a Conspiracy against him, and all the Senators, in order to bring the Romans under subjection to the *Latins*, and to make himself Master of both Nations: but having no testimony to prove this against *Herdonius*, it was necessary a person of Authority, such as he was, should by his credit maintain the accusation when it were once advanc'd.

He had scarce made an end of his proposall, but this vertuous Roman, after deniall, sharply reprehended him, and told him, that if Virtue did not dissuade him from discovering the crimes of a Brother-in-law, he would soon acquaint *Herdonius* with it, and I know not certainly, whether he did not threaten to do it, so to divert him from so pernicious a design; for knowing well enough what a Kidney *Tarquin* was of, he easily perceiv'd that he would falsely charge *Herdonius* with this pretended conspiracy. Not but that *Herdonius* was both mischievous and ambitious enough, but it is also as certain, he never was guilty of any attempt against the Tyrane's life, much less against any of the Senate, and that his main designe was to make himself as strong as he could

to oblige *Tarquin* to prefer him before his Rival, and consequently bestow on him the Princess his daughter.

But in the mean time, *Tarquin* being as subtle as wicked, seem'd to rest satisfy'd with the reasons of *Junius*, and thereupon promis'd he would do no violence to *Herdonius* but by just & honorable ways. However, he made a shift to dispatch him otherwise, for corrupting a Slave belonging to *Herdonius*, who, while his Master, was out of doors, suffer'd a number of swords and other armes, to be brought into his Master's house, the cruell *Tarquin* confidently dress'd up an accusation against him, insinuating that it was fit enquiry should be made into the business; and so engaging all those to whom he spoke of it, by the apprehension of their own danger, he perswaded them they should be fully enlightned, as to what he said to them, by searching *Herdonius* his house. This was done, and there were found the Armes which *Tarquin* had secretly convey'd thither, and such other circumstances as amounted to make him thought guilty, upon which those whom *Tarquin* had purposely brought along with him, seized disorderly every one on a sword of those which were found, and without any other ceremony threaten him with death. He is taken, bound, and by *Tarquin's* order cast into the Spring head of the *Ferentine fountains*, where he no sooner was in, but overwhelm'd with stones, he was presently drown'd. The business was done so of a sudden, that *Junius* knew it not ere it was too late to prevent it, though as soon as he had notice that some Souldiers were commanded to *Herdonius's*, he went to divert *Tarquin* from so strange a violence. But he could not make such hast, but that *Herdonius* was dead, and all he could do, was to acquaint *Tarquin* that he was not ignorant of his crime in it.

This business broke off all correspondence between him and *Tarquin*, inasmuch that he went not to Court, but when honour oblig'd him; he gave order, *Tarquinius* should go very seldom to the Queen; so that both of them made it afterwards their whole business to see well educated two sons which they then had, whereof *Brutus* is one. It is true, he was then but a child, but his brother, who was six or seven years older than he, made some advantage of the instructions they gave him.

Another thing which extremely exasperated *Tarquin* against *Junius*, was to see what use he made of that excessive wealth which he was master of; for when *Tarquin* had confiscated the estate of any vertuous Family, *Junius* and *Tarquinius* secretly reliev'd all those whom he had ruin'd; which they did after such a manner, as if they conceiv'd themselves oblig'd to enrich those whom the Prince impoverish'd, and that it was their part to restore what he took away from all vertuous people. *Tarquin* therefore thought, that their liberality did as it were, disarm his Tyranny by making him uncapable to make men miserable, and that *Junius*, having married his Sister, robb'd the Crowne of all he was so prodigall of. Nay, he conceiv'd that this mans Vertue secretly reprov'd his Vices, so indeed that at last he was no longer able to endure it. Being therefore resolv'd to rid *Junius* out of the way, and tempted withall with the advantage of being Guardian to his Children, and consequently disposing of all the great Wealth of that house, he caus'd him to be poyson'd. But as it is hard to meet with poysons that leave no marks of their malignity, the vertuous *Tarquinius* knew (but too much to her grief) that her noble Husband was taken away by the cruelty of her Brother. But that which was most remarkable in his death, was, that *Junius*, who had an infinite affection for *Tarquinius*, and doubted not but that he was poyson'd at a Banquet, where he was forc'd to afford the Tyrant his company, yet had the generosity not to tell her of her Brother's cruelty, nor ever minde her of revenging his death. But if he shew'd himself so reserv'd to her, he was more open to his eldest Son, who was arriv'd to yeares of discretion. For he sent for *Licinius*, an ancient friend of his, whose faith he trusted with all his secrets, and speaking to his son in his presence, he enjoyn'd him to be as durifull to that vertuous friend, as to himself, to prefer Vertue before all things, never to forget that his Father lost his life through the injustice of an Usurper; never to misse any occasion might conduce to the deliverance of *Rome*, and to inkill these resentments into his younger Brother, as soon as he should be capable to receive them; which done, he died in an admirable assuredness of minde.

But

But *Tarquinius's* constancy was at the first onset over-mast'ed by her grief, and it was impossible she should not betray some light suspicions she had, about the death of *Junius*, even while the fierce *Tarquin*, and the cruell *Tullia*, were comforting her for the losse which they caused her; for this inhumane Princeesse had a hand in this, as in all the rest of her Husbands enormities. But *Tarquin* catching at so visible a pretence, soon began to ill-intreat his Sister, and possessing himself of all the wealth of the Family, reduc'd *Tarquinius* to a very sad condition; for he left her not any thing to dispose of, nor was she suffer'd to have her eldest Son with her, which added infinitely to the affliction of this generous Roman Lady, who in that very circumstance underwent the greatest persecution which could fall upon her after the losse she had receiv'd. For *Tarquin* observing in his Sisters eldest Son, certain great and vertuous inclinations, and that he had withall a great understanding and courage, caused him barbarously to be murth'ed, and that so confidently, that he troubled not himselfe whether he were accus'd for it or not, or studyed any pretence for it, as if there were not any other account of his losse to be given, than that he feared, that that illustrious unfortunate man should revenge his Fathers death, and recover that prodigious wealth, which he had possess'd himself of.

Tarquinius, who had yet hardly dry'd up her teares for the death of her Husband, was so transported with that of her Son's, that to save what was left, she resolv'd to steale out of *Rome* with this child, and she did it so much the sooner, inasmuch as she was advertis'd by *Licinius*, that *Tarquin* would within a few dayes, snatch him out of her armes. So that this wise Matron, assist'd by the counsell of this faithfull friend of *Marcus Junius*, absolutely determin'd to forsake that place where her own Brother reign'd with so much injustice. It is true, she had the happiness of *Licinius's* company thence; for being hated by *Tarquin*, he thought it conduc'd to his safety to leave his country as well as she. So that *Licinius*, *Tarquinius*, and the young *Brutus*, who then had no other name than *Lucius Junius*, departed *Rome* disguis'd, and pitcht upon *Metapont* for the place of their retreat.

That which oblig'd *Licinius* to advise *Tarquinius* to that place, was, that making it his businesse to bestow the best education upon his Friend's Son, who had so much enjoyn'd it at his death, he thought there was no City in all *Italy* where it could be better done than at *Metapont*. And in effect, he was not deceiv'd, for it being not long since that famous *Samian* Philosopher, whose renown hath so fill'd the world, died, most of his Disciples were there still, nor was it a small number, since there were neere six hundred, who particularly professed that they had learn'd of him, to honour Learning, and practise Vertue. Nay, *Pythagoras* had left behinde him a Daughter, capable of the highest Disciplines, who had withall so great a Vertue, that her example was no lesse effectuell in reforming the loosenesse of the women of that place, then the reprehensions of her Father. There were constantly with her *Archytas* of *Tarentum*, *Alcmaon* of *Crotona*, and *Hipassus* of *Metapont*, nay even the dreadfull *Milo* every where famous for his prodigious strength, was forced to submit to the powerfullnesse of her charmes, and do honour to the memory of *Pythagoras*, who had lodg'd at his Fathers, while he sojourn'd in *Crotona*: *Licinius* therefore believing *Metapont*, to be such a Schoole, as were fit for the education of young *Brutus*, continu'd there with *Tarquinius*.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you, that *Marcus Junius* had enjoyned his wife at his death to marry that illustrious Roman, that so his children may have a vertuous Father, and that his Friend might have that wealth which he said he deserved better than himself, and whereto he had much right; for it was certain, that *Licinius* had been in love with *Tarquinius*, nor was she altogether void of love for him; so that though the second marriages are not very frequent at *Rome*, and that *Tarquinius* at first made some difficulty to obey her Husband, yet she was overcome, when she saw her self forced to flie; considering with her self, it were much more to her reputation, to follow a banish'd Husband, than a banish'd Friend, how vertuous soever he might be, as also that *Licinius* would have a greater care of her Son, and would be inseparably engag'd in her Fortune. Thus the vertuous *Tarquinius*, who was yet very handsome,

though past that youthfulness which commonly illustrates a great Beauty, married the virtuous *Licinius*, but it was done privately; and there's not one in all *Rome* yet knows that he is *Tarquinius's* Husband, and therefore cannot consequently imagine that the fair *Hermilia* is *Brutus's* Sister.

How, interrupted *Arances*, this beautiful Virgin whom *Amilcar* yesterday entertain'd with such gallant Courtship, is *Brutus's* Sister? She is, reply'd *Herminius*, for *Tarquinius* had this Daughter at *Metapont*, [in the time of her banishment. But how, says *Amilcar*, is she said to be *Racilia's* Niece? supposing she were not *Tarquinius's* Daughter.

The sequel of my discourse shall acquaint you, reply'd *Herminius*; but to hasten to that which relates to *Brutus*, I am first to tell you, that in a short time, *Licinius* and *Tarquinius* were mightily esteem'd at *Metapont*; however, they thought not fit to discover what they were, but rather to conceal their Quality, though they could not their Virtue, for which the wife & learned Daughter of *Pythagoras*, whose name was *Damo*, had so great a friendship for them, that she was particularly tender of the education, of young *Brutus*. She recommended him to the most famous of her Father's Disciples, as soon as he had arriv'd an age capable to receive their instructions, and she herself gave him that advice, which hath not been small advantageous to him in the sequel of his life.

For, my Lord, I must so far divert to the commendation of this learned Virgin, as to say, that no man in the world would think it a dishonour to have a heart of the same metall with hers, inasmuch that *Licinius* and *Tarquinius* having experienc'd her prudence, goodness, and her virtue, deposited with her the whole secret of their fortune, which reviving in this generous Virgin, the manner how her illustrious Father had sometimes avoyd'd the tyranny of *Polycrates*, she had a particular tenderness towards those who forsook *Rome* to escape the tyranny of *Tarquin*. This consideration occasion'd a strict League between these three persons, which was no small advantage to *Licinius* and *Tarquinius*. For though *Damo* was not very rich herself, yet she is more esteem'd at *Metapont*, than those who can brag most of the favours of fortune; and besides that there is a great veneration for the memory of her Father, inasmuch that the people have made a Temple of the house where he liv'd, and that her Mother, named *Thirano*, was also famous there for her Learning and Virtue, her own rare and excellent endowments purchase her the admiration of all the world. To be short, she made one expression of Virtue which was very glorious, and such as I cannot but acquaint you with, that you may the better know her, who hath instill'd the first sentiments of it into the illustrious *Brutus*.

You are then to note, that *Pythagoras* dying, left to his Daughter all he had written while he liv'd; not but that he had a Son, a knowing and virtuous person, but that he had a greater esteem for this Daughter than for him; and believ'd that she would the more exactly obey him in that command of his, that his writings should never be carried out of his house. This generous Virgin, though she were not rich, yet obstinately refus'd the infinite riches which were proffer'd her, if she would but deliver up what her illustrious Father had entrusted her with; choosing rather to live poorly, than disobey the last desires of him to whom she ought more than her life, as being indebted to him for a part of her Virtue: This being an action very remarkable, prov'd so glorious to this excellent Virgin, that it gain'd her the general veneration of all *Metapont*. Hence came it that her friendship prov'd so advantageous to *Licinius* and *Tarquinius*. She was also the cause that *Brutus* was not brought up as other children, and that he was never taught any thing but what was manifested to him by Reason, not content with the simple performance of memory, as is the manner of most Masters to deal with those are committed to their charge. Besides, though she were daughter to a Philosopher, who profess'd austerity, and one who had prevail'd with the women of *Metapont*, voluntarily to bestow part of those things which serv'd them onely for ornament, towards the building of a Temple for *Juno*, yet she was of opinion, that those who but began to live in this world, should be allow'd a certain honest liberty, and that Virtue should have a kinde of Adolescence,

science, as I may so say, during which Festivalls, Recreations, and innocent Pleasures shon'd be permited, lest the soule should at the first assault be discourag'd by the difficulties of study, and should be over-whelm'd by that which should make her bear sail against all adverse fortune whatsoever. I shall entreat you (said she one day to *Tarquinia*, as I have learn'd since) if your resolution be to bring up your son to great things, begin betimes to insill into him the love of Glory, and endeavour he may prefer it before all things: But how can I, replied *Tarquinia*, considering my Son's age, inspire him with desires of Glory, since he is hardly master of his Reason? On the contrary, reply'd this wise person, it is in this age, easiest to weed out evill inclinations, and to cultivate the good, if the disposition of those they would correct, be but well understood. But commonly those who have children, are more toubled to bestow Wit on them, than Vertue. They are desirous to teach them the art of Writing, and speaking well, not caring whether they are taught to do well; where-as if you follow my advice, you will think the Manners of your Son of equall concernment with his Minde. That which troubles me concerning *Junius*, replied *Tarquinia*, is, that he is vehement in any thing he desires, that he is sometimes as violently carried away with the consideration of things of little importance, as those of the greatest, and that whatsoever his heart is sensible of, he obstinately loves: and if he be so unhappy, as one day not to arrive to that faculty of discerning that there may be an obstinacy without danger, he would be subject to very strange things. I grant, reply'd the vertuous daughter of *Pythagoras*, that what you say may come to passe; but when all is done, the temperament of great mindes ought to be such as you represent that of your Son's, for there is nothing at so great a distance from true and heroick Vertue, as that soft indifferrence which obliges some persons to be pleas'd with all things, or nothing; whence it comes to passe, that they neither entertain great desires of Glory, nor great feare of Infamy; that they neither love nor hate; that they follow custome blindfold; that they are onely sensible of the afflictions of the body, their mindes being in a manner insensible; and lastly, that they are guilty of a certain indolence of minde, if one may so expresse it, which renders them unworthy of life. In like manner, I should be more prone to conceive greater hopes of a man that should in the beginning of his life, be strongly hurried away by some evill habit, then one that fastens on nothing; for to one that can love or hate irreconcilably, there needs no more to make him a vertuous man, but to represent unto him a rationall object; but, with him, who is incapable of any violent attraction, and whose heart lies leger to a generall indifferrence, a man can never do any good; and Philosophy it selfe, who boasts it hath remedies for all the indispositions of the soule, never had any could cure an indifferent minde. Nay, I am perswaded, continued she, that indifferrence is commonly an inseparable companion of lownesse of spirit; for it is so naturall to man, to be carried towards that which he believes to be good, that if indifferent people were able truly to judge of things, they would fasten on something. But certain it is, that this luke-warmnesse of temperament, which sends forth but feeble desires, sheds but feeble lights, inso much as those who are guilty of it, not knowing any thing certainly, cannot fasten on any thing with perseverance.

I crave your pardon, my Lord, that I have been so particular in these circumstances, which seem not to be absolutely necessary to my relation; yet I hope you will not think them altogether unprofitable, since they serve to let you know what kinde of education that man hath had, who hath so fortunately conceal'd the greatest minde in the world, and can as opportunely discover it when he pleases.

But not to abuse your patience, I shall enlarge no further upon this subject, and onely tell you, that *Brutus* had the learned *Damo* for the Tutore of his youth, and the chiefeft Disciples of *Pythagoras* were his Masters. I have heard him acknowledge, that the ingenious Commendations, and gentle and seasonsable Apprehensions of that knowing Virgin, were more advantageous to him than all his Books. She sometimes gave him very considerable advice, though she seem'd onely simply to entrust him with the secret resentments of her heart: For *Brutus* having passed that age, where-

in there is little danger of speaking any thing unseasonably, in company he seem'd to have arriv'd to such a confidence of reason, that even those rational persons, with whom he convers'd, admitted him five or six yeares older than he was. So that though he were yet very young, *Damo* numbred him among her friends, and those the chieffest. And certainly it was not without reason, for *Brutus* even at that time had a many excellent & winning endowments: He travel'd into *Greece*, wherein though he spent but a year, yet it sufficed to polish his mind, and the Love he had for *Sappho's* Verses, was so great, that the same passion taught him to make some himselfe, and those so good, as might be prefer'd before those of that famous *Lesbian*. Moreover he was courageous, meek, obliging, complaisant, and amiable, and born under such an Ascendent of love, that never was there any Lover guilty of a greater tenderneffe than he. Yet was not his affection fix'd on any thing at *Metapont*, though he liv'd there after such a high rate, as rais'd him the love of all the Ladies there. 'Tis indeed true, that the friendship he profess'd to *Damo*, was a kinde of Antidote against that Tyrannicall passion, which hath been since, and still is, his mercilesse tormentor.

But since *Licinius* and *Tarquinius* could not think on *Rome* without regret; *Brutus*, as soon as he was come to age, began to think of his return, and imagin'd it more glorious for him to die, than not to revenge his Father's death. However he said nothing to *Tarquinius* of this intention of his, because she was sister to the Tyrant, who had ruin'd his house; but in fine, though he had an extraordinary tenderneffe for her, yet had he as great a hatred for *Tarquin*. But he did not yet perceive how he could hope to hurt him, yet he did what he could to avoid all assaults of love at *Metapont*, as being resolv'd to die at *Rome*. Neverthelesse he hath acknowledg'd to me, that once or twice he had receiv'd some impressiions of Love, but that Ambition and Friendship had soon stifled them. So that though *Brutus's* conversation at that time, was much like that of a Gallant and an Amorist, yet the Ladies had nam'd him among themselves, the *Lovelsse Gallant*. That name indeed expos'd him to a dangerous adventure: for you are to know, that the famous *Milo*, celebrated for his strength at the Olympick Games, yet one between whose body and minde there was no proportion, would needs one day jeer him, and call him as others did, the *Lovelsse Gallant*. But he did it so bitterly, that *Brutus*, who certainly carries indignation enough in his heart, though, when he pleases, he can put on as great a moderation, told him, with a malicious smile, that he was ready to acknowledge himselfe the *Lovelsse Gallant*, if conditionally he should confesse himselfe to be the *Lover without Gallantry*. The dreadfull *Milo*, whose force nothing could resist, presuming on the advantage which Nature had bellowed on him, return'd *Brutus* a very sharp answer, who as confident of his courage, as the other of his strength, answer'd this famous wrestler with such a noble boldnesse, that the other conceiving himself affronted, blush'd with madnesse, and, were it any glory for *Milo* to overcome thee, said he to him, I should soone teach thee, that some presumptions are unfortunate, by punishing thee for that thou art now guilty of, by provoking one who can, when he pleases, crush thee to pieces. I know very well, reply'd as roundly *Brutus*, that *Milo* hath been accustom'd from his infancy to play with a young Bull, and that he carried one on his back at the Olympick Games: but I have neuer heard (contin'd he, with a smile full of contempt) that he knew as well how to fight with young Lions. Saying thus, *Brutus* layes hands on two swords which a Slave carried along, who accidentally pass'd by the place where *Milo* and he were walking. But he had no sooner taken them from the Slave, but casting one of them to *Milo*, Take that sword, said he to him, and, if thou wouldst preserve the glory thou hast acquis'd, despise not an enemy who thinks he hath as great a heart as thy selfe, though he acknowledges thee to be the stronger. *Milo* entertain'd these words with a fierce look, while he took up the sword, which this illustrious Roman had cast him, and retreating two or thre paces, and viewing with a threatening action, Young Confidence, said he to him, force me not to destroy thee, by casting thy selfe upon my armes, for I care not to overcome where there is no glory. But *Milo* had no sooner utter'd these words, but he was convinc'd there was work for his strength to overcome the enemy he so much slighted. For *Brutus* making

king a paffe at him with an incredible nimbleness, had run him thorough the body, had he not as readily warded the thrust with a back-blow, which made both their swords strike fire, which argu'd the strength of the arm which gave it. In the mean time *Milo* knowing that his advantage was to close with him, forgot not himselfe. He was greater than the ordinary size of men, his age double that of *Brutus*; he had all his lifetime practis'd wrestling, and all other exercises of the body, which require either sleight or strength; he was accounted the best wrestler in the world, and he was so excessively strong, that, it being beyond vulgar belief, that nature alone could make him such, people said, he deriv'd it from a certain Stone, whose vertus was to bestow more than naturall strength upon those that carried it. But though *Milo* had done things which might be justly attributed to a Gyant, *Brutus* found him more work than he expected, for he fought with so much judgement, that it was impossible *Milo* should close with him, though he made it his onely businesse to get him downe. For *Milo* had no sooner thought of what he was to doe, but *Brutus* shifting place, caus'd *Milo* to change his purpose, such a sleight had *Brutus* in making his passes, and presently recovering himselfe out of the reach of that merciless enemy, who endeavouring onely to falken on him, did onely ward his blowes, knowing that if he could but once get him under him, the victory were certain. Nor indeed had *Brutus* any great hopes to escape this bout, for having cut *Milo* over the left arme, he was so exasperated to see his adversary's sword dy'd with his blood, that he furiously ran upon *Brutus*, whom he got by the shoulder, but happening to lay hold on him with his left hand, the wound in his arme pain'd him so, that he was forc'd to let go his hold, so that *Brutus* presently getting off, p'ay'd upon him more furiously than before. The fierce *Milo* seeing himself in this condition, would call himself a second time upon *Brutus*; but he having by his activity avoyded the blow, *Milo* was so enrag'd that he would offer at him by a back-blow over the head, which certainly, had it been effectual, had laid him along. But *Milo* having missed his blow, it happened the same strength that should have gain'd him the victory, contributed to his being overcome; for he being desir'd to direct a second blow on *Brutus*, his sword, missing his adversary, met with a tree, into which it sunk so deep, that striving to draw it out, he could not without breaking it. But what was admirable in *Brutus*, was, that seeing his adversary's sword so engag'd, he stood still and took no advantage of it, it being in his power, in this fortunate Intervall, to have killed *Milo*. But in this posture were they surpriz'd by the Slave, from whom *Brutus* had taken the swords, who being gone for people to part them, return'd sufficiently accompany'd to put an end to the Duell. In the mean time *Milo* was so horribly enrag'd at the disgrace he receiv'd, that he knew not in a manner what he did, insomuch that in his madness taking hold of the tree wherein was the piece of his sword, he shook it so violently that he took it up by the roots, and thought to have brush'd those with it who were coming to them. This expression of a prodigious strength augmented *Brutus*'s glory, for there could be nothing so unexpected, as to see one of his age & strength over-master the terrible *Milo*, who had not met in all *Greece* with him that durst oppose him. But if the prudent *Damo* had not used all the interest she had in *Milo*, to perswade him to stifle the shame of being worsted, he would have broke forth into some violent course against *Brutus*. But she so well knew how to temper the bitterness of his humour, that she forced him to embrace him whom he would with all his heart have smother'd, were not the fierceness of his disposition restrained by the respect he bore her.

Thus, my Lord, have you had an account of *Brutus*'s infancy, who after this furious combat, was in greater esteem among the Ladies than ever. For though *Worth* be not the vertue of *Women*, yet is it certain that they love it, and that for its sake they prejudice other good Qualities, by preferring those who it may be are onely *Hellors*, before others, who instead of that one, have a many other rich Vertues.

Hereupon, *Brutus* seeing himself commended, and courted more than ordinary, was more inclined to fall in love with a very handsome Lady with whom the parti-

cular manner he came to be acquainted, is worth the relating to you. Besides that, though it be not she that gave such a violent assault to *Brutus's* love, yet it is at least her acquaintance that hath been the cause of his coming to *Rome*, and that he lived here after the manner you have seen him.

You are then to know, that at *Crotone* there was a maid of an excellent wit, called *Bellanira*, who held correspondence by Letters with *Damo*; infomuch that writing to one another, as two persons who had no matters of state, but onely certaine secrets of friendship to communicate, they gave one another an account of their pleasures, and principally of the new friends of either sex, which they made. So that *Damo* receiving one day a Letter from *Bellanira*, shewed it to *Brutus*, and told him; she needed his assistance very much to answer it. *Brutus* conceiving it was some great affaire that *Damo* should desire his advice in, opens this Letter, and found in it, if I mistake not, these words, at least I am certain it was to this effect.

Bellanira to the wise Damo.

I Once thought I should never have lov'd any thing but you, but now I am to tell you, that I have found a new Friend so Worthy to be lov'd, that though I have your promise not to contract any new friendships, you would certainly come short of your Word, if you knew her as well as I do. She is a Virgin, whose person enan'd with thousands of charms, wit, goodness, her inclinations absolutely noble, and her conversation infinitely pleasant; she is neither humorous, nor proud, but dearly loves her friends; and is perpetually speaking to me of you, though she knew you no otherwise than by fame, and of whose friendship I have a thousand tender expressions: I desire to know whether I can, without ingratitude, refuse her affection, or without being unfaithfull to you, divide mine with her, for since my heart is at your disposal, I cannot receive into it this new and charming Friend, without your permission, though I know not well how to keep her out.

When *Brutus* (who went at *Metapont* under a wrong name, which I cannot at the present call to minde) had read this Letter, he told *Damo* that it was handsomly writ; but saw not any necessity she had to answer it. You shall see that when I have done it, reply'd she smiling; but when you have answer'd it, reply'd he, I can do you no service it it. When you read it, answer'd she, you shall give me your opinion: Whereupon *Damo* taking writing-tables, writ to *Bellanira*, which when she had done, shewing it to *Brutus*, he therein read the Letter I am going to repeat to you.

Damo to Bellanira.

That you may assure your self I am a person of as much sincerity as any in the world, I do ingeniously confesse, that I am not a little glad that you have furnished me with a pretence to break the promise I made you, not to entertain any new Friendships. For if you have found out a Woman-friend you like so well, I can boast I have met with a man I am so much taken with, that I think him Worthy to be a servant to that Beauty you have so drawn to the life; for there issues greater charms from his mind, then can from her eyes, as being one, whose soule speaks greater excellencies than you have met with in all the men you have known. So that to deale sincerely with you, I should have been as much troubled to refuse admittance to this new friend, as you would be, should I oblige you, to break off with yours. I am willing therefore, that we be mutually guilty of Infidelity, and (the better to confirm our joyn't conquest) that we engage these two persons, who both love us, to love one another; lest that, if your friend should have a servant that were not my friend, she might prevail with you to forsake me, and that mine, having a Mistress which were not your friend, he would endeavour to lessen my friendship towards you. Propose therefore
what

what I tell you to that amiable person, who robs me of part of your soule, and I shall make the same proposition to him who must keep you company in mine.

But for ought I see, interrupted *Amilia*, the Sciences have not spoil'd the wit of this daughter of *Pythagoras*, since she writes so excellently; and her Philosophy is not too austere, since she allows *Love* to be of the *University* of her Friends.

On the contrary, reply'd *Herminius*, she holds that to be truly vertuous, requires a temperament full of passion, and that there cannot be a fervent affection for *Virtue*, where there is not withall a passionate tendernes. But to speak truly, did the Painters draw *Love* as she imagines it, they would disburthen him of his *Filles*, his *Boy* and *Arrows*, and leave him onely his *Torch*; for this wise Virgin says, she cannot endure the *Love* that is blinde, and that it is enough a heart should be set a-fire, without being shot thorough with darts. In fine, she so purifies this passion, that she cleanses it from whatever is dangerous, and yet takes away nothing from it that is pleasant.

But to return to *Brutus*, after that *Damo* had shewn him the Letter she writ to *Bellanira*, he made as if he understood not himself to be that so well-lik'd person, she so mentioned to her friend, but purposely, that he might be the more fully satisfied of a thing which pleased him; but at length she reduc'd him to a necessity of rendering her a thousand thanks. Yet he told her, that he should never have confidence enough to see *Bellanira*, having seen what she writ to her of him; but she answer'd, it should not be long ere he saw her, for that she was resolv'd on a journey to *Crotone*, that she had engag'd *Tarquinius* for the same place, and that she would oblige him to conduct her, and indeed within fifteen days all came to passe accordingly. But in the mean time, *Bellanira* and *Damo* writ to one another, with as much bravery as friendship; so that when they saw one another, *Brutus* found himself confirm'd in the mind of *Bellanira*, who joyfully received him, and sincerely confess'd to *Damo*, that she were to blame if she should refuse his friendship.

But this new friend of hers being not yet come to *Crotone*, as being expected within foure dayes, these two loving persons resolv'd to put some trick upon the enchanting *Chrysis*, for so was that Beauty called. To this end *Damo*, who knew that *Brutus* could as easily disguise his minde, as discover it, when the humour took him, told *Bellanira*, that, the more to surprise her friend, 'twere fit *Brutus* should put on his Rudipity the first time he should see *Chrysis*, to see how she would receive a Lover, of whom she had form'd so great an Idea. *Bellanira* approving the proposition, and *Brutus* saying that it was easie for him, and not unseasonable at the first sight, to disguise his humour, rather than to be too forward to disclose it, promis'd so far to over-reach the faire *Chrysis*, that she should go near to despise him. And I promise you, reply'd *Bellanira*, that as soon as she comes to know you, she will esteem you infinitely. It shall be therefore for your sake, reply'd he. Nay it shall be rather for her owne sake, reply'd the pleasant *Damo*, since she must be much to blame, if she knew you and did not esteem you. For, to deale plainly with you, you will not be able to conceale your selfe. Not but that when you are among those that force you to it, you differ much from what you are when you are among those you like, yet you also listen like one who hath the discretion to be weary of hearing things of no entertainment. However it be, reply'd he, I warrant you, I make *Chrysis* believe I have not common sense, and force her to some visible expressions of her contempt. For my part, reply'd *Bellanira*, I am somewhat afraid, as well as *Damo*, that you will not be able to deceive *Chrysis*; whereas there is nothing more unhandsome than to undertake a pleasant circumvention, and not go through with it. I should finde you in a greater feare, reply'd *Brutus*, if I were oblig'd to gain *Chrysis*'s esteem at the first sight, to entertain her with great and noble things, and to scrupe up her admiration, instead of purchasing her contempt: for truly, I think nothing harder than to set a great wit, nor any thing easier than not to shew that wit one hath. You have too much for to hide it so easly, reply'd *Damo*; but, put the case I have as much as you say, reply'd he smiling, it will not be hard for me to doe what I think. We shall see, reply'd

ply'd *Bellanira*, but I am afraid you your selfe will be deceived, and that you cannot deceive *Chrysis*. That which makes for *Brutus*, reply'd *Damo*, is, that whether he deceive her, or not, it will still be much to his reputation; for if he cannot conceale his wit, it will be said he is very happy, that he hath so much that he cannot hinder it from appearing; and if he do conceale it, he will be much commended for his subtilty, that he can conceale the greatest wit, from one of the sprightliest wenchies in the world. *Brutus* return'd this complement with another; and their discourse that day was so pleasant and divertive, that *Bellanira* could not conceive how *Brutus* could carry himself and not discover his worth.

But in fine, three dayes after *Chrysis* comes to *Crotona*, but so late at night, that she could not meet with any could direct her, either to *Brutus* or to *Damo*. In the mean time, *Bellanira*, whose imagination was tickled with the pleasure of her friend's surprisall, sent her back word by a Slave which *Chrysis* had sent to her, that she was very sorry she could not wait on her, as being somewhat indispos'd, but that if she were as obliging as faire, she would give her a visite in the afternoon; which *Chrysis*, who had for *Bellanira* the greatest ardency of a new friendship, fail'd not to doe, and came presently after dinner. But she was no sooner come in, but *Bellanira*, after the first ceremonies of complement, told her that this new friend of *Damo's*, who was to be her servant, was in *Crotona*, and was that day to be at her lodging, together with that excellent maid, who had honour'd her with his acquaintance. But I beseech you, said she to her laughing, make me not asham'd, shew this day your greatest wit; and consult with my glasse about your dressing, that your beauty may shine in its full lustre. Ah *Bellanira*, reply'd she, who graspet at wit, loses it: and I never misse it, so much as when I most think on it. But I pray you, continued she, what doe you think of this friend of *Damo's*? I take him, reply'd *Bellanira*, to be the greatest wit in the world, and that if you can conquer his heart, it will be a conquest worthy of you. But, continu'd she, to spare both you and him the troublesomnesse of your first complements, I shall not exactly represent him to you, but shall leave that alone till discourse start out an occasion to do it.

Chrysis satisfied with what her friend said, fell into discourse about *Damo*, who soon after comes in; but she had hardly appear'd, ere *Bellanira*, presenting *Chrysis* to her, said to her, See I pray, whether my infidelity be excusable, or if I could, without injustice, deny my friendship, to a person whom I think worthy of yours, which is much more precious than mine. *Damo* answer'd this Bravery very obligingly, both as to *Bellanira* and *Chrysis*, who talk'd with so much discretion, that she both justified *Bellanira*, and ravish'd *Damo*.

In the mean time comes in *Brutus*, but though *Bellanira* knew he was to disguise himself to deceive *Chrysis*, she her selfe was surpris'd at the manner of his carriage; for, as he came in, he chang'd the very aire of his countenance, stupidity entred into his physiognomy, his civilities were so ungracefull, and uncertain, that *Chrysis* was extremely disturb'd, especially hearing *Bellanira* naming him by the name of that friend of *Pythagoras's* daughter. But if she was surpriz'd at his arrivall, she was amaz'd at his discourse; for, for two houres together she could not observe in him a look or a smile, which might raise a suspition that he had but common sense, so far was he from seeming to have any extraordinary parts. Not that he had betray'd himselfe by any extravagant talk, but there was such a naturall dunsnesse in all his discourse, that it was not to be imagin'd, that he, who spake so, did counterfeite; insomuch that *Chrysis* had not the least jealousie of it, but was absolutely perswaded, that he, whom she saw, was not the same she had heard of. So that coming to *Bellanira*, For Heaven's sake, said she to her, what pleasure do you take to doe me a discourtesie? Nay it is true, that you your self buy the delight you take in abusing me, at too deare a rate, when you purchase it with the conversation of the most stupid of mankind, and that for so long time. *Bellanira*, who was very much pleased at what *Chrysis* said, as being an evident token that she was deceived, burst forth into such a loud laughter, that *Chrysis* was confirmed in what she thought, that her friend had put a trick upon her; but that which was most admirable, was, that though she was satisfied she was deceived,

deceiv'd, yet could she not comprehend after what manner. So that the more she spoke of it, the more sport she found *Damo* and *Bellanira*, for she intimated by what she said, that she did not believe *Brutus* to be *Brutus*, and was so far from thinking him able to understand what these said, that she did not stick to tell him so much.

But the man who seem'd so stupid, upon a signe from *Damo* and *Bellanira*, ceas'd to be so, and surpris'd *Chrysis* after such a manner, that having heard him talk a quarter of an houre, she could not hold from breaking forth into a cry of astonishment. She would be angry with *Bellanira*, and to punish her for this advice, she told her she would honour her friends the more for it, and preferre this new one before her. Alas Madam, reply'd *Brutus*, do not break any of the Articles which are agreed upon between our two friends, for any concernment of mine, and remember that I am to be your Servant, not your Friend. Though I should doe a lesse displeasure to *Bellanira*, reply'd she, in receiving you favourably as a Lover, than if I received you as a Friend, yet you will give me leave not to enslave my selfe to the humours of two persons, who take up all their sport upon my account. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Brutus*, if you will doe *Bellanira* so great a spight, and deprive her of all your friendship, you must needs be guilty of some love; for doe you conceive that any thing else can lessen the affection you have for that amiable person? Believe me, continu'd she, friendship is never destroy'd by friendship, there must be something stronger than it selfe, that shall force it out of a heart which it is once possessed of, and it is onely Love which can doe what you pretend. For when all is done, a man may make many new friends, without injury done to the old; a man's minde is easily divided into many friendships.

There are some friends, whose secrets a man is content to know, and yet thinks not fit to trust them with his; there are others, to whom a man communicates things of importance, whom he would not entertaine with trifles; and on the contrary, there are some, whom a man would acquaint with many inconsiderable secrets, to whom yet he would not commit matters of concernment. So that a man raises some kinde of pleasure out of all, and though it be in a different manner, yet a man still takes some delight in all those for whom he hath never so little friendship. But Madam, it is otherwise with Love, for when one is possess'd with never so little of it, it presently causes a remission in the enjoyments of friendship; and when the heart is once wholly inflam'd by it, there is no pleasure in the friends of either sex; what was divertive before, ceases to be so; the conversation of those we most esteem proves tedious; and pleasure it selfe is not pleasure, if it be not divided with the person beloved; for in fine, Love knowes so well how to disrelish all the enjoyments of friendship, that if you would take a full revenge of *Bellanira*, you must resolve to entertaine a little love. If it be as you say (reply'd *Chrysis* laughing) I shall be much obliged to you, if you can engage *Bellanira* to love somebody, that so my friendship may prove unconsiderable to her. Ah, charming *Chrysis*, reply'd the lively *Brutus*, that is the way to be reveng'd on your self; for you would thereby deprive your selfe of the greatest pleasure in the world, and bestow it on *Bellanira*, who would little regard the delights of your Friendship, when she hath once tasted those of Love. But I pray tell me, sayes *Damo*, who hath taught you to talk so learnedly of a Passion, which was never yet absolute Mistressse of your heart? I am born under such a Love-starre, Madam, reply'd he, that even when I doe not love any thing, yet from the simple imagination that I may love, I derive a sensible delight.

Upon this, *Chrysis* enclining to be pacified, there happen'd very pleasant discourse between these three persons: but it was soon interrupted by the entrance of a Lady who carry'd severity in her countenance, all whose actions were as it were set in tune, and whose very looks seem'd to condemn all that's called Pleasure. Inasmuch that *Bellanira*, *Damo*, and *Chrysis*, who knew her, presently stild this discourse, wherewith *Brutus* much wonder'd; for he perceiv'd they were quite other people than they were a minute before.

As soon therefore as this party was gone, he hastily asked who that austere Lady was,

was, who had disturb'd their discourse. This Lady, reply'd the pleasant *Chrysis* is one, whom a certain Disciple of *Damo's* illustrious Father, hath instructed to part with humanity and reason; but the worst is, that she is not the onely woman in *Crotone*, who hath vow'd to observe this cruell Austerity, which indeed is as pernicious as Calumny it selfe; for they are a knot of women of the same humour, whom I cannot by any meanes away with. But I would know further, reply'd *Brutus*, how they have been induc'd to love Vertue, when she is represented to them so deformed. To give you a true account of their severity, reply'd she, you must lay this down as an immovable principle, that the temperament is not to be chang'd.

The doctrine of the wise *Pythagoras*, though it be in it selfe but one, yet hath it beene diversly interpreted, according to the severall opinions of those who have received it. So that there being a person of some quality, though of no great parts, among the Disciples of *Pythagoras*, a man of a severe nature, he for the most part misunderstood his precepts, and misinterpreted them to his own humour; insomuch, that at last he hath hewn out a certain scrupulous morall Philosophy, which frightens a minde rightly principled:

As for that, says *Bellanira*, we are onely to consider, after what manner the Ladies, who are under his tuition, speak and behave themselves; and we shall finde them so chimerically scrupulous, that it is not easily imagined how discreet and knowing women could be cajol'd into things so fantastick. And that which is yet stranger, added *Damo*, is, that these scrupulous Ladies, whose stomachs would turn to see Love but in picture, raile at all women, lightly condemning the most innocent actions; cannot endure those pleasures they themselves take not, spare not the reputation of the dearest to them of their own sex, finde fault with every thing they do not themselves, and turn to the worst whatever is done behinde their backs, and whatever they understand not. Moreover, they are strangely prying into all things, they would know whatever is done in other conventicles, that they may have somewhat to raile at in their own; they even have an indignation to those delights, which they will not take themselves, and they are so conceited on their pretended Vertue, that they treat all other Ladies as prophane persons, unworthy their Society. But for my part, I shall never account those vertuous, who take occasion from their Vertue, to augment their pride, and to contemne whatever is not of their way. But that which is further remarkable, added *Bellanira*, is, that none of these scrupulous Dames, who are so rigid in censuring the actions of others, reform any one evill habit in themselves, for I know one the most cholerick person in the world, who endeavours not once in her life to restrain the first agitations of her minde, but is perpetually ranting and chiding those that live under her. I know another so slothfull and carelesse, that I think, some dayes, she would not go one step forward to meet a good fortune that were coming to her. I know one so penurious, that she will not allow her self those ordinary things which advance her beauty, though she be a great cherisher of it; and there are foure or five of them, who, farre from living upon wild fruits, as *Pythagoras* did, are so great lovers of good cheere, that they spend the greatest part of their life in eating, or in studying what they should eat. In the mean time, these Dames, because they set an extraordinary value upon themselves, despise all others, and imagine that people ought to build Temples, and erect Altars to them.

But to countervail this, reply'd *Damo*, there is another of my Fathers Disciples, who hath expounded his doctrine after another manner, for there are a sort of women, into whom he hath infilled his opinions, scruple at nothing, but out of a desire they have, that their actions might be well taken, make the best of those of others, how faulty soever they may be. They hold, that it is the Intention onely that can make an action *evill*, so that with the best Intentions they many times commit the greatest Follies.

There is among these women so professed a Libertinisme, that it may be said, they place their honour in not having any: For they trouble not themselves about any thing but what pleases them, and what diverts them; and to justify this humour, they quote that act of compassion which my Father did in *Egypt*, when he prevail'd with

with the Fishermen to sell him all the Fish they had taken; that he might restore them their lives. Whence they infer, that it is not likely that a man, who though he perform'd an act of Vertue in giving liberty to a sort of Fishes, would have all the passions chain'd up, and so render humane life comfortlesse and penfive; so that squaring Philosophy to their owne humour, they lead such lives, as if they were come into the world onely to study their pleasures, and to satisfie all their desires without any abatement.

I should prefer these however before the other, reply'd *Brutus*, for they hurt nobody, and spend not their time ill; but on the contrary, those austere Dames, are damnably troublesome, and disturb all the enjoyments of Society. Truly, reply'd *Damo*, they all deserve to be condemned; and there is a third way may be taken, which certainly is the surest, the most rationall, and the most convenient, if the minde be but rightly disciplin'd.

But, my Lord, I consider not that I spend too much time in relating to you what passed between these persons; for since that, the counterfeited stupidity of *Brutus* at that time, partly occasion'd his continuance of it, for his safe abode in *Rome*, I might have pass'd by the account of all that conversation. But to make amends for this digression, into which I am insensibly fallen; I must withall omit a many gallantries *Brutus* did in that place, while he stay'd there, yet not forgetting to tell you that *Tarquinius* and *Damo* returning to *Metapont*, prevail'd with *Bellanira* to accompany them, and brought also *Chrysis* along with them. *Brutus* then having the opportunity to see them daily, began to entertaine a love for *Chrysis*, nor could he say he wanted any from *Bellanira*; so that now he was not out of employment, as being a servant to *Chrysis*, though *Bellanira* had the greater affection for him, as believing him not too farre engag'd with her friend; besides that he had infinite friendship for *Damo*.

Now was it that he led a pleasant life, for his greatest businesse was to finde out new recreations. Love and Friendship were the subjects of his Poetry, and those of his Epistles, Complement and Courtship; nor did he finde others lesse pleasure than he did himself. But indeed this bravery was interrupted by the grief which the death of *Tarquinius* brought him, who died in Child-bed of *Hermilia*; but as time doth insensibly cure all afflictions of this nature, so *Brutus*, within a few dayes, yeilded to his former inclination, whereof the frequent journeys he made to *Crotona*, whither *Chrysis* was returned, were such visible expressions, that *Licinius* could easly perceive the progresse of that passion through the masque of the trouble he was in for the death of *Tarquinius*. Whence taking occasion to perform his promise to *Marcus Junius*, he told *Brutus* that his friends at *Rome* had wrought his reconciliation with *Tarquin*, and that he understood there was some little inclination to a Revolt; that therefore he was oblig'd to return thither, and consequently should not engage himself at *Crotona*. I have stood so long upon my guard as to that point, reply'd *Brutus*, that if you finde me not some employment, I shall not long be master of myself. For the hatred I beare *Tarquin* will be unprofitable, as long as I remain in a place where I cannot hurt him. Therefore if you would stifle the love which I feele growing within me, let me know whether I may hope to revenge my Father and my Brother's death; deliver *Rome* from slavery, and assume the glorious title of the Restorer of my Countrey.

You demand much in a breath, reply'd *Licinius*, but all I can tell you, is, that while you are at *Metapont*, you will do nothing of all you intend. Let us then to *Rome*, reply'd *Brutus*, and that suddenly. You must certainly go, reply'd *Licinius*, but you must withall do it securely, and suffer your selfe to be guided by those who are acquainted with *Tarquin's* humour, and who hope to over-reach him; and elude all his distrust. *Brutus* attentively hearkning to *Licinius*, promised an implicate obedience to his advice, and that he would submit himself to him as he would have done to his Father.

This done, it was resolv'd they should communicate their designe to the wife *Damo*; nor failed they the same day to acquaint her with the whole state of their af-

fares; but when they had well examin'd the business, they were mightily troubled to finde out some expedient for the safety of *Brutus's* life. For his part, it was the least of his troubles, but *Licinius*, and *Damo* seem'd not so little concern'd in it. At length, after many thoughts of it, this prudent Virgin said, she thought she had found out a way how *Brutus* might be in *Rome* without danger. For, in fine, said she, directing her speech to *Licinius*, I never heard that *Tarquin* doth ordinarily commit any crimes which are no advantage to him. When he poyson'd his Wife and his Brother, it much concern'd him they should be out of the world. When he caus'd *Servius Tullus* to be murder'd, 'twas to get into the Throne himself. When he dispatched the Widow of that vertuous and unfortunate King, it was out of a feare left her teares and her vertue might move compassion in the people. When he gave a violent purge to the Senate, it was his designe to remove thence all vertuous persons, who might oppose his injustice. When he banish'd or put to death so many illustrious Citizens, 'twas because they were men of conduct and courage, likely to undertake any thing against him. And to come nearer home, when he put to death the Father and Brother of him, whose life you would preserve, it was because they were powerfull, forward, and rich. Hence I conclude, that for *Brutus* to be safe at *Rome* untill the Gods shall think fit to change the Government, *Tarquin* must be perswaded that *Brutus* can never hurt him.

Now this will so come to passe, if he will but resolve to do that for his owne, and haply for the safety of *Rome*, which he so pleasantly did some few dayes since for the diversion of his Mistress, when by an ingenious trick to deceive the faire *Chrysis*, he counterfeited Simplicity so naturally, that he deceived one the least easily deceived of any I know. How, reply'd fiercely *Brutus*, must I act the Foole and the Sor all my life? You must certainly do it, reply'd she, for by that meanes *Tarquin*, not jealous of you, would rest secure, and would haply be glad to let you live, so to give an example of moderation, when it is not prejudiciall to him. Ah, generous *Damo*, cry'd he, how harsh is this expedient! for though it be a hard task to betray a great understanding, it is a harder to personate distraction; and since, to be free with you, I must tell you, that my only business at *Rome* is to destroy *Tarquin*, and be revenged on him; I beseech you consider what mischief that man can do him, whose conversation all the world would avoyd, and who would be thought not to have common sense: For my part, reply'd she, my reason dissents from yours, for I conceive nothing so considerable in a dangerous conspiracy, than to have a great understanding, and a great courage, invisible to the world. In fine, if at *Rome* there be no inclination to a revolt, added *Licinius*, you may be safe and quiet; and if there be some secret risings in the city conducing to your designe, you may discover your self to those who shall be able and desirous to act for the publique good. Yet once more, cry'd our *Brutus*, this expedient is harsh and indigestible. And yet, reply'd *Licinius*, there is no mean, you must either resolve this way, or be for ever banish'd *Rome*, and not expect to revenge your Father's death, or ever hope to recover what the unjust *Tarquin* hath taken from you; and to ascend a little higher, you must either accept it, or ever renounce Glory. If it come to that, reply'd *Brutus*, I would rather renounce Reason, and submit my self to whatever you shall order.

Having thus resolved, *Licinius*, not willing to give *Brutus* leisure to repent, set all things in order for his departure, and foure dayes after, the resolution taken was put in execution. He thought not fit *Brutus* should come into *Rome* till he had seen how he would be received, so that he onely brought with him the little *Hermilia*, who was hardly out of her Nurse's armes, and delivered her to be brought up to the sage *Racilia*, giving out that he was married at *Metapont*, but that his wife was dead, not discovering whom he had married, for fear of exposing *Hermilia* to the cruelty of the Tyrant, should he know he were Daughter to *Tarquinius*, for whom he had an inveterate hatred, especially since she had left *Rome*. But he was no sooner admitted into *Tarquin's* presence, but he asked what was become of *Marcus Junius's* Sons? whereto he answered, that though he were alive, he might well be numbered among the dead. This doubtfull answer increasing *Tarquin's* curiosity, he was very importunate with

with *Licinius* to resolve this Riddle; who acting his part very subtly, made as if he were loath to satisfy his curiosity. But at length yielding by degrees, he told him he was much troubled to tell him that a man who had the honour to be so neere of kin to him, was so senselesse as *Junius* seem'd to be in all his words and actions. This he had scarcely said, but *Tarquin*, instead of being troubled at it, could not but betray his gladnesse; not but that he said it troubled him, but his eyes, more faithfull than his mouth, discover'd the secret of his heart, and argu'd, he had rather have a senselesse, than an understanding man to his Nephew. Nevertheless, being afraid of being deceived, he bid *Licinius* bring him to him, which he press'd so much, that *Licinius* easily perceiv'd that if he did not obey the Tyrant, his life was in danger. So that promising what he desired, she sent an expresse to *Brutus*, whom he had secretly brought to an old friend's house within six miles of *Rome*, and acquainted him how things stood. *Brutus* was now past all deliberation, as to what he was to do; for considering with himself, that if he went not to *Rome*, *Licinius* might be ill-intreated, and that withall his owne life, as well as that of his Father-in-law's was in danger, if he appear'd not there in his feigned stupidity, he resolv'd to do it, and was accordingly brought to *Tarquin*. But as he went, what did he not think on, and what apprehensions of anguish seized him? He left *Metapont*, where he had led an infinitely pleasant life, as a banish'd person. He there left a gallant friend, whom he infinitely loved, he smother'd a growing love, which fill'd his heart with hope and joy; he lost the good company of a many honest people; he renounc'd all pleasure, save the hope of Revenge, and he forsook, as I may so say, his own reason. But, all consider'd, *Licinius*'s life being at the stake, the revenging of his friend's death, and the deliverance of his Country, being to be effected, he overcame the aversion he had to make use of so fantastick a pretence for his stay in *Rome*; and resolv'd to live there after a much different manner than he had done at *Metapont*. In effect, when *Licinius* presented him to *Tarquin*, he acted the part of a dull and foolish person so well, that the fierce Tyrant was deceived in him, so that instead of being troubled to see him in that condition, he was very glad of it, for it was an affliction to him to think that *Marcus Junius* should have a Son alive in any place in the world, who might haply one day endeavour to revenge his fathers death. But considering him in his present condition, he was not afraid of him, nor was he sorry he could give one example of humanity without danger. He therefore seem'd to have a care of him, and to be the more assured of him, he thought fit he should be married, for he was not so foolish but he betray'd the inclination he had to women. But being to marry, he must take the daughter of a man engag'd in his interests, lest he should dispose of himself, and haply ally himself with some family too well affected to the publique good, and so the name of *Junius*, venerable in *Rome*, should revive. Nay to disaccustom a People from a Name had been deare to them ever since the foundation of the famous City, the young Gallants of the Court began, by way of abuse, to call him *Brutus*, and left off calling him *Junius*; for as to the other name he went under at *Metapont*, and which I have forgotten, it was never known at *Rome*. But that which was most remarkable, was, that he whom they call'd by that name, which was not proper for him, though it seem'd so, accusom'd himself to answer to it, the more to express his stupidity, so that insensibly all came to call him *Brutus*, and *Licinius* himself bath call'd him so.

You now know, my Lord, in what manner this noble Roman return'd to *Rome* was married, and liv'd there, not so much as taking notice that *Tarquin* had usurp'd all the wealth of his house, and gave him onely so much as was barely necessary for his subsistence. Nor indeed did *Brutus* trouble himselfe about it, but his wife's father, who was nothing afflicted at the misfortune of his son-in-law, for that the Tyrant enrich'd him upon his account. But *Brutus* who was not come to *Rome* but to deliver it from the tyranny of *Tarquin*, was infinitely perplex'd, for he understood by *Licinius*, *Valerius*, and his vertuous Aunt *Rasilia*, who were all intrusted with the secret of his life, whatever passed in the particular faction that were in *Rome*, the City, and that a Plot was sooner laid, and a Party engag'd, but *Tarquin* quash'd it by

the death or banishment of the Plotters; and that consequently there was no likelihood of destroying the Tyrant, or delivering *Rome*, or ever appearing there with his reason about him, though he were resolved to forget all the violences, and all the enormities of *Tarquin*; for he was absolutely convinced that if the Tyrant should once discover he had any understanding, he would soon take away his life. He also heard how that the cruel *Tullia* insolently answer'd a woman, who said, It was great pity, that *Brutus* was so stupid; that if he were not, it should cost him something more than his reason. So that not conceiving any probability of doing what he hoped, he led a most sad and melancholy life, having no other comfort but what he received by the Letters of the wise daughter of *Pythagoras*; for as for his rising love, it vanish'd presently after his returne to *Rome*. While he was in this perplexity, his wife dies, leaving him two sons, which she brought him soon after their marriage; which accident somewhat encreased his pensiveness, for that she was a handsome woman and good natur'd. Not but that he liv'd with her in a strange awe and caution, for though he had a great friendship for her, because she was so well condition'd, as not to despise him, and that she believ'd him as simple as he made himselfe; yet he never durst discover himself to her, as knowing ever since he married her, that it was an impossibility with her not to tell a thing she knew, and that there never was woman lesse able to hold her peace than she. So that he was forced to an insupportable reservedness, even in those houres wherein all others have the greatest freedoms. Yet could he not but grieve for her death, as one in whom he had met with both vertues and mildness. But as he had not any great affection for her, and what he had might be rather called acquaintance than friendship, so, had he known no other affliction, Time would have overcome it. But he saw *Tarquin's* power encrease every day; he saw the greatest part of any worth, banish'd or put to death; all the young men slaves to the Tyrant's fortune; and so little likelihood of any advantageous change for *Rome*, that he could hardly entertaine any hope ever to see his Countrey or his Reason at liberty. This brought an unspeakable melancholy, which caus'd him to avoid company as much as he could, nay in a manner made him desirous to avoyd himself.

But *Licinius*, who was yet alive, and who had discover'd this secret to *Publius Valerius*, as being his intimate friend, and withall a hearty enemy of *Tarquin's*, perceived well that *Brutus* became more and more pensive. So that he therefore spoke to *Racilia*, with whom was the little *Hermilia*, who knew not yet that she was *Brutus's* Sister, to think of some meanes to comfort him, for he knew that *Brutus* repos'd a great confidence in her. He advis'd her to take him into a pleasant seat she had upon the *Tiber's* side, four miles from *Rome*. To be short, she propos'd to him the passing of three or foure dayes there; to which proposition, containing nothing opposite to his Melancholy, he consented and went thither, but with an intention not to return any more to *Rome*; but to wander about the world untill some change should happen in *Tarquin's* fortune. For, said he within himselfe, since I cannot hurt the Tyrant, and so revenge my Father's death, and deliver my Countrey, to what end is it to condemne my reason to perpetuall slavery, and to captivate my selfe eternally? what glory, or what advantage is it to me, to live obscurely, and goe for the most senselesse and the most stupid of all mankind; and be withall an utter stranger to all pleasure and society? I cannot in the condition I am in, be guilty of either Vice or Vertue, but live after such a fantastick manner, that since there were men, never any liv'd as I doe. Yet for all this, could the hope of Revenge and of Glory but keep possession of my heart, I could have patience, but to live without Pleasure, or so much as the hope of any, is absolutely insupportable, and that which I can no longer endure.

Thus was *Brutus* so orewhelm'd with melancholy, and so weary of the life he led, that he resolv'd to leave his Countrey, and become a voluntary Exile. Being therefore confirmed in this designe, his onely study was to put it in execution, and put himself in a posture to leave *Rome*, and at the first to goe no further than *Metapont*, knowing he had still a many good friends in that place. He was also somewhat confident

dent that *Licinius* and *Racilia* would relieve him in his banishment, and would send him somewhat to subsist, though they were never so angry. Not but that when he thought of leaving *Rome*, and losing all occasions which might happen in his absence to do *Targuin* a mischief, it a little assauled his resolution; but after all consideration, seeing no likelihood of any to happen in a long time, and being no longer able to endure that reservedness wherein he liv'd, he hardned himself in the resolution he had taken, wherewith he neither acquainted *Racilia*, nor the young *Hermilia*, who, as I told you, knew not as yet that she was *Brutus's* Sister, as being too young to be trusted with a secret of so great importance. So that being unchangeably resolv'd, he design'd his departure within three dayes, pretending he would returne again to *Rome*, so to deceive his Aunt, whom he avoyded as much as lay in his power, because she perpetually pressed him, to know whence that new affliction proceeded, which she observed in him: But affecting solitude as much as might be, the day before his departure he walked along the river side, and there revolving in his minde whatever had happen'd to him, he remembred the pleasures he found in the conversation of *Damo*, *Chrysis*, and *Bellamira*, and thereupon opposing one passion to another, he was satisfied he should finde some comfort, even in this, that though he quitted the noble ambition of being the Deliverer of his Country, he might aspire to the Conquest of some great Beauty.

But his mind could not entertain all these imaginations without some confusion, as he hath since confessed to me; nor could he well distinguish betweene that which comforted him, and that which afflicted him, when turning about at the noyle of a Chariot, a Slave very submissively asks him, whether the Chariot he saw coming were in the right way to *Racilia's* house? *Brutus* being oblig'd to answer him, told him after his affected simplicity, that it was the ready way; which said, not enquiring whose the Chariot was, nor who was in it, nor so much as looking that way, he continued his walk, so great was his melancholy. Nay this very adventure added to it, and caused him to stay out later than he should have done: For, said he, to what end do I go into any company, wherein I must be what is almost insufferable to be, and such as is below the envy of all? Is it possible, continued he sighing, is it possible to be more unhappy, than to be what no man would be, no not the vilest Slave upon the face of the earth? Amidst these thoughts *Brutus* continued his walk, and that so long, that ere he returned the Lamps were lighted at *Racilia's*. 'Tis true, he met there with excellent company, but that you may know how much he was surpris'd in it, I must tell you, that the wife of *Spurius Lueratius* was there with her incomparable daughter *Lucretia*, as also the beauteous and divine *Valeria*; he met there also with *Sivellia* and *Mutius*, whom you have seen with the King, and I my selfe was come to accompany these noble persons, who were come upon no other designe, than to surprize *Racilia* in her solitude. But as this illustrious Roman is a person of conduct and economy, our reception was such as if we had been expected, besides that it was with a great cheerfulness, for *Lucretia's* mother and mine were her intimate friends, *Mutius* was some kin to her as well as the other two, *Valeria* and *Lucretia* she had a great esteem for, both for their owne sakes, as also for theirs of whom they derived their being, and for my part, I was also entertained upon *Sivellia's* account. Omitting therefore nothing requisite to our entertainment, she presently gave order the house should be adorned with that magnificence, as if she were to keep some great Festival: So that *Brutus* returning, and entering into a large arched hall, furnished to admiration, he wondered to finde there such a noble company; for you are to know, that as he had not the priviledge of much conversation, so was he not acquainted with all the Beauties in *Rome*, for he had never seen *Lucretia* unweyl'd, nor had much more knowledge of *Valeria*, though *Valerius* was of his caball. It happen'd so that he was no sooner entred, but those two Beauties shining full into his sight, dazzled him into a change of colour. For though *Valeria* were not haply as exactly handsome as *Lucretia*, yet she may well be accounted a very excellent person. In the mean time, though none conceived *Brutus* could contribute any thing to the company, yet as one of good birth, and Nephew to *Racilia*, he was saluted, but with that coldness of complement,

plement, wherewith we entertaine those whom we esteeme not, and, without allowing him any part of the discourse, it was continued in the same channell it was in before. For his part he onely hearkned to what was said, and earnestly viewed *Lucretia*, who certainly that night shin'd with an extraordinary beauty. For though I know you have seen her with Prince *Sextus*, yet I shall not stick to say, she was at that time handsomer than she can be now, though she yet deserve admiration. It was impossible a complexion should have more lustre, or an eye more majesty, and withall more sweetnesse than she then had. Nor indeed did *Brutus* look on her indifferently, which when I observ'd, I came to her, and whispering to her smiling, You see Madam, said I to her, how great the power of your beauty is, since that *Brutus*, as *brute* as he is, is sensible of it, and admires it. If that which you call Beauty in me, reply'd she smiling also, produce no more glorious effect than this. I shall not hastily be too proud of it. But truly, said she, I so much pity poore *Brutus*, that I have not the heart to laugh at his stupidity.

As she said this, a great noyse was heard in the Court, and presently *Racilia* had notice, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, who said they had lost their way a hunting, desired entertainment there for that night; but the truth of the businesse was, that the former of these Princes, being fallen in love with the young *Hermilia*, took this occasion to give her a visite. Now these Princes being vertuous persons, especially the Prince of *Pometia*, *Racilia*, out of a consideration both of equity and prudence, received them kindly, though she ever abhorr'd *Tarquin*. Besides that, having a large and faire house, and that these Princes brought none with them but their Slaves, she was not much troubled at their coming, and so she staid with her former company, as if she had no further care to take. In the first place the Prince of *Pometia* related how he and *Titus* lost their way, but he did it with so much art, that I am confident the faire *Hermilia*, as young as she was, easily perceived that she was the occasion of that hunting, and that that Prince looked after no other prey than that of her heart; for turning her head aside, she blush'd, and seemed not to heed what he said, though she listned very attentively.

But at last, all having taken their former places, *Brutus* having not all the while said any thing, *Titus* fell into some private discourse with *Lucretia's* mother and *Sivulia*, so to do his brother a courtesie, for by that meanes he might the more freely entertaine *Hermilia*, who was somewhat shie of engaging into discourse, while *Lucretia's* mother was with her Aunt. So the generall discourse happened between *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Hermilia*, the Prince of *Pometia*, *Musius*, and my selfe; as for *Brutus*, he said nothing at all, though sometimes he was very desirous to speak something, simply or heavily, according to his custome, especially because *Tarquin's* sons were in the room. But he hath told me since, that he was so loath to speak indiscreetly before *Lucretia*, that he thought better to be silent, than to say any thing that night. But the discourse was changed after such a manner, as gave him occasion to observe, that *Lucretia's* Wit was as great as her Beauty. For you are to know, that as in *Rome* they work admirably in earth, whether it be for Vessells, or Statues, so *Racilia*, who studied curiosity and convenience as much as might be, had excellent Vessels, inso much that the Slaves who waited on her, covering certaine tables, and placing all things necessary for the treatment of so noble a company, the Prince of *Pometia* observed that one of the tables was of the same materiall with those Vessels I mentioned, and was admirably wrought. It was supported by three children, who seemed to have so much adoe to carry it, that one would think himselfe obliged to help them to bear it up. The Prince liking it very well, began to commend it, and was going towards it the better to consider the workmanship of it. Which the two Slaves, who were covering it, perceiving, they lifted it up to bring to him, but so rashly, that they overturned it, and broke it all to pieces. That it seemed very admirable to all the company, appeared by the cry they all made when that mischance happened, except the Mistress, who seemed not to be at all moved at it. As for the Prince of *Pometia*, who was the innocent occasion of this mishap, he made a thousand excuses to *Racilia*; but she not being in the least angry with the Slaves, who had so indiscreetly spoyled such

an excellent commodity, told the Prince, that the onely trouble she had, was, that it was broken before he had had the satisfaction of seeing it; but yet that that happiness might be recovered, she would have another of the very same making; which when she had said, she with a great calmnesse commanded those who had broke that, to fetch another out of a certain place she directed them to, and to have a care they did not break it. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Lucretia*, looking earnestly on her, How I love you for your great patience, and that you are not of those women who are angry, at all times, in all places, before all sorts of persons, and for all things! for I do not conceive any thing nobler than to raise one's selfe above a certaine testiness, which is contracted by custome, and to which most women, are prone enough, since that many times it makes them doe as fantastick things as folly it self wou'd put them upon! It is true, reply'd *Racilia*, that to be soon angry is an ill custome to take up, both for one's selfe and others. And I think, added pleasantly *Valeria*, that faire Ladies ought to have a greater care to reforme this fault, than others; for excessive anger injures Beauty. To that purpose continued *Lucretia*, I saw, not many dayes since, a very handsome Lady, who, upon such an occasion, became in an instant very deformed, and continued so for above foure houres. She had then some extraordinary cause to be angry, reply'd I, or haply she had something spoyl'd as considerable as this table of *Racilia's*. Not at all, replied *Lucretia*, and the adventure is so odde, that I have a mind to tell it you. You will oblige me much, replied *Racilia*, for *Hermilia* is naturally so passionate, that if she have not a care, she will come to be very cholerick. 'Tis true, replied the blushing Beauty, that I am naturally somewhat enclin'd to this froward passion, but yet I doe not conceive I have given the faire *Lucretia* any occasion to make pleasant stories of the extravagances of my passion. For my part, said *Adrius*, (who is of a nature violent enough) I cannot be such an enemy to Anger, nay I am perswaded, that it is it makes the vertue which seemes to be opposite to it; for, it is certain, a great patience is an effect of great courage, & a great courage is oftner found in those who are of a cholerick disposition, than in those who are so dispassionate, that a man knowes not when they are offended, nor when they are obliged. Passion and Choler, replied *Racilia*, are two different things; but before I oppose what you say, added she, I shall be glad to heare what *Lucretia* sayes, for I am perswaded that sometimes Examples are better masters than Precepts. I must indeed confesse, sayes *Lucretia*, that I owe a great part of my moderation to the impatience of two or three of my acquaintances, and principally of her whom I am going to tell you of. Imagine then, continued she, this Lady, who is very buxome, to be in the best humour in the world the last time I saw her, for she was free, jocund, complaisant and lightsome. That which partly caused her to be in so good an humour, was, that looking in the glasse, she thought her self that morning handsomer than ordinary, and that two other friends of hers and my selfe, had told her so much while we were walking in her garden. To be short, her complexion was more serene, her eyes gentle, and her lips carnation'd; but at last, having walked enough, she brought us into her chamber. She had no sooner lifted up her veyl, but she goes to the glasse, questionlesse to be confirmed in the high opinion she had of her beauty; but what was most pleasant, was, she found it so strangely overcast, that she could hardly see her selfe as if it had been through a thick mist. So that not knowing of a sudden, whether there were any mist in the chamber, though it were very faire weather, she turned somewhat troubledly toward her friends and me, which we perceiving, and knowing whence it proceeded, as being just opposite to the glasse, as well as she, laughed at it; and I told her jestingly, that that accident was a punishment for the excessive delight she took in her owne Beauty. But it was no sooner out of my mouth, but she blush'd for madnesse, and without making me any answer, called up hastily one of her women to know what had discoloured her glasse. But instead of asking it mildly of the maid, who was but young, and seemed to be simple enough, she presently changed her voyce, her countenance and action, insomuch that she who a minute before was of a composed aire, and had a milde and modest look, ceased immediately to be what she was. For not giving her Slave time to answer what she

asked, she presently imagined she was to blame for asking, and that she knew the reason of it without her telling. She added, that certainly it must be she, who thinking her self pretty, instead of minding her work, did nothing but view her self in the glass. This gave her occasion to tell her, that she was much deceived: if she thought her self handsome, and to ask her why she pretended to it, and whom she so much studied to please, and talked to her so many trivial stories, that I was never so much ashamed of any thing, as I was of that person for the concernment of my sex. And when the poor Girl, whom she so much exclaimed against, would have said something to justify her self, her Mistress presently found something else to quarrell at, so that at last having compassion on her, I would needs excuse her. But I had hardly opened my mouth, ere the incensed Beauty changing the object of her anger, fell upon me, & told me, that if I offer'd to excuse her, I should make her so impudent, that she would be no more for her service, multiplying words so strangely, that no other had the leisure to speak. In the mean time, the Roses and Lillies of her delicate complexion were so disturbed, that they were not discernable; for her face was enflamed into a deep red; the white of her eyes was changed, which were enlarged beyond their ordinary size, looking disturbedly and scatteringly, and indeed, as if she saw not what was before her; the figure of her mouth was not the same; she repented the same thing twenty times, and she seemed rather a mad Priestesse of *Bacchus*, than a modest Roman.

But in fine, all this came to nothing, for when she had ranted and scolded, and vented her extravagances to weariness, it appeared she had no reason at all to be angry. For when she came down into the garden to entertain us, she gave order her chamber should be perfumed against she came in, so that in obedience to her commands, burning much perfume, the glass was overcast with it, and the poore Slave, who never thought of looking into it, perceived it not. She thence at last conceived the maid had not done any thing of what she thought, and that she was to blame for having kept such a stirre. But though she was convinced of this, yet was there not an absolute calme in her minde; on the contrary, a certaine conscience of her weakness raising a new tempest in her, suffered her not to rest free from some tossings of indignation all that day. She answered peevishly all that spoke to her; she quarrelled with all attended her, and that before whoever came to her, without ever considering whether it were civil or not; nay I am not certaine whether she came not so high as to threaten a little Slave she had. I was never so much astonished at any thing, as to see this strange transport of spirit, and withall, what an alteration Anger made in this great Beauty. You so pleasantly describe this fantastick anger, replied I, that though I am naturally somewhat inclined to it, I shall henceforward take a greater care to correct it in my self, though I am of opinion, that this inclination of nature ought not to be blamed; nay, on the contrary, hold, that Anger in noble and regulated minde, is an argument of greatness of courage and integrity. For if you look upon this passion in a discreet man, you will finde it never breaks forth but upon some resentment of injury, wherein reputation is concerned, and that it is a pure effect of his vertue, and speaks the tenderness of his soule, the delicacy of his minde, and the clearness of his apprehension. For how can a man of an upright soule resent a manifest injustice, and not carry a heart sensible of it? Or he, who sets a high value on his reputation, receive an affront without indignation? Nay I am of opinion, added *Marius*, that, to speak generally, the temperment most inclined to choler, is that of Gallant Spirits. Yet all nations certainly, replied I, are not perswaded that Choler is a necessary ingredient of Valour; on the contrary, the *Lacedaemonians* hold, that it is prejudicial to it, which is the reason that they animate their Soldiers to fight with a sweet harmony, to infuse joy and tranquility into their soules; and before battels sacrifice to the Muses, to oblige them to preserve their reason entire in fight. That which to me seems most inconvenient in choler, replied the sage *Racilius*, is, that persons of weak constitutions are more subject to it, than others, as children, and such as are in a declination of age and reason, are angry at any thing. In like manner, sick persons, who are not masters of their reason, are vexed at

at trifles, such as they are ashamed of when they are in health; and lastly, women (if I may be so free to the discredit of my sex) for the most part, being not capable of any great fortitude and strength of parts, are many times hurried into humorous vexations, as appears by the relation of *Lucretia*. I agree with you, reply'd I, that indeed it argues a weak minde, and little discretion to be angry at small matters; but I withall maintaine, that never to be moved, signifies rather an insensible minde, than any strength of reason. May I presume to affirme, that it is no verue to be insensible, that Anger may produce good effects, and that it is just sometimes to give it way; but withall, I averre it is dangerous when it becomes habituell, and that it is commendable to bridle it, and that a man must never be over-mast'ed by it. Certainly, replied pleasantly *Lucretia*, where there is not a staid minde, Anger is a dangerous habite, and suits not so well with women, for I have observed a certaine attraction in affliction and teares, but I have never seen any beauty in anger, nor knows any impatient that were withall agreeable. That which is not insupportable in this passion, sayes the Prince of *Pometia* is, that its object omits not any limit as the other passions do. As for instance, if a man have a great tendernesse for some one particular person, it is onely for that very one's sake that he shall betray a certain weaknesse, while his passion lasts, which is the onely testimony he gives of all those pleasant extravagances, whereof he knowes himselfe guilty. But as for Anger, it fastens on all things, it equally reaches things sensible and insensible, and the minde is incensed by things of small, as well as those of greater concernment, according to every one's humour: You are in the right, replied *Lucretia*, for an enraged Musitian breakes the strings of his Instrument, a Painter flings away his Pencils; a Senator will be angry if you dissent from his Opinion; a Husband quarrels with his Wife for being too expensive; and a Wife quarrels with her Husband if he be too covetous; a great Beauty falls out with her owne Haires when they will not be ordered as they should be; and if it be true, that there are any Lovers in this world, it is possible, added she smiling, they may sometimes conferre their discontents together, upon over very slight occasions, if so be they are of a cholerick disposition.

Lucretia acted this exaggeration with such a grace, that she gained the commendation of all the company for her wit, and *Brutus* hath told me since, that almost forgetting his artificiall stupidity, he had been likely to contribute his praises to those of the rest. And indeed he prepared himselfe to speak, but the faire *Hermilia* hastily prevented him, which I onely observed, but at that time made no great reflection upon it, for I hearkned to *Hermilia*, who not willing to quit the discourse about anger, made it her business at least to excuse it. But in fine, said she, how is it possible not to be angry at a many triviall things which happen, for it is in respect to these that I would speak of anger, that is, how can the minde be so qualified as not to be stirred to anger at a many inconsiderable accidents, which every moment happen beside all expectation? *Hermilia* indeed is now in the right, said *Valeria*, since that to speak in generall terms, it is easier not to be hurried into passion upon some important occasion, than never to be moved at these sudden ones, when haply Reason stands not on its guard, but the minde is surpris'd, and moved before it take time to consult. For my part, added *Mutius*, I shall never believe the Gods have bestowed on us such passions, as we may not innocently use; and I am strongly perswaded, that as there may be a Love without Crime, so there may be an Anger without any just blame, and that it is the use of it onely that requires regulation. I am of opinion, replied the gallant Prince of *Pometia* smiling, that onely *Lucretia* deserves to be the Halcyon of Anger, if I may so expresse it, and that it is from her that we must receive instructions how to qualifie this tumultuous passion which is so displeasing to her. The Prince of *Pometia* hath spoken so excellently well, replied I, that it is fit the fair *Lucretia* grant what he demands. Let her make what orders she please against Anger, replied *Mutius*, she shall have much to doe to keep it quiet in my heart; and for my part, said *Hermilia*, I must needs quarrell with her severity. You would doe better, if you advantage'd your selfe by her example, said *Racilia* to her; but for my part, sayes *Valeria*, it will be no great trouble to me to submit to her. And it will be lesse to me to

asked, she presently imagined she was to blame for asking, and that she knew the reason of it without her telling. She added, that certainly it must be she, who thinking her self pretty, instead of minding her work, did nothing but view her self in the glass. This gave her occasion to tell her, that she was much deceived; if she thought her self handsome, and to ask her why she pretended to it, and whom she so much studied to please, and talked to her so many trivial stories, that I was never so much ashamed of any thing, as I was of that person for the concernment of my sex. And when the poor Girl, whom she so much exclaimed against, would have said something to justify her self, her Mistress presently found something else to quarrell at, so that at last having compassion on her, I would needs excuse her. But I had hardly opened my mouth, ere the incensed Beauty changing the object of her anger, fell upon me, & told me, that if I offer'd to excuse her, I should make her so impudent, that she would be no more for her service, multiplying words so strangely, that no other had the leisure to speak. In the mean time, the Roses and Lillies of her delicate complexion were so disturbed, that they were not discernable; for her face was enflamed into a deep red; the white of her eyes was changed, which were enlarged beyond their ordinary size, looking disturbedly and scatteringly, and indeed, as if she saw not what was before her; the figure of her mouth was not the same; she repeated the same thing twenty times, and she seemed rather a mad Priestess of *Dacchos*, than a modest Roman.

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exact my pretended laws for the Ladies, replied *Lucretia*; for I have no more to do than to bid them imitate your moderation. To be short, continued she, as it is not my duty to regulate another's sentiments by my own, so I have no more to say, but to propose *Herminda* for a pattern for men, as I do *Valeria* to all of my own sex; for I know by experience that they are both subject to a great sensibility of spirit, and that if Reason had not taught them the lawful measure of anger, they would be overwhelmed by it, as well as so many others. Ah Madam, said I, looking upon her, you do not know me, I am not fit to be a pattern of patience, for if you knew how sensible I am upon some occasions, and how angry I am with my self for it, it would move your pity, and you would seek into your own reason for that which you cannot find in my heart, as having much more frailty than can be imagined. For my part, added *Valeria*, I confess I am mistress enough of my own passion, I have the art to conceal my anger, or at least to repress it, so as it never transported me to say anything which I repented when my passion was over. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, how much am I obliged to you, for having given us in few words the most excellent rule in the world!

I would ask no more of all women, than to keep within those bounds; for if they should do so, they would never be hasty or fretful; they would not be always chiding their Slaves, always quarrelling with their Friends; they would not be violently hurried into passion, before those that come to visit them; they would have a respect to themselves, and would not cloud the serenity of their eyes with a storm of fury. But if you quite take away anger, replies *Herminda* pleasantly, I know not how Ladies can begot awe and respect in such as make addresses to them, since in my judgement it is their only defence. For instance, if any one be so bold, as to entertain a Lady with some discourse that is displeasing to her, I am confident, if she blush with anger, and give some testimony of her displeasure to her eyes, this forward person will presently shift discourse, rather than continue it, out of a sense to displease her. But on the other side, if she be so patient, that she express no sign of anger, he will at last make her angry in good earnest. You press this too far, replies *Lucretia*, for though I am an enemy to excessive anger, yet I allow women to express their indignation, even to fierceness; but I would that the redness which anger spreads upon their cheeks, should but add to their beauty, not disorder their minds, and that they preserve their respect rather by a modest severity, than by angry expostulations, which at no time become a woman, especially when they are such as are worth nothing, raised upon frivolous grounds, and a disappointment to such as are subject to them. I mean those passions which spring up anew continually, those persons who are subject to them, never taking any care by a strong resolution to correct so ill a habit, which by rendering them less fair and pleasing, brings them sometimes into the hatred and contempt, not only of their superiors, but even of their inferiours.

Lucretia having proceeded thus far, the banquet was brought in, which put an end to this pleasant and profitable entertainment. *Brutus* all this while said not a word, but ceased not to admire *Lucretia*, with whose Wit he was more taken than with her Beauty, though her beauty were admirable. But that he might be at the same time acquainted with all the perfections of *Lucretia*, it happened they came to speak altogether of her goodness; whereof *Valeria* related a many instances, though much against the other's will, inasmuch that the night was wholly spent in her commendations. So that when all were retired, *Brutus* was wholly taken up with thought of *Lucretia*.

It happened, that the chamber where this Beauty was disposed to lodge, joyned to a closet which was in *Brutus's*, which having been sometime a passage between those two chambers, they had lately nailed up the doore which went out of it into that where *Lucretia* and *Valeria* lay. But there being certain chinks in the door, through which it was easy to see what was done in the place where these two Beauties were, *Brutus*, who had often taken notice of it, could not withhold, being returned into his chamber, from going into the closet, and beholding these two Beauties whilst they undressed.

undressed themselves, in whom he discovered a thousand new perfections. For the dress of Roman Ladies hiding the neck, he knew not until this instant the perfection of theirs; indeed his heart being already destined to *Lucretia's* service, even before he knew so much, he fixed all his observation upon her with such a steadfast view, that he had not the power to close his eyes all the night after. This pleasing idea, though full of all delightful charms, troubled his rest, insinuating a kind of commotion into his heart, betwixt grief and joy, which raised in him a thousand different imaginations. It made him a long time forget the design he had taken to leave *Rome* within two days, and to banish himself voluntarily from a place, where it behoved him to hide his soul, if he would preserve his life; and where he saw not any likelihood of revenging his Father's death, or delivering his Country, as he intended, whilst he confined himself to this foolish disguise. At last, after a long deliberation, suddenly recollecting himself, and remembering the resolution he had taken to go away, it vexed him that he had seen *Lucretia*; he endeavoured to blot her out of his imagination; he looked upon this accident as a new misfortune, which gave him the knowledge of so excellent a person, when he had resolved to go so far from the place where she was. It is true, said he to himself, that as I shall see and be scarce of her, I need not much regret her absence, since if I fall not in love with her, I shall not lose so great a pleasure in depriving my self of her sight. For though fair objects delight our eyes at all times, even though our hearts be not touched, yet the pleasure of the eyes is a mean pleasure. A garden of flowers would please my eye as much as the sight of a fair woman, for whom I have no passion my self, nor desire that she should have any for me. On the other side, if I love her, I shall lose less by this separation; for after all, how passionate forever I become, I dare never express it to her, nor hope for any allowance thereof; and how can she love a man in whom appeareth nothing of wit or conversation, but that she values less than the meanest and most stupid slave?

Let us think no more of *Lucretia*, but pursue our designe of quitting *Rome*, a place where lives a person, who perhaps may make me yet more unhappy than I am. In what part soever of the world else I shall fall in love, I shall be less miserable; for I may hope not to be despised, I may obtain leave to fly, that I love some, one; or at least to complete of her cruelty.

Thus *Brutus* believing he had mastered his own will, passed the rest of the night in thinking upon his journey, and as soon as the sun appeared, he rose with intent to walk alone without thinking on the company at *Kavilla's* house. But whatsoever his intention was, he had not power to go away without the curiosity of going into the closet, through which he could see *Lucretia's* chamber. This desire was so great he could not resist it; in fine, he entered, and peeped in as the same way as he had done the night before, but his curiosity received little satisfaction, for though he saw *Lucretia* asleep, yet he had a less sight of her than when she was awake, because she slept in so modest a posture; that he could see nothing but her right hand, in which she seemed to hold carefully a little white veyl which covered half her face. This hand indeed was so white, that it made an end of the first sleep he had begun, and stole away his heart. Yet did not *Brutus* perceive this infancy of love; he called the first motion of his passion, curiosity; he resolved to walk alone, to avoid meeting with *Lucretia*, that he might not be obliged to speak to her presence, fancying to himself a kind of pleasure in being separated from her, that so he might not break himselfe of having spoken indiscreetly before a person to whom he owed a great obligation in himselfe to all his Rhetorick. If he had been in such a condition, that he durst have discovered his thoughts. He went therefore to walk in a Meadow bordered with Willows interwoven with thick bushes, which bordered upon the river. Thence he went with a resolution not to recule back, till the first troop were gone; for having openly professed his pidity, he was mortified to any rule of civility; and the presence of the two Princes did no longer oblige him to a self-consideration. So that to complete his designe, he went, followed only by a slave, to that little chapel with the Priest of a little Country Temple, not far from the place where he had chosen for his walk.

walk. In fine, he ordered it so well, that he went not back untill it was within an houre of sun-set, and then not doubting but that the company which caused his solitary humour was departed, he took his way along the River to goe home. But as he began to walk, he was touched with a little kinde of discontent for not having seen that admirable person whom he avoyded to meet. He condemned himself almost at the same instant, and giving his thoughts leave to range without any fixed object, he sent the Slave that attended him before, and in this manner walked along the River, not well knowing where he was, untill coming to the midst of the Meadow, he beheld three women seated at the foot of an old Willow, who chanced to rise at the same time, as he perceived them, and began to walk away. Scarce were they risen, but he knew these three to be *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, and *Hermilia*, who knowing him, as he them, turned aside to avoyd him. For *Hermilia* her selfe was not onely ignorant that she was Sister to *Brutus*, but was a stranger as well as her two friends, to the true worth of this noble Roman. Not willing therefore that their conversation should be interrupted by a man, who, as they conceived, could adde nothing to it, they turned, as I said, aside. This action gave *Brutus* to understand what it was that obliged them to shun him, whereas he was infinitely troubled, yet did he comply with their intention, and saluting them a far off, went directly on to the house of his Aunt, imagining that the rest of the company were there still. But this belief deceived him, for he found *Racilia* alone, who told him, the two Princes had been gone ever since the morning, and that the mother of *Lucretia*, *Sipelia*, *Albina*, and I, were newly departed. How comes it then, replied *Brutus*, that *Lucretia* and *Valeria* are here still? That, replied she, proceeds from some concerns of Family, which have moved *Lucretius*, father to *Lucretia*, and *Valerius*, father to *Valeria*, to remove their daughters for some time out of *Rome*. But being carefull to whom they would trust their daughters, they have thought fit to commit them to my government, while the faire weather holds, which courtesie they have desired upon account of the alliance which is between our Families, and the friendship there is between these maids and *Hermilia*, there being no concernment of yours could hinder it; for that, added she smiling, you are not thought any dangerous person. *Brutus* having heard what *Racilia* said, blushed, though he himselfe knew not why. However he returned some answer to what that sage person said to him; which done, he discoursed with her about divers things. He asked her, if *Sipelia*, whom he knew to be an enemy of *Tarquin's*, had not informed her of any thing, whence might be raised a hope of some change in *Rome*, to which she answering, nothing at all; he was infinitely sad, and began to bemoan the cruelty of his destiny, and complained of it with so much sense and passion, that *Racilia* hath told me since, that she never heard man speak so well, nor so feelingly as he then did. That which yet increased the affliction which he received from his own lamentations, was, that seeing those three faire ones, whom he had seen in the Meadow coming towards him, he riseth up purposely to avoyd them, but with such an aversion, that she extremely pined him.

But *Brutus* was scarcely gotten out of this delightfull company, but repenting him of his purpose, he returned into the place where it was, and secretly condemned himselfe for the intention he had had. For in fine, said he, since there is almost no pleasure but that of the sight, which I may pretend to participate with rational creatures, it were hard to be deprived of it, but I should at least make this advantage of faire objects, as to entertaine my selfe with delightfull imaginations. Upon these thoughts, *Brutus* making a short returne, spent the evening amongst these lovely Virgins, but it was rather to hearken to them, than to entertaine them. Yet he made a shift to speak once before *Lucretia*; but it was with his affected simplicity, though he was with much trouble forced to it: for thinking it not uncivill not to answer what was asked him, and withall not daring to answer to any purpose, it must needs have infinitely afflicted him.

Lucretia never having heard him speak before that time, whisper'd to *Hermilia*, and asked her whether he never had any more wit, which *Brutus* over-hearing, felt

such

such a vexation as she had never felt before: For before he had seen *Lucretia*, he was extremely pleased that he was thought absolutely stupid, because it conduced to his delight; but for that admirable Virgin, he could not endure she should have the same thoughts of him, as so many others. Nay he was encouraged in the good opinion he had conceived of her, by divers things she that day spoke in the commendation of Goodness; for in fine (said she to *Hermilia*, who maintained that it was sometimes prejudicial to be over good) a great mind without goodness may be feared & hated, but it is never loved: And I am so much confirmed in what I say, (continued she, speaking somewhat lower) that I would rather have the stupidity of *Brutus*, than the wit of the cruel *Tullia*, though she have one of the greatest in the world. But my Lord, though *Lucretia* intended not that *Brutus* should have heard her, yet he did; and what is remarkable in it, is, that though he could not think himself obliged any way by this discourse of *Lucretia*, yet he humour'd himself into a certain delight, to think that she wished rather to be what he was, than to be *Tullia*; so that flattered with this imagination, he, with much satisfaction, listened to the discourse of these three maids. For my part, said *Lucretia*, I take such a pleasure to be good, that I am resolv'd to be so while I live, and consequently must needs prefer a great goodness without wit, before a great wit without goodness. But certainly, replied *Hermilia*, those persons that are so good, that they can never be otherwise, are not very divertive; & to tell you what I think, I am of opinion, that goodness alone hath in it something faint, weak, and displeasing, whence it comes, that it signifies almost nothing in some people: But it cannot be so said of wit; for I know some persons much given to be mischievous, whom yet I am taken with, though I am confident they will do me an ill turn, when ever it lies in their power. On the contrary, I know another person of excessive goodness, one who would not be guilty of a thought of ceasing to be good, even to her enemy, who yet is infinitely troublesome to me, in so much that hours seem ages, when I am alone with her. And hence I think I may with reason affirm, that Goodness accompanied with Wit, is good for all things, but without it, it is almost good for nothing. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed out *Lucretia*, you are an unhappy body to say so; for it is undeniable, that Wit without Goodness is fit only to do mischief, and that Goodness without Wit, hath at least this advantage, that it can do no hurt. But, replied *Hermilia*, an excessive goodness is sometimes hurtful to those that have it, for when you are feared by none, you are open to the affronts of all, and are thrust to the wall sooner than another. That indeed which *Hermilia* saith, happens sometimes, replied *Valeria*, and through a certain malignancy that is in the world, if you are not thought able to return evil for evil, you must never expect good for good. So that were I to have my wish, I would certainly desire as much wit as goodness, were it only to make use, when occasion served, of that precious quality, which without question raises the esteem of all the rest, and without which they deserve no great commendation. But though one should have nothing to do with the world, replied *Hermilia*, Wit is still more necessary than Goodness; for as to Conversation, Goodness contributes nothing to it. Nay, on the contrary, continued she laughing, it may be said, it is very prejudicial to it; for those who are so excessively good can find exceptions at nothing, they approve all things, they endure all things; and so the discourse dies every moment. No *Hermilia*, replied *Lucretia*, I must dissent from you in that, since that only those who have Wit and Goodness together, give life to Conversation. For are they not of a contrary humour to those, who abuse and calumniate their acquaintance, whereas it may be inferred from what you say, that those only begot division, who raise quarrels and contentions in companies? But to be more serious, I boldly affirm, that it is only a rational goodness which distinguishes men from beasts, and the greatest expression of reason that can be given, is, to be able to hurt, but out of a consideration of Vertue and Goodness not to do it. Yet these good people without Wit, replied *Hermilia*, who are good, and know not why they are so, what employment will you put them upon? And these persons of great wit, replied *Lucretia*, who make no other use of it, than to deceive those who trust them, to rail, and raise

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scandals and reports, what business have you for them? You presse me somewhat too hard, replied *Hermilia*, for I confesse I should be to seek how to dispose of such malicious persons, as should make others harmes the business of their wit. But doe you also, to requite me, acknowledge that you would be much troubled what to doe with those good dull ones, who are guilty of neither malice nor delight. To reconcile you both, replied *Valeria*, I think mischievous persons are to be avoyded, how witty and divertive soever they may be, and that they are not to be particularly acquainted withall; and that the good are to be excused, out of a consideration of their great goodnesse, and their imperfections are to be born with, notwithstanding their want of wit. But to put a question somewhat harder to be resolved, added *Valeria*, I ask you both, whether you would have an extraordinary Wit with an indifferent Goodnesse, or a great Goodnesse with an indifferent Wit? For my part, replied *Hermilia*, I shall soon choose; and I as soon, replied *Lucretia*, for I am already resolved. But this satisfies not me, replied *Valeria*, you must tell me, whether you have chosen; Methinks, replied *Hermilia*, you might easily guess that *Lucretia* hath taken the great Goodnesse with the indifferent Wit; and you might as easily conceive, added *Lucretia*, that *Hermilia* hath chosen the great Wit, and indifferent Goodnesse. Yet I am confident, added this wise Virgin, that if there were two such persons, the whose goodnesse were greater than her wit, would be much more beloved than the other. I know not whether she might be more beloved, replied *Hermilia*, but I am certain that she whom I have chosen would be the more esteemed. But what signifies that esteem, replied *Lucretia*, which begets not friendship? for I say this as a principle, we should not desire to be esteemed, but in order to be loved, or at least to be thought worthy to be loved. If you value not an Esteem without Friendship, replied *Hermilia*, what will you have me to conceive of a kind of luke-warm friendship without esteem? For I cannot believe that one can have an eager affection for a person of mean wit, how good soever he may be. If the love we have for a good person be not grounded on the esteem we have for him, replied *Valeria*, it must needs proceed from the acquaintance we have with him, which we conceive obligeth us to love him. Nay then, replied *Hermilia*, I perceive she that makes the proposition declares against me. On the contrary, replied *Lucretia*, it may be said, we are both of your side; for though you speak against goodnesse, yet we know you to be one of the best in the world. It is indeed true, replied she, I am not wicked; and so speak truly, I would not be otherwise than good; but it is as true, that there are a sort of mischievous people that please my humour, and some good, who are troublesome to me, and so speak generally, goodnesse is almost every where oppressed. Yet that hinders not, replied *Lucretia*, but that that vertue ought to be the foundation and support of all the rest; and that we should wish rather to suffer together, than to do it; besides that, to speak rationally, Goodnesse is a vertue so well becomes a woman, that I know not any she hath greater need of. I acknowledge, replied *Hermilia*, that a wicked woman is a Monster; but certainly, one that is ingeniously malicious, adds much to Conversation, and it were a great loss if there were not some such. Since you are so much taken with them, replied *Lucretia*, I wish you may never want some of those women, who can wink at nothing, who condemne all things, who tell merry stories of their best friends, who, as soon as they are out of sight abuse them, who envy the praise are given them; and themselves commend them less than those who are not acquainted with them; and to be short, who do them more harm than they could expect from a merciless enemy, and less good than from a generous one. And the more to punish your blindness, added *Lucretia* to *Lucretia's* wishes I add this much: I wish withall my heart, that you may have one truly good friend, who may requite you with all the treacheries the rest are guilty of towards you, that so you may at last become equitable, and acknowledge with us, that true Goodnesse is preferred before greatness of Wit, how shining soever it may be.

As she said these words, *Valeria* rose up, whereupon it being late, these three Maids retired and left *Brutus*, who had hearkned to them all the while, with little ceremony, yet *Lucretia* took leave of him with greater civility than the other two, which

he took infinitely well. For arguing from the civility she had for him in the condition he was in, that she would esteem him, if she were better acquainted with him, he was so ravished with the consideration, that it began in his heart a certain pleasant commotion, which one might presume to call Love; or at least something he felt, which he could never define.

In fine, not to abuse your patience, *Brutus*, who was resolved to depart, without acquainting any, could not perform it so soon; for something being yet wanting, which was necessary for his journey, he took occasion from that light hindrance, to make the less haste, not thinking himself that *Lucretia* was partly the cause of his change of resolution. But three or four days after he was sensible, that the Beauty, Wit, and Goodness of that person, had made a strange progress into his heart, for he could not keep out of the company of these three Majds. They at first thought him very troublesome, which he himself observed; but being such a one as was not to be treated uncivilly, neither would they do it; insomuch that at length, making no account of him, they spoke before him as freely as if he had not been in place. *Brutus* by this means having *Lucretia* always in sight, and viewing her with all the charms of her Beauty and Wit, fell deeply in love with her. But to his grief *Love* entered his heart without that insinuating companion which they call *Hope*, which by her beguiling charmes makes men undergo such long and violent afflictions. Whence it came to pass, that *Brutus*, as soon as he was convinced that he really loved *Lucretia*, was extremely troubled, and look'd upon it as a second motive to remove himself far from *Rome*. To what end, said he, should I entertain this fruitless passion, which I must never presume to discover? How can it be imagined that the stupid *Brutus* should be capable of admiring and adoring the incomparable *Lucretia*? But alas! continued he, though she understood my passion, I should be no less miserable; for is it possible she can love a man in whom there is not the least appearance of wit? And to come yet nearer home, when I should trust my selfe to her discretion, when she should be convinced I am not what all the world takes me to be, what likelihood is there she should admit the addresser of an unfortunate man, who dares not betray his reason, lest he lose a life which he hath designed to sacrifice to the liberty of his Countrey? Shall I go and tell her I am a Conspirator, when at the same time I am to tell her that I love her? Shall I entertain her with interests of State and Revenge at the same instant when I am to treat her with Love and Respect? But if I should thus entertain her, is it probable I might make some advantage of it, or that she would ever be prevail'd with to run fortunes with such a wretch, as in all likelihood will never be otherwise? But supposing such a miracle should be done, which cannot, that she should be mov'd with my affection, is it probable that *Lucretius*, a man of spirit and ambition, should bestow his Daughter upon a Son, or that *Tarquinius* would suffer me to marry the daughter of a Woman, who is not engag'd in his interests but by force? No, no, *Brutus*, said he sighing, thou must not love *Lucretia*; and if thou do'st but imagine it, thou wilt really be as great a stranger to thy Reason as now thou seem'st to be. Renounce then at once both the object of thy Hatred and that of thy Love, forget *Tarquinius* and *Lucretia*; stifle together thy growing Affection, and thy desire of Revenge, since it is fruitless to cherish either; and goe seek in another climate a gentler Destiny than what thou hast found in thine own Countrey.

Hereupon *Brutus* thought his Reason was convinced, and that he should infallibly depart. But it was not a quarter of an hour that he had been thus resolved, ere he had a fresh conflict in his soul, which made him a minute after reflect on things quite different. What do I, said he? what do I? Am I still the same *Brutus* who ever was guilty of an importunate desire of revenging the death of an illustrious Father and a virtuous Brother? Have I forgot the commands of the one, and the instructions of the other? Have I overcome the Love I had in *Crassus*, that I might forsake *Rome*? Have I forsook and parted with the sage *Damas*? Have I fruitlessly renounced the use of my Reason, and hath that importunate Virtue (*Patience*) which in time overbears all things, absolutely forsaken me? For my part, added he, I believe the Gods consider my weakness, and have purposely brought me to the sight of this

this admirable person whom I adore, to stay me here, and hinder me from being so unworthy as to quit the designe I had of delivering my Countrey. Certainly there must be something extraordinary in this emergency; for what likelihood is there, that a blinde chance should direct *Lucrecia* to this house, at what time I had secretly resolved to be gone; and that having never seen her, I should goe as it were purposely, when I had but two or three dayes to stay? Besides, I at first avoyded her as much as lay in my power; she hath hardly spoken to me since I have knowne her; and yet methinks I have alwayes been design'd to her service, so violent is the affection I have for her. What probability is there that Love should nestle in my breast amidst so many thorny distractions, were it not decreed that the beauty of *Lucrecia* should cause the safety of *Rome*, by flattering on me a love that stayes me, and permits me not to forgoe the revenge I have undertaken to execute? Let us then cast our selves upon the disposall of Fortune, by submitting our heart to so excellent a Beauty: Let the love we receive from the eyes of *Lucrecia* enslave our hatred to *Tarquin*, and if we must be unhappy in this affection, as it is very likely, let us beare our misfortunes as just punishment for that unworthinesse we have been guilty of, in thinking to remove from *Rome*. Let us with courage endeavour to subdue the heart of this illustrious person; and at the same time overturne the throne of this infamous Tyrant; although, if I may truly speak my thoughts, I am confident it will be easier for me to snatch the government of *Rome* out of the hands of the proud *Tarquin*, than deliver my heart out of the power of the divine *Lucrecia*. Let us love then, let us love, since it is the will of Fate, and without considering what may happen to us, let us obey the inclinations which direct us to adore *Lucrecia*. Let us look on her as a person hath preserved virtue in our soul, which we shall eternally acknowledge, even though she should never do ought for us, since it is she that hath cherisbed in us the design of *Rome's* deliverance.

This storme being over, *Brutus's* soule was as it were in a calme, which made him conceive that this resolution proceeded from some supernaturall inspiration, and such a friendly correspondence happened there upon this adventure between his Heart and his Reason, that he thought no more of his departure; his thoughts were wholly taken up with the love of *Lucrecia*, while he expected an occasion to make *Tarquin* feel the weight of his hatred; so that he suffer'd his heart to wander into the love of that admirable person, though he found no other present advantage of his passion, than that he was staid in *Rome* by the attractions of this incomparable Virgin, whom yet he neither durst say he loved, nor hope to be loved by.

Being thus resolved to love, he was so much satisfied in himselfe, that it was visible in his eyes and countenance, insomuch that *Facilia* having observed it, took occasion, the first time she had private discourse with him, to ask him the reason of it. But he satisfied her not, for there being naturally a certaine mystery in Love, he thought it discretion not to reveale a Secret, which he himselfe knew would be thought extravagant by any one who had not the same apprehensions of it as he had. Giving therefore his passion all the liberty imaginable, he endeavour'd to double those chains whereby he was already fastned, and miss'd so opportunity to see *Lucrecia*, and to hear her speak.

In the mean time, *Facilia*, though she knew *Brutus* to be much more considerable, as to points of gallantry, than he seemed to be, yet did she allow these Virgins the same freedoms as before; nay, which is more, pray'd them to admit *Brutus* to walk with them, telling them, that it might haply enlighten his minde, that they should pity one in his condition, and endeavour what they could to disperse that deep melancholly which encreas'd his naturall stupidity, adding, that their presence had already in some part lessen'd it. Not, my Lord, but that *Facilia* was as innocent in this as *Virtus* is false; but she so much pited the life *Brutus* led, that she was glad any way to make it more comfortable. But to say truth, she could not conceive he would entertaine Love without Hope, nor that any thing amorous could lodge in that heart, which Revenge had so long since taken up. Besides, that it is not unlikely, but that if *Brutus* had a designe to marry, she would have been glad it had been either with

with *Valeria* or *Lucretia*; as for *Hermilia* she knew well enough that *Brutus* was not ignorant she was his Sister.

This Society by this meanes became pleasant enough, for besides that these three Virgins were excellent good company, yet the admission of some other persons made it better and more divertive. There was a Sister of *Collatine's*, who spending the season of the year in the neighbour hood, came thither often, out of a design to render her Brother some service with *Lucretia*, whom he was in love with. The Prince of *Pometia* and his brother Prince *Titus* came thither divers times; for though they were *Tarquin's* Sons, yet the consideration of their vertue exempted them from the hatred which men had for their Father. Commonly *Mutius* came along with them, and for my part, I had ever some commands or other from the vertuous *Sivelia*, to her wholehouse so many amiable persons made their rendezvous. So that though *Racilia* professed all the severity of a vertuous Roman, yet being of a mild nature, allowing the freedoms of the Countrey, and having a confidence in the vertue of those persons, who were under her charge, and considering that the men who came to visit them were very respectfull, as also her Kinred, all except the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, and *Collatine*, she her self was extremely satisfied with a company wherein was nothing but what was innocent. *Lucretia's* also came thither sometimes, and *Sivelia* oftner.

But as it is not my own History which I relate unto you so I shall not tell you, that *Mutius* & I had a certain passion, caused in us by the same person, since we both had an affection for *Valeria*; for then I should have too many things to acquaint you with, which have no relation to the adventures of *Brutus*. But I shall give you, to understand by the way, that *Lucretia* had enam'd *Collatine* and *Brutus*, that *Hermilia* was courted by the Prince of *Pometia*, though it was suspected he was a servant of *Collatine's* Sister, who was called *Collatina*; that *Titus* was in love with her I last named, and that Love it self was as it were the Soule of this faire Troop. But indeed the love was not reciprocal, for *Lucretia* had a great aversion for *Collatine*, and knew not that *Brutus* was so deeply in love with her. *Valeria* had no affection for *Mutius*, and little more than friendship for me; but for *Collatine's* Sister, she certainly had an esteeme for *Titus*; and *Hermilia*, without all doubt, had a strong inclination for the Prince of *Pometia*, though *Racilia* believ'd it not, and indeed is yet ignorant of it. Notwithstanding all this, Love was so well disguis'd among these persons, that nothing was visible but Courtship, Respect, Civility, Complement and Friendship. It happen'd sometimes, through the care every one took, to conceal their Sentiments, that Visits were given without the least private discourse with the person beloved. One time among the rest, I remember, the Prince of *Pometia* discours'd altogether with *Collatina*, *Titus* all the time entertained *Lucretia*, *Collatine* courted *Valeria*, and *Mutius*, and I treated *Hermilia*. But for *Brutus*, conceiving himself not suspected of any, he quitted his ordinary reserv'dness, and alwayes kept neare *Lucretia*. This indeed was no great satisfaction to him, for not daring to discover himselfe, she suffer'd him mearely out of pity, and out of regard to his quality and her friendship with *Racilia*. But yet indeed he took a great pleasure to spight *Collatine*: not that he could be jealous of *Brutus*, but that *Brutus* kept him from having any private discourse with *Lucretia*. Nor indeed was *Brutus* at first jealous of *Collatine*; for besides, that in point of gallantry *Collatine* was none of the most considerable, it was easily perceiv'd that *Lucretia* had an aversion for him, though she discreetly concealed it. But his feare was of the faire and subtil *Collatina*, whose insinuating, submissive, and obliging humour, was very likely to do her Brother a good office. So that after a while, *Brutus* had to deale with at the same time, resentments of Love, of Jealousie, of Hatred, of Revenge, and of Ambition; yet without any rationall hope of ever being able to satisfie any one of these violent passions. For it was not likely *Lucretia* should love him before she knew what indeed he was; it was as unlikely he should discover unto her a Secret, which knowne, might divert him from endeavouring the deliverance of *Rome*, and being revenged of *Tarquin*: it was also somewhat improbable he should suddenly ruine a Prince, whose power was strengthened by his cruelty: & for the

ambition he had to arrive at the rank of his fore-fathers, he had no great reason to hope it while his reason were in captivity, and *Tarquin* in the Throne. Hence was it that sometimes he thought himself the most unfortunate man living. He now and then slip into *Rome* to converse with *Lisinius* and *Valerius* about his main designs so long since undertaken. Here was he entertained whole days together, with the exorbitance of *Tarquin*, the cowardice of the Senate, and the small hope they had to meet with an opportunity to discharge themselves of what lay so heavy on their hearts.

But *Brutus* in the mean time entertain'd himself with his own thoughts, and the Muse, about the love he had for *Lucretia*; for, having, as I told you, been acquainted with *Pythagoras's* daughter, and travell'd into *Greece*, he could have complain'd in verse of the cruelty of his amorous fortune, could he but have hoped that *Lucretia* might one day be acquainted with his love. But according to the posture of his soul, he made no advantage of his talents, since he durst neither speak nor write, and yet he was almost out of himself to do either. For though Poetry be not yet very common at *Rome*, where they know little more than those Acrosticks of *Sibilla*, yet *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, and *Hermione*, understood more of things of this nature than a many others, by the means of a Greek Maid, a Slave of *Rasilla's*, whose mother had sometimes lived with the learned *Cleobulina*, daughter of *Periander* King of *Corinth*. This Slave having an excellent understanding, had secretly taught them somewhat of her language, and had repeated to them a many excellent compositions of *Sappho* and *Phocilides*, with which they were infinitely taken. Which *Brutus* coming to know, was extremely troubled, in that he durst not make use of those things which haply might bring him into favour with *Lucretia*; and thinking withall in himself, that he could not pretend to any esteem from her, he was afflicted beyond all belief. Inasmuch that in some intervalls not considering the hazard of his life, nor troubling himself about the designs he had against *Tarquin*, he resolv'd to acquaint this admirable Virgin with his love, and that as a man that knew how to express his thoughts in other language, than what he ordinarily spoke. Yet could he not shake off a certain fear, that, in case he succeeded not, *Lisinius*, *Valerius*, and *Rasilla*, should perpetually tie him in the teeth for discovering himself; besides the consideration he had that *Tarquin* might make *Lisinius* suffer, when he came to know he had abused him. Thus resolving on nothing absolutely, he led a most distracted life, his melancholy not admitting any consolation; for he was neither able to struggle with his love, nor durst acquaint her with it who was the cause of it. Nevertheless he still loved, and that with an extreme obstinacy; for though *Lucretia* added no fuel to his passion, yet did it sensibly encrease, even *despairs* having that effect in him which *hope* hath in other Lovers; For in fine, said he, 'tis true, I cannot hope anything, yet this cannot weaken my love, since my despair proceeds not from *Lucretia*, but it is the extravagance of my destiny which makes me incapable of hoping any thing. She does not certainly favour me much, and she were to blame if she did, and I am oblig'd to her for her indifference for me, since it is not the same *Brutus* she is acquainted with, than I would have in her favour. But still I continued he, that other *Brutus* is at such a distance with Fortune, that it is not likely he will ever dare show himself to *Lucretia*; and if I renounce not one part of my reason, she will still be ignorant of the love she hath kindled in my heart, & consequently I shall be the most unfortunate man alive. How (cry'd he out, as he hath told me since) shall not *Lucretia*, the admirable *Lucretia*, know that thou lovest her; and thou art not such a Son as thou art taken to be? Canst thou be content to be ever the object of her contempt and her indifference? No, no; continued he, I shall never do it; nay though I should lose my life, though I should hazard all; and that *Rome* must eternally be subject to the tyranny of *Tarquin*, *Lucretia* must know that I live under her power. She is discreet, good, and generous; and it may be she will not cast away a man, that out of excess of love casts himself to her discretion.

But weak man that thou art, resum'd he, hast thou forborn all rational discourse for so long time, only to tell *Lucretia* that thou lovest her? Think, think on the love

love thou owest thy country, not on what thou maist have for a person, who haply will not have any for thee. Remember thy Father cut off by the cruelty of *Tarquin*; thy Brother dispos'd the same way, and thus both dying, commanded thee to revenge their loss. Consider *Rome* assur'd by the most horrid Tyrant the earth affords; regard so many thousands of virtuous families expecting their safety from thee, and since thou wilt be base, imagine that the discovery of thy love to *Lucretia* may haply cost thee thy life; and think at length, if there be any thing of virtue yet remaining in thee, what blot it would be to thy memory to have preferred the love of *Lucretia*, before that of Fame and thy Country.

Upon this, such a tempest rose in *Brutus*'s soul, that it was easily perceivable he had not herein taken the advice of his reason. To be short, he was that day so dejected and so melancholy, that he would not see any body, and the more to avoid all company, he walked out into that Meadow, where I told you one evening he had seen *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, and *Hirmitia*, while he was so overwhelm'd with his melancholy humour, that he hid himself between two such bushes above three houses, not so much as once looking towards the River. But at last, his excessive affliction forcing him to shift place, he rose up; which he had no sooner done, but he spies *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Collatina*, and *Hirmitia* sitting on the River side, discoursing with the Prince of *Pometia*, while *Racilia* walked a little aside with *Collatina*'s Mother, this company being come thither since his coming out alone.

Being thus engag'd not to avoid *Lucretia*, though he wished to be made towards the place where she was, and having saluted the whole company, he found their discourse to be about Love, and that the Prince of *Pometia* opposing *Hirmitia* (who still purposely contradicted him) held, that it was not the proper virtue of a woman to have an insensible heart, and on the contrary maintained that a Lady could not be thoroughly assur'd of her selfe untill a violent affection had possess'd her soul. For in fine, said he, I finde that a woman makes no great difficulty to oblige those whom she hath no tenderness for, to forbear the expressions of their love; I finde it is no great reputation to waste with a weak and unfixed inclination; but for a woman, courted by a man of extraordinary worth, whom she also loves, not to engage her selfe too farre, and notwithstanding all the sympathy of a reciprocal love to preserve Virtue impenetrably fasted in her heart, is certainly of great merit. Yet my Lord, I conceive, reply'd *Valeria* modestly smiling, that it is best not to study always for this expression of Virtue, lest that at first drawn in to love indecently, one should come at last to love beyond the limits of Honour. For my part, said *Hirmitia*, I conceive it more glorious to oppose Love, than to entertain it, how innocent soever it may be. And for mine, said *Collatina*, (who secretly carried on her Brother's interest) I must notwithstanding the great severity the Roman Ladies profess, affirme, that while the rules of civility are observ'd, there is an infinite pleasure to be beloved, and, if I may presume to say it, to love. For in fine, if the enjoyments of Friendship be thought delightful, only comparatively to those of Love, which they say are greater, it were madom to love something, if being supposed the use of it were not forbidden. I could not have believed, reply'd *Valeria* smiling, that a Roman Lady should make Love's party good with such confidence. She is so good a Sister, reply'd *Hirmitia* smiling also, that she would rather forfeit the interest of her Sex than of her Brother.

Whilst these Virgins were thus engag'd, the fair *Lucretia* fell into such a deep musing, that she minded not what was said, though she were concern'd in it. On the contrary, entertaining her selfe upon the first discourse of the Prince of *Pometia*, in the commendation of Love, she quite forgot the company, till that *Collatina* taking her by the arm, told her laughing, that she must contribute to that conversation; asking her whether she thought Love a troublesome thing or a pleasant. *Lucretia* answer'd, that she could say nothing of a thing she was not acquainted with. To take away that pretence, we must describe that passion to you, reply'd the Prince of *Pometia*, who having an excellent wit, made it his business to say all he could to the advantage of Love. He declar'd all the insinuations of Hope; he represented the surpris of

of the first desires which that passion inspires into us; he enumerated the delights, the transports, the tempting illusions it causes, the pleasant reveries that accompany it; and in fine, omitted nothing which might relate to that noble passion. Having so done, he pressed her to tell what she thought of Love. But she absolutely refusing, her companions set upon her and persecuted her so long, till at last she promised they should have her opinion, conditionally they would permit her to write it down. Enquiring therefore who among them had any table-book, it happened that onely *Brutus* had one.

Whereupon, this concealed Lover, who was glad of an occasion to have any thing of the writing of *Lucretia*, presented her with his table-book, wherein she writ what she thought of Love. But my Lord, that you may the better understand what a trick she put upon them, I must set down the same words which she writ, which she assured them contained her true sentiment of love.

Hereupon *Herminius* spying a table-book upon *Arenius's* table, took it, and writ down the same words as *Lucretia* had made use of; which done, delivering the table-book to *Arenius* and *Amilcar*, they therein found the ensuing words;

Past, how, there, quickly, ah, but, no, sweet, if, soever, last, were, love, can, no, I, require, a, lover.

How (reply'd *Amilcar* laughing, when he had read these scatter'd words) is there any rational sense in what I have read? For my part, added *Arenius*, I confess I can make nothing of them; and therefore think that *Lucretia's* designe was to finda her friends somewhat to do, and not desirous to discover unto them what she thought of Love, pleased her self by putting them to the trouble to pick sense out of words which had not any.

What you say my Lord, reply'd *Herminius*, continuing his relation, was the opinion of the Prince of *Pemotia*; who having read what *Lucretia* had written in *Brutus's* table-book, told her that she was a very wag, so unmercifully to abuse her friends, and not give her opinion of a thing of the greatest importance, and the most delightful in the world.

I am not to learn, reply'd she smiling, that it is the property of the Gods onely to speak obscurely; but all consider'd, since that out of a consideration of modesty I have conceived my selfe not oblig'd to give my opinion expressly of a thing I am not able pertinently to speak of, you must either interpret my words, or not understand me. But seriously, said *Valeria* to her, is there any sense in what you have written? I protest to you, reply'd *Lucretia* laughing, there is not onely sense, but very pleasant sense, and excellently well expressed; and that I never in my life have, nor ever shall speak better. But that you may not charge me with any vanity, continued she, I must tell you that the words are not mine, but I have borrow'd them, I know not whence, nor yet from whom. Certainly, reply'd *Herminia*, you are not much beholding to the Lender, and you may as easily returne as much to those of whom you have borrow'd them; for whatever you may be pleas'd to say, what you have written here signifies no more than so much Gibberish. Neither is it so good as to pretend to that foolish language of canting, whereby some that are crafty over-reach and elude the simpler sort of people, for there is not any one who would not easily perceive there were no sense in what you have written. For instead of saying

Past, how, there, quickly, ah,
one should say,
Ah how quickly there past,

And so of the rest, it were as good as it was before, or to say better, as bad. If you would but change the order of the words, reply'd *Lucretia*, you would infallibly finde my true meaning; but without jesting, said *Collina* to her, is there any reason in these words? Sincerely, reply'd *Lucretia*, the highest in the world; and I much admire

admire that foure such piercing wits as you are, cannot list it out. I would faine see (added she maliciously, thinking to make sport) whether *Brutus* can understand it better than any of you, and shall desire him to give his judgement of the question in hand: For my part, replied *Collatina*, if *Brutus* understand this language better than we, I shall think it very strange. I pray let me first once more, see these enchanted words, reply'd *Hermilia*, wherein *Lucretia* sayes there is such excellent sense, which yet seem not to containe any reason; for if it be so, there was never in this world such a Metamorphosis.

Hereupon the table-book was handed from one to another, till it passed through all, none being able to make any sense of it, nor did any think of giving it to *Brutus*, all being obstinately desirous to ghesse at what *Lucretia* had written. For *Valeria*, who understood her, told the Prince of *Pompeia*, that certainly *Lucretia* did not dissemble, and that there must be reason as what she had written by her very looks. But at length, none being able to make any thing of it, *Brutus*, who had a huge desire to see those words, ask'd for his table-book, which had not been so soon restor'd to him, had not *Lucretia*, who was glad they could not finde out what she had written, taken it from them; as for *Brutus*, she little feared his interpretation. Snatching it therefore out of *Hermilia's* hand, she returned it to the owner, who having received it, retrated two or three Raps, and set himselfe seriously to consider the words. While he was looking on them, he could heare *Collatina* jeering at his earnestness therein, supposing he sought what he should never finde. But that which pleased him infinitely, was to heare *Lucretia* chiding her for being so uncivill as to make sport at him. In the mean time *Brutus*, who was of an excellent reaching wit, proper for the finding out of such things, apprehended *Lucretia's* fancy, and disposing the words into their genuine order, he found they made up two verses of *Phocildes* which had been translated, that he had known them a long time, and that the Greeke Slave at *Racilia's* had taught them *Lucretia*. Finding therefore the humour very ingenious, and Love being at that time predominant in his heart, notwithstanding what thoughts he had had a little before, he could not but satisfie a violent desire he had to give *Lucretia* a secret testimony of both his understanding and his love. Besides that, perceiving she would not explaine her own verses, he concluded she would observe the same secrecy as to the answer. For you are to know, that those two verses, the words whereof *Lucretia* had onely transpor'd when she writ them in *Brutus's* table-book, are two verses very amorous and pathetick, of such an easie naturall sense, that you cannot but remember them, when I have once repeated them; and in fine, those words which appeared so terrible shuffled out of their places, when they were disposed into their proper order, expressed *Lucretia* thus;

*How sweet were love, if not so quickly past,
But ah! there is no love can ever last.*

Ah *Herminius*, cry'd out *Amilias* interrupting him, how it troubles me that I could not discypher these verses: but I must see whether these words are the same with the other. Whereupon taking the table-book wherein *Herminius* had written them, he compared them word for word, till he had found there was no difference betwixt that fantastick writing, and these two verses of *Phocildes*; which done, *Herminius* thus continued his relation.

Brutus therefore having unravall'd this confusion of words, and found in them the two verses I have mention'd, immediately made two others, fantastically transposing the words, as those of the other, as you may see by what I shall write under the former, conditionally you do not interrupt me for the interpretation. For now that you have the Secret, you may easily finde them. Content your selves therefore, that I onely tell you the words which I write as I speak them.

Pass, permit, love, and, my, that, give's, all, some, then, love, shall, love, brave, my, find, wish, then.

I give you a thousand thanks, replied *Amilcar*, that you have given me a dispensation as to the decyphering of these words; for I should never have done it. But to comfort me, let me soon know that the others were as little able to do it as I.

That I must, replied *Herminius*, and that without any flattery; for *Brutus* having wrote these words under those of *Lucretia*, and returned them to that amiable Virgin; the table-book passed through the hands of all the company; but to say truth, rather to abuse *Brutus*, than look for any sense there. For the Prince of *Pomonia* was of opinion with *Valeria*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, that *Brutus* understood no more of the business, than to set down certain words at random. So that not able to keep from laughing at his pretended simplicity, their censure of his words was quite contrary to what they made of *Lucretia's*; for though they could make nothing of *Brutus's*, nor indeed endeavour'd to finde any thing in them, so poorly were they conceited of him, yet they affirmed they understood them, and that they were of admirable sense. They abusively repeated the first words, which they said made a wonderful harmony.

But while they so unmercifully jeered one whom they knew not, *Lucretia*, who was of a nature could not endure to make sport of such as were not thought the wisest, took the table-book from them; and seriously considering what *Brutus* had written (that he might see she did not slight him) was somewhat surpris'd to finde the words relative to those she had made use of. Fastning therefore her mind, as well as her eyes, upon what *Brutus* had written, she went aside two or three steps from her companions, and looked on the words so attentively, that she understood *Brutus* as well as he had done her; for she there found these two verses, which answered those of *Phocilides*.

*Permit my love, thou with all beauty grant,
And thou shalt finde some love shall ever last.*

Lucretia had no sooner decypher'd these Verses, but she blusht, and that the more when turning to look on *Brutus*, with some amazement, she met his eyes half way, and saw in them a certain trouble, and withall a certain quickness, which she had never before observed. But how strangely soever she might be surpris'd by this accident, she made a shift to conceale it, for she would neither interpret her own words, nor discover *Brutus's*; so that having somewhat recover'd her self out of the amazement she was in, she came to her friends, and told them they were better guessers than she, for she could make nothing of what *Brutus* had written. Nor did I intend it for any but your self (reply'd he negligently with his accustomed simplicity) which though it seem'd to be very blantly spoken, yet did it confirm *Lucretia* in what she believed, which was, that there was something extraordinary in this adventure.

This made her so infinitely desirous to be at liberty, to reflect on what had hapned to her, that she insensibly engaged the company to a little distance by walking aside; onely *Valeria*, who was acquainted with all her secrets, she drew aside, and related to her what she had met with. But is it possible you speak seriously, reply'd *Valeria*, or is it by chance that you have made two verses of these extravagant words of *Brutus*, who haply knowes not himselfe there is any such thing in them? You do not consider what you say *Valeria*, said *Lucretia* to her, for these two verses are so pertinently answerable to mine, that *Brutus* must of necessity have understood what I writ, and making them on a sudden, must of necessity have an excellent understanding, though he be accounted the most stupid among men. It is certainly, excellently well done, reply'd *Valeria*, and as certain, that he was never before guilty of any discovery of Love of this nature; and not to dissemble longer with you, since *Brutus* is an understanding man, he certainly loves you, and for some dayes past, I have observed him perpetually looking on you. Nay I am perswaded, added she, the love he beares you hath cleared his understanding, and that the fire your eyes have darted into

into his soule, hath enlighten'd his reason. Ah *Valeria*, reply'd *Lucretia*, my eyes do no miracles, and *Brutus* must have been long since what I now finde him. 'Tis true, reply'd *Valeria*, I now suspect somewhat more than ever I did, for I remember I have known *Brutus* privately spend whole dayes with *Licinus* and my Father, and so it is not impossible something may be shrowded under this counterfeit stupidity.

But when all is done, how is it imaginable that a man should alwayes conceale his understanding, and expect an emergency of love to manifest it? I should therefore rather conceive it a prodigie, and that *Brutus* inspired by love, should speak this time as those doe that speak Oracles, who many times understand not what they say. However it be, added *Valeria*, the adventure is so considerable, that it is fit the whole company were acquainted with it, that every one may give his opinion of it; for, after all, what *Brutus* hath written will never be taken for any declaration of Love, if you be not so pleased. No, no, reply'd *Lucretia*, let us not be so hasty, for if *Brutus* have those parts in him which he would not discover to the world, for some reason to me unknowne, I shall doe him no prejudice; nor indeed would I have him think that I have unriddl'd his verses. Besides that I shall not interpret my own, for *Collatina*, who, as you know, is perpetually speaking to me of her Brother, would believe when she had once seen his verse,

How sweet were Love, if not so quickly past!

that she had no more to doe, than to assure me of *Collatina's* fidelity to engage me to entertain his affection. Therefore let us not say any thing of this accident, not even to *Hermilia*, nor yet to *Racilia*, untill we know *Brutus* somewhat better than we do. *Valeria* hereupon promising to doe as she would have her, they came up to the company, which soon after disperst it selfe. For the Prince of *Pometia* returned to *Rome*, and *Collatina's* mother went the same way.

In the mean time *Brutus* was so infinitely satisfied, to finde by the actions and looks of *Lucretia*, that she understood him, that all the reasons he could rally up to engage his passion, were not able to beat him off from his resolution of loving *Lucretia*; and he was so pleas'd to think that he had at the same time given her a slight hint of his understanding and his love, that at the same instant, Hope, which till then was a stranger to his heart, became absolute mistress of it, and brought along with her all those pleasures, which are her Attendants in ordinary. Let us love, let us love (said he in himselfe, when he was come to a place where he might freely reflect on what had happened to him) and let us not oppose our good fortune; let us engage our liberty for all our life, let us double the chains which fasten us to *Lucretia*, let us double them with those hands which must break asunder those of *Tarquin's* Tyranny. Let us enjoy all the pleasures of an Infant-love, and hope for all those of a fortunate Lover: Let us believe the love of our Countrey, and that of Glory not to be inconsistent with them; On the contrary, let us be assured, that the onely ambition of being worthy of *Lucretia's* affection, will hasten the deliverance of *Rome*; and let us not raise those difficulties, which haply we shall never meet with. Let us then discover to *Lucretia* all our Love and all our Worth, and let us not imagine a halfe-confidence in her, which may equally eclipse our Reputation and our Love; for haply, continued he, if we doe not make it her interest to conceale our secret, she will goe and reveale it to some one who may doe us a discourtesie. I now perceive, added he, I have carry'd my selfe inconsiderately for the safety of my life, but I cannot repent me of it, and I had rather die this day, now that I know that *Lucretia* does but imagine that I love her, and am not *Brutus* the stupid, than be assured to live an age, without the happy acquaintance of this admirable person.

On the other side, *Lucretia* could not quit her thoughts and observance of *Brutus*; but as often as she saw him, she thought she saw somewhat in his eyes she never before had taken notice of, and met at the same time with love and greatness of mind.

This raised in her an unspeakable curiosity, to dive into a secret which seemed to her so extraordinary; yet would she do nothing in order to the discovery of it, not so much as take any occasion to speak to *Brutus*, though she passionately wished it. But Chance befriended her the next day, for it happened that *Lucretia*, who was naturally much inclin'd to solitary musing, walked all alone into a large Court which was behinde *Racilia's* house. But that in case the weather were over hot, they might have the pleasure and convenience of the sight of the Garden, there was lately built a large Arbor, open of all sides, opposite to the staires which led into the Garden abutting on a spacious walk that crossed the Court. *Lucretia* therefore having left *Valeria* and *Hermilia* in a sloathfull humour, that kept them within doores, as thinking fitter to entertaine themselves in the Hall, took a turne into the Garden, intending to returne to her friends as soon as she had done. But insensibly forgetting her first designe, and withall her selfe, she walked so long thinking on a hundred severall things one after another, that growing weary she turned into the Arbor I spoke of, with intention to rest her a while, for there were seats all about it. They had also taken care to put curtaines to all the sides, which, if need were, might be drawne against the Sun; so that *Lucretia* finding the place very convenient, goes in, sits downe, and continuing her former thoughts, looked into the Court. She was no sooner sate downe, but *Brutus* comes in to her, who having walked a long time in a little Wood which was behinde the Garden, came to this Arbor to rest himselfe, not knowing that *Lucretia* was there, the curtaines being drawn on that side he came in at; for I had forgot to tell you, that there was an entrance into it on any side.

That which is particular in this accident, is, that *Brutus*, engag'd in deeper meditations than *Lucretia*, was as much surpriz'd to finde her there, as she was to see him come in. But if he were surpriz'd, it was with much delight, for having never beene with her alone, he thought himselfe absolutely happy to finde her in that posture, especially being resolv'd, as he was, to discover himselfe truly to her, and to acquaint her with his love. But though he passionately wished for the opportunity which Chance now favour'd him with, and that he saw himselfe at liberty to speak, yet had he such an extraordinary commotion, and so great a disturbance in his heart, that he could not but blush as well as *Lucretia*. For though the adventure the day before had made this great Beauty extremely curious to know precisely what thoughts she should have of *Brutus*, yet was she somewhat troubled to finde her selfe alone with a man whom she did not conceive to be such as the world took him, and one who had manifested his love to her, in so strange, so ingenuous, and so gallant a manner. Nevertheless, having not any way discover'd that she understood those two verses he had made to answer those she had made use of, she recover'd her self, and return'd his salute.

But though she might without any hazard of censure, have said there with *Brutus*, the place being open to all the house, as also the Court where a many Gardeners were at work; yet she pretended as if she would not sit downe againe, but re-assume her walk. *Brutus* perceiving her purpose, spoke hastily to her to divert her, and taking hold of a corner of a large veyle, which she had on her head, but hang'd carelessly over her shoulders; Ah Madam, said he staying her, doe not forsake a wretch you are not acquainted with, who yet dies out of a desire that you may; but dares not discover himselfe to you, if you grant him not the favour of an audience without witnesser. Deny me not then the suit I make to you, that you would but heare me, and that without interrupting me. For, Madam, I have so many things to acquaint you with, that to heare me, I must bespeak all your goodnesse, and all your patience. *Lucretia* hearing *Brutus* speak in this manner, was extremely surpriz'd; for though she believed him to be other than he seem'd, yet could she not avoid a strange amazement, to heare him speak in an accent quite different from what he was wont. So that not knowing on a sudden, whether she should grant or deny his request, she a little while stood irresolv'd; though advising with her heart, she was extremely desirous to know what oblig'd *Brutus* to conceal his worth from the world; for she was satisfied as to what then oblig'd him to discover it to her. However she was in doubt

doubt what to do; insomuch as that *Brutus* reading her irresolution in her eyes; I beseech you, Madam, said he to her, doe not deliberate about what you have to doe, seek your selfe where you were before I came, and be assured, that if I durst cast my self on my knees to obtaine what I desire, I should not rise before you had granted it. But since I dare not almost doe any rationall action when I may be seen of any, neither may I any way expresse that extraordinary respect which I bear you, lest if I should manifest that awfull adoration which is due to the admirable *Lucretia*, I might discover part of my reason. If you but knew my amazement, reply'd this Beauty, looking on him with eyes wherein might be seen the characters of curiosity, you would not think it strange to see me at such a losse of resolution, for my thoughts are burthen'd with a thousand things at once, which I am not able to tell you, but you might easily conjecture. In fine, added she, how can I possibly take you to be the same I have ever known you, or imagine that you can eternally disguise your selfe as you do? Is it possible to ghesse at what obliges you to this, and to conceive that you should single me out to reveale a secret of this nature to? To me, I say, whom you have found ever indifferent, if not uncivill, to you, and who have not done any thing which might oblige you to make any difference between me and *Valeria*, *Collatina*, or *Hermilia*. Ah Madam, reply'd he, you have done one thing which hath placed you in my heart, in a rank different from the others; for as to *Valeria*, I have onely an esteeme and a friendship for her; I love not *Hermilia*, but as being her Brother; and I look on *Collatina* as Sister to my Rivall, whom therefore I ought not to trust my selfe to. But for you, divine *Lucretia*, I consider you as the onely person who governes in my heart, and who onely deserve to know the whole secret of my fortune. I am therefore resolv'd to cast my selfe so farre into your hands, that my life shall be every moment at your disposal. For the secret of your Fortune, reply'd modestly *Lucretia*, I shon'd not doe well to tell you I am not desirous to know it, since it is not likely; but I intreat you proceed not in it, nor tell me any thing which may make me prefer the former *Brutus*, whom I have known, before him I now begin to know. If you are impartiall, reply'd he, I am confident you will not be offended at what I shall tell you; if you are not, I shall shew you so easie a way to be revenged of the injury I shall have done in adoring you, that to ruine me, you need no more than commend me, for if you but tell any one that *Brutus* hath any understanding, I am sure to be presently sacrific'd to the Tyrant. Feare not then any thing, Madam, from a man who puts his life into your hands, and it may be, does something more. I am so inclin'd to pity the unfortunate, reply'd she, that looking on you as the most wretched of mankind, since you are forced to conceal the understanding you have; I also consider you as such a one, as it is not the pleasure of the Gods I should destroy, but rather assist: but yet once more, tell me nothing which may cause me to repent of this indulgence I have for you.

With this *Lucretia* sitting down, and *Brutus* seating himself close by her, he in few words acquainted her with the cruelties of *Tarquin* towards his Family, the flight of *Tarquinius* and *Licinius*, his abode at *Metapont*; thence he came to tell her of the desire he had to returne to *Rome*, there to serve his Country; the way the sage *Damo* had found out for him to return thither safely, by concealing his understanding as he had done; the miserable life he had led since his return, and the resolution he had taken to wander about the world, so at least to deliver his Reason, since he could not *Rome*. This condition, Madam, said he to her, was my soule and affaires in, when you by the charmes of your Wit and Beauty said me here whether I would or no. Since that Madam, I have done what I could to resist you; I have objected all that to my selfe which I conceive you would have had me; and I left nothing unattempted which might oblige me to cease loving you. But when I had done all it was impossible, so that at last I am resolv'd to acquaint you with my fortune, and discover to you my passion, and withall let you know, I am furnished with more understanding than is believed, and that thence I may assure you I have much more love than you can imagine, though I do not think I could give you a greater argument of my reason, than the expression of the love I have for you.

All that you tell me is so strange, replied *Lucrécia*, that you should not think much that I have not interrupted you, though you have said many things which the stricter rules of civility allow me not to hear. But indeed the strangeness of your fortune, the miseries of your life, and the confidence you have reposed in me, by trusting me with a secret of this nature, have obliged me not to interrupt you, but to suffer you to say what you please, reserving to my self the liberty in my turn to acquaint you with my thoughts.

For answer therefore to what you have said, give me leave to assure you, that I think my self so much obliged to you for the esteem you must needs have for me, that the preservation of my own life should not engage me to hazard yours, by revealing what it so much concerns you that none know. But thus done, generous *Brutus*, I must tell you, that to give an infallible testimony of the greatness of your understanding, and constancy of your soul, you must overcome this affection which you say you have for me; and to give me an assurance of your pretended love, you must never more speak to me of it. Ah Madam, cry'd out *Brutus*, it is impossible for me to do any thing of what you enjoyn, for I assure you I shall no longer struggle with my passion, but will rather die with grief, if you grant me not the favour sometimes to tell you that I love you. Were it not inhumanity to deny this weak comfort, to a wretch that puts his life into your hands, who trusts you with the greatest secret that ever was trusted to any, and who gives you the highest testimony of esteem that any man could give?

Consider Madam, that I am the most unfortunate of men, that I was on the point of setting my reason at liberty, when you chain'd it up, that my own Sister knows not that I am her Brother, nor indeed that I am not the stupid *Brutus* I seem. Consider I say, that besides the miseries of my House and Country, I am also burdened with those of my Love. For, Madam, I declare it to you, I love you without any hope, and expect not any return of my love, since it were unreasonable the admirable *Lucrécia* should love a man whom the world despiseth, whom Fortune hath cast off, who is every moment in danger of being destroyed by *Tarquin's* cruelty, who hath almost quitted the hope of delivering his Country, who must never discover his reason, and who must trifle away his life with the reputation of a man of no understanding. But after all, though I do not hope to be loved, yet I shall think myself happy enough, if you but give me leave to tell you that I love you, and suffer me humbly to complain of all my sufferings. I do not see how I can pretend to less, or desire less; and that your virtue as cautious as it is, cannot without cruelty deny me a thing wherein there is neither engagement nor danger. For (added he, not giving her time to answer) you cannot fear it should be suspected I were in love with you; and much less that you should permit my love; and when after an age of afflictions you should be pleased to express a certain kind of goodness, which I might call an innocent favour, there is no fear I should make it heinous, since I could not be at such a loss of discretion without hazarding my life, or exposing myself to infamy. For if the stupid *Brutus* should say he were not loved by *Lucrécia*, none would believe it, and if he went by any reason to prove it, it might cost him his life. Consider then, I conjure you, that you are the only one in the world whom I must trust with the most important secret of my soul. 'Tis true, *Helvia*, *Kalenda*, and *Levinus*, know the secret of my Fortune, but it is you, only you know that of my Love. It is you, divine person, added he, shall be my Mistress, my Friend, and my Confidant; it is you shall be all the world to me. If I deliver Rome, you shall partake in the glory; and if I cannot do it, you shall console with me, for the miseries of my Country, and shall be to me instead of Kinsred, Friends, and Fame. Admit then, I beseech you, a Lover that suffers nothing, that hopes nothing, one that could not boast of your favour if you did him any, that makes you the sole disposer of his destiny, and that believes he hazards nothing, when he endangers all; since that, if you deal unkindly with him, he is resolv'd no longer to live. I therefore declare unto you, Madam, that if you feel not in your heart some favourable inclination to my passion, I expect not you should be faithful to me. On the contrary, I give you

leave

leave immediately to tell *Valeria*, *Hermilia*, nay even *Collatina*, though my Rival's Sister, that I am not what I am thought, that I have more understanding than is conceived; that I am engaged in some Plot at *Rome*, that *Tarquin* must destroy me; and if this suffice not, tell it *Tarquin* himselfe. For what else concernes me, imagine not that I offer you a transient love: on the contrary, I shall tell you in Prose as much as I did in those two Verses, which you well understood, though you would seem not to doe it. Assure your selfe therefore, Madam, that I shall love you eternally; and withall consider, you that are so ingenious, that you will have that advantage over me, which no other Beauty can have. For in fine, all other Lovers, how faithfull soever they may be, are at the best but faithfull in their hearts, since that many times they are not so in their words, and that a thousand reasons of Civility, Decorum, and Custome, oblige them to commend other Beauties, when occasion requires; nay they have their friends, confidants, who share in their affections. But, according to the rate of my destiny, I cannot commend any but you, nor love any else whatever; and as I have already told you, all my wishes, all my hopes, all my felicity, is terminated in you. And if possibly I might obtaine of the admirable *Lucretia* any thing beyond my hope, I should not onely think my selfe the most happy, but the most glorious man in the world; nor would I change fortunes with the greatest Conquerours, whose Victories Fame hath spread through the world. Speak then, Madam, speak, continued he, but with that goodness and justice which may shew you pity the most unfortunate Lover that ever was. If you were simply a Suitor for my compassion, as the most wretched of all men, replied she, you might assure your selfe of it; but that quality of a Lover which you would put on, obliges me to deny you all pity. Ah, I beseech you Madam, remember what you said yesterday,

How sweet were love, if not so quickly past!

and assure your self I shall love you eternally:

Since love cannot last long without hope, replied *Lucretia*, and that I shall give you none, this personated love will soon blow over. However, added she, trouble not your selfe about your Secret, for as I have told you already, I conceive my selfe obliged to be faithfull to a man, who is so well opinion'd of me, as to trust me with his life; and that you may be satisfied, that I will doe any thing I may lawfully for you, and that I have no designe to misse you. I must ingenuously confesse, that I understood yesterday what you writ in your Table-book, and was so surprized at it, that not being able to containe within me all the reflections I made upon that adventure, I acquainted (my other selfe) *Valeria* with it. But yet shee was not added she, any prejudice from this discourse Virgin; for besides that she is naturally good, I am confident she will never speak of what she knowes, if I doe but desire her, and I will goe immediately and do it.

If you admit me to love you, replied *Brutus*, it is certainly requisite you have the goodness to take care that what you and *Valeria* (whose vertue I am satisfied of) onely know, may goe no farther. But if that cannot be, as I told you, I have done all I can, and you have no more to doe than to punish my presumption by my ruine. In the mean time, as it is permitted to one that is unfortunate to fancy comforts to himselfe out of any thing, so you will give me leave to believe, in case you be faithfull to me, that it is because you are not yet fully resolved to misse me. Ah *Brutus*, replied *Lucretia*, you distract me strangely, for I cannot be so base as to misse you, yet I cannot endure you should interpret my generosity to my disadvantage.

While she was speaking thus, the spies *Hermilia* coming out of the house, and *Valeria* having her by force, as if she would have hindered her from coming so she place where she was. And indeed it was so, for it happened that *Hermilia* having through the hall window seen *Brutus* and *Lucretia* together, took pity so far her obliged to entertaine a man whose conversation was so way pleasant, which made her tell *Valeria* that she would goe and relieve her. But *Valeria* knowing the adventure of the Verses, and being withall very willing that *Lucretia* should discover *Brutus's* secret, joyfully per-

And that so long a discourse might produce something; and therefore that it might not be interrupted, she would have kept *Hermilia* from disturbing them, telling her, it were fit to leave *Lucretia* alone with *Brutus*, were it but to punish her for her willful humour the day before, when she would not tell what she writ in the Table-book. But at last *Hermilia* getting from *Valeria*, came running to the place where *Lucretia* was, who, not much troubled at the interruption, left *Brutus*, and went to meet this faire Virgin, whom she heartily thanked, for having delivered her out of a company which she said was very troublesome to her. Yet did not *Lucretia* speak with her accustomed freedom, as being not quite disintangled from the adventure had happened unto her, but *Hermilia* reflected not much on it, but believed that little disturbance she descri'd in *Lucretia* to have proceeded from the trouble she had had to entertain *Brutus*, who not able suddenly to shift himself into his stupidity, chose rather to remove himself further from *Lucretia*, then coming neare her to say nothing to her, or at least nothing that might please her.

In the mean time, *Lucretia*, though at the present she had no thoughts of entertaining *Brutus*'s love, was yet particularly carefull to speak in time to *Valeria*, to let her know, that what she had told her the day before, was of greater consequence than she conceived. Yet could she not speak to her till they were retired to their bed-chamber; for before, either *Hermilia* or *Racilia* was alwayes with them. But as soon as they were private, *Lucretia* acquainted her friend pænfully with all that *Brutus* had said, celebrating the greatnesse of his understanding; and the difference that was between his ordinary manner of speaking, and when he spoke freely; and in fine, pretending to *Valeria* that she had a great esteeme for him, though she were not halfe acquainted with him. But all considered, added she, I wish I had not knowne him, or that he had been satisfied to have chosen me onely for his friend, to comfort him in his affliction. Ah *Lucretia*, replied *Valeria*, since, after a manifestation of love, you wish him that made it your friend, I am confident you would soon admit him as your Lover: I must then needs be prepossessed with a very strong inclination, replied *Lucretia*, for though I am perswaded one may lawfully love once in their life, so it be withall innocently, and should believe there is nothing so pleasant as a tender crimelesse love, yet must I needs, as I said, have my minde extremely prepossessed to ingage my selfe into *Brutus*'s love, since that you may easily judge, that considering his reputation in the world, my Father would never consent I should marry. For my Mother, knew she truly how things stand, I am confident she would lay her commands upon me to entertaine *Brutus*'s affection; for her heart is so sensibly possessed with the memory of his illustrious Father, that the hatred she hath for *Tarquin* is certainly grounded upon the death of *Junius*, with whom she was very intimately acquainted. But you may well thinke, added she, that I shall not goe and reveale this secret to her, and consequently have nothing else to doe but to avoyd meeting with *Brutus*. But if you over-warily avoyd him, replied *Valeria*, those who observe it will take occasion to suspect something, for you have ever seemed lesse desirous to shun him than any. And therefore, added she laughing, doe not avoyd him so wilfully; have a better confidence of your selfe, and onely resolve to make good your heart while we stay here. The advice you give me, replied *Lucretia* with a gentle smile, hath something injurious in it, for it might be thence infer'd, that you do not much believe I really would avoyd *Brutus*. But that you may be satisfied, I tell you nothing but truth, added she, I will doe what I can to hasten my returns to *Rome*, for in fine, I must needs acknowledge I have so great an esteem for *Brutus*, as to wish he might thinke honourably of me.

The next day *Lucretia* writ divers things to her Father to oblige him to send for her home; but the reasons which mov'd him to send her for that part of the Summer into the Country being the stronger, *Lucretia*'s endeavours proved fruitlesse, so that she was forced to be content to remain at *Racilia*'s, for she had a soul too great to give the true cause of her desire to return to *Rome*, since *Brutus*'s life was concern'd in it. In the mean time, this disguis'd lover, from his first opening of his love to *Lucretia*, was glad of any occasion to entertaine her, or to write to her; and having an ingenuity beyond the ordinary

nary rate of men, he found out a hundred ways to convey his Letters, and that so as he could not but receive them. But all notwithstanding, *Lucretia* having a real averſion from engaging her ſelf to *Brutus's* love, one day repreſented unto him all the difficulties which ſhe thought might break the obſtinacy of his love to her. For in fine, ſaid this diſcreet perſon to him, you may eaſily judge that my Father would not beſtow his Daughter on a ſtupid *Brutus*; and you may withall conceive that the *Brutus*, whom I think worthy my greateſt eſteem, is not in a condition to diſcover himſelf; and therefore not finding how I can any way diſpoſe of my ſelfe, you will excuſe me if I intreat you not to ſpeak to me any more of your love. As for my friendſhip, ſaid ſhe to him, it is at your ſervice, and I promiſe you withall, that I will not avoyd you, as for ſome dayes I have, conditionally you admit *Valeria*, who knows all the ſecrets of my heart, one of our company. Your pleaſure ſhall be my will, return'd *Brutus*, ſo you will permit me ſtill to love you, contenting your ſelf that I ſhall not challenge your affection, till your heart ſhall be overcome by the greatneſſe of mine, and be forced to doe me juſtice. Till then that you be onely my friend, ſince you are ſo pleaſed, and that I may be accounted *Valeria's*, I am content; but withall, vouchſafe to ſtay till you fully underſtand what I am; and if when you are thoroughly acquainted with my heart, you can deny me yours, I ſhall have no other buſineſſe in this world but to dye. I ſhall then at once forget the love of my Countrey, that of Glory, and that of *Lucretia*, and ſhall have no more to doe but to commit to duſt the pureſt flame that ever ſhin'd in amorous heart.

From that time, my Lord, had *Brutus* more of *Lucretia's* company than before, for that *Valeria* being admitted into the Club, *Lucretia* did not ſo much avoyd him. Yet *Hermilia* ſtood many times in his way, that he could not entertaine *Lucretia* with his paſſion, for ſhe was ſeldome out of their company. As for *Valeria*, ſhe was ſo charmed by the excellent endowments of *Brutus*, that in few dayes ſhe became as great a friend to him as ſhe was to *Lucretia*; and that which augmented the friendſhip of theſe two perſons, was, that *Brutus* acquainted this diſcreet Virgin with the particular correſpondence he held with *Valerius*.

But notwithstanding all the enjoyments the company of theſe two admirable Virgins afforded him, yet was he ſtill very unfortunate; for though he knew that *Lucretia* had really a great eſteem and friendſhip for him, yet was he not content, becauſe it is particular to that paſſion his ſoule was engaged with, not to be ſatisfied but by it ſelfe.

This found matter of perpetuall complaint, notwithstanding the prohibitions of *Lucretia* to the contrary; but commonly he did it by Letters, which though he found a hundred ways to get into her hands whether ſhe would or not, yet would ſhe not answer any, till at laſt thinking at once to ſatiſſie him, and oblige him to doe what ſhe would have, ſhe reſolved to ſilence all his complaints with one answer; but leſt ſhe might engage her ſelfe too far, ſhe onely ſent him theſe words,

*When you more Reaſon dare profeſſe,
You ſhall know more of Happineſſe.*

But my Lord, this meſſage ſoon brought *Lucretia* another, which I muſt needs ſhew you; for having undertaken to entertaine you with the Hiſtory of *Brutus*, I have got from him whatever I thought requiſite for your ſatiſfaction: See then the answer of this diſguiſed Lover.

When I profeſſe more reaſon, you ſay I ſhall be more happy; Ah Madam, how hard is it to preſerve ſo much Reaſon where there is ſo much Love, and how long muſt I continue miſerable? You give me certainly, Madam, an excellent Precept, but I cannot follow it. All the Sages of Greece told me as much before I knew you, but it is onely you have taught me that all their inſtructions are fruitleſſe. Never had I ſuch a diſturbance in my ſoule as now, and that which ſinks me deeper into deſpaire, is, that happy it might be ſaid, that for what concerns you I had no reaſon to deſpaire. For certainly you excuſe my

cruelty

crudelty on me, nay I am obliged to celebrate your goodness; but is it not equally certain, that you love me the less, by how much my affection is the greater to you? You look on my passion with so much calmness and indifference, that in my judgement you would be more sensible of it, were it only a pleasant fiction wherein you were nothing concerned, nor knew any more than the relation from some eloquent person. Ah Madam, how cruel are you if this be your true apprehension! and how much more cruel if it be not! and how careful are you to conceal the truth from me, so to make me the most unfortunate of men! What shall I say to you, Madam? since I find you so insensible as to Love, I doubt me you are more as to Friendship; and that all the expressions I have received of yours were only strong imaginations, and so many pleasant fallies of your mind. Have I not other affliction enough in my passion? The difficulty to speak with you; the sad necessity of my self-restraint and reservedness; the absence you every day threaten me with, and whereof the very thought murders me; to which you shall not need add an insensibility the most unkind and the most cruel that ever was, and especially since it hath all the appearances of humanity and candour. What I desire is, I confess, too much for me to receive, but it is little for you to grant; Heaven is my witness I desire nothing else. Tell me but once, I admit your love, and forbid you not to hope you may be loved; and then though you never speak to me more, I shall be content, and my passion will be dissolv'd into serenity and joy. But if this terrible word of four letters frightens you, and that be the cause of all your fears, I shall consent that for the future, this LOVE be called Respect, or Friendship, or what you please, provided that between us it signify something quite different from the name. Pity me Madam, pity the purest and most unspotted Affection that ever heart was capable of; you would certainly, could you but see the tempestuousness of my thoughts. My mind is discomposed by the disorder of my heart; and I am sometimes afraid I shall really come to be what the world believes me, if you do not change my destiny. May I presume to tell you, Madam, I do almost repent me I have ever loved you; I have wished I could love you no longer; nay, I have endeavour'd it. But soon after, I have found I was not master of my own thoughts; I have condemn'd my endeavours, and repented of my repentance, as of a crime. This, Madam, is the deplorable condition I am in, and must be while you are so pleas'd; for I am not to be acquainted with my own frailty, which you know as well as I, and therefore it is to little purpose for me to complain and threaten at the same time, since all I have to do is to suffer, to disguise, to be silent, and to love you eternally.

This Letter being very full of passion, *Lucretia* was a little stung with it, insomuch that she resolv'd to return *Brutus* a longer answer than she had done before. For indeed not to conceal any thing from you, the great worth of this illustrious Roman, the generosity of his heart, his gallantry, the confidence he at first reposed in her discretion, the disconsolate life he led, the respect he had for her, the experience she had of his virtue, and the pureness of his apprehensions, together with a certain passionate stile, which was that of all his writings, had kindled in her soul a certain affection, the force whereof she was not acquainted with. Yet I am confident, you will inferre from the answer which I shall read to you, that she had a certain obliging tenderness for *Brutus*, though she never allow'd a thought which was not virtuous and innocent. But that you may know whether I am in the right or no, hear what was *Lucretia's* answer.

I should never have believed that Innocence could have been so cowardly as I find it in my own heart. For I assure you, that though I fear not any thing either as to you or my self, yet am I haunted with a secret distrust, which is no small affliction to me. I cannot precisely tell what it is I fear, and I cannot but fear what I cannot tell; nor can the consideration either of all my own virtue or yours, restore my mind to quiet and composure. It is so overcast and disorder'd with thousands of niceties and doubts, that if the tenderness of my heart were not engag'd on your side, I know not whether I might not repent me of a great part of that goodness which I have for you. But to give you my true thoughts, I am persuaded

swadd'd this civil warre will yet last some time. I could wish it were at an end, for you know, as Warre banishes all pleasures from those places where it hath to doe, so that whereof my heart hath for some time been the Seat, suffers me not effectually to apprehend the joy of being by you preferred before all the world, and governing in the heart of a man of extraordinary worth, and (which I value much more) one whose affection is compos'd of *Ferme* and *Sincerity*. In fine, is it not true that in some late private entertainments, you have observ'd I had not the least liberty or command of my minde? It is not as true, I was neither merry nor melancholy, neither absolutely dull, nor absolutely cheerefull? That, to speake truly, I was neither absolutely milde, nor altogether severe, and that if you had never found me more amiable than you did those two dayes, you had never loved me? However, I hope you will not blame me, the rather, if you consider I have an infinite passion for Reputation and Innocence. I know there is nothing criminal in your affection, but I know my owne Weaknesse, which is such, that I am afraid of any secret; I never was harden'd with any, and all novelty distracts me. Yet it may happen, that observing from time to time the integrity of your resentments, I shall seriously resolve to share an innocent Secret with you; and shall then give my soule way to entertaine all the sweetnesse it may finde, in being tenderly loved by a person who knows how to love, and who can love with respect and innocence. I should tell you a thousand things more, should I pretend to answer your Letter exactly, and acquaint you with the true state of my soule. But I have not the leisure, and am not certaine whether I have the will; for, seriously, the disquiet of minde is such as I am ashamed of.

I am confident, my Lord, that though this Letter contains nothing in it of extraordinary Obligation, yet you cannot otherwise think than that *Brutus* should take it as a very high favour, as wherein he might easily perceive that *Lucræcia* had a great esteeme and a strong inclination for him. Nevertheless he found in it some things to complaine at, as you may judge by the answer he returned to it, whereof this is a Copy.

If I love you not beyond what any one can love you; if my love admit any thing which the most exact and nice *Virtus* can any way censure in it selfe; if I can live contentedly, or, to say better, but only live until you love me, I wish I were the wretched'st of mankind. This is all the answer I shall make you, desire no more of a wretch, whom you have already made lose his understanding and his reason; and if you change not your thoughts, will make him also lose his life. But *Adams*, what necessity is there to answer you, you sufficiently answer your selfe? You feare, you say, and cannot tell what you feare; what signifies it, but that indeed you feare nothing, or at least have nothing to feare? You are engag'd with the most fervent and the most accomplished love in the world; and if I durst say so *Adams*, with your owne goodnesse and compassion; and yet all your forces consist of a sort of nice Difficulties, as you your selfe call them; that is to say, reasons which are onely shadows of Reason, such as a great and noble Soule, as yours, should never intertaine. Upon these niceties then, you would easily deprive him of all content, who of all the world hath the greatest love for you. For these niceties he must be condemn'd to perpetuall torment, so as to be dissolv'd into sighs, groanes, and complaints; and must accuse all your past goodnesse as so much cruelty. Certainly those who fiercely and disdainfully repulse their Lovers, are not haply as inhumane as you are; for their fiercenesse is a remedy against it selfe, and many times saves those whom it might bring into despaire. Besides, these, when they are so scornfull, they believe they have reason to be so, and are not sway'd by niceties, and their rigour therefore is so much the more excusable. But for you, *Adams*, what shall I say to you? Shall I complain of you, or shall I commend you? I am in doubt whether so much as I disorder'd; but this I know, whether you are mercifull or cruell, nice or not, I cannot but love you while I live; and all the difference will be this, that as you are pleas'd I shall be the happiest or the most unhappy of all Lovers. Alas *Adams*, is it possible you can destroy all my felicity, all my joy, haply some part of your owne, only because you know not whether you would have what you would, or that you wish it imperfectly? Have compas-

sion on me. I beseech you Madam, let us once be an example, that perfect *Valerie* is not inconsistent with perfect Love; and that it were very unhappy, if it were deprived of the sweetest pleasure, or to say better, the only in the world. What serenity will you infuse into my mind, if you can afford that which you desire unto your own? What glory were there equal to mine? With what Kings, and with what Lovers would I change condition? O ye Gods! how doth this very thought crown me with joy, in the midst of all your cruelties? But if you are resolv'd still to oppose my happiness, I tell you seriously, you will either give me my death, or make it my perpetual wile. Consider therefore Madam, what you do; and the more to engage you to be tender of my life, remember that the safety of Rome is haply concern'd in it, and that you cannot ruin me without exposing your Country to eternall slavery.

Lucretia having received this Letter, shew'd it *Valerie* in a little close Ashor, which was at the corner of *Racilia's* Garden; but she did it with so visible expressions of disturbance in her looks, that her friend not able to ghesse at the meaning of it, asked her the reason. For to fine, said she to her, this Letter hath nothing in it which is not full of respect and passion; and I am confident, it is no trouble to you that *Brutus* loves you. I confesse, it reply'd *Lucretia*, but that which infinitely afflicts me, is, that I have not that command of my heart, so as to be able when I should desire it, to avoyd loving him. It is certainly in my power, added she, not to give him any expectations of it; but if I doe it, I am so much the more unhappy; for whenever I force my self to hide from him part of that esteem which I have for him, I am presently haunted, notwithstanding all my resistance, with a certaine feare to destroy his affection by over-concealing my own. Not but that I believe I may love *Brutus* innocently, for the last time my mother was here, she expressly commanded me to entertaine *Brutus* with that correspondance of affection, which a virtuous maid may express to a man that were to be her husband, adding to this command another, that I should never discover what she enjoy'd me.

But my Lord, I had forgot to tell you that *Racilia*, who was not ignorant of the great friendship, was between *Lucretia's* mother, and *Brutus's* father, and had often observed that her Nephew had a violent inclination for this excellent Virgin, took one day occasion to confere with this illustrious Roman, whom she knew to be implacably exasperated against *Targuin*, and told her she thought it very strange her Husband should suffer *Collatine* to make publique addresses to *Lucretia*, since it was generally known she had an aversion for him. To which *Lucretia's* Mother repoynding an absolute confidence in *Racilia*, made answer, that for her part she was infinitely troubled at it, nor could imagine any way to divert her Husband from it, who propos'd to himselfe great advantages by an alliance with *Targuin*. But not to trouble you with an account of these two Womens discourse, it shall suffice I onely tell you that *Racilia*, confident of her discretion, to whom she spoke, acquainted her that *Brutus* was not what he was thought to be; she produced divers of his Letters to confirme, she had said no more of him than he deserved; and in fine, represented him to her as the worthy Son of a man, for whom she had had a very tender friendship, as a secret enemy to *Targuin*, and as the illustrious lover of her Daughter. Whereupon summing up all together whatever they thought might help to brise off the marriage with *Collatine*, *Racilia* oblig'd *Lucretia's* Mother to hyer commands upon her Daughter to be very will to *Brutus*, not making any further discovery to her. For knowing that the principall reason which mov'd her Husband to admit a marriage with *Collatine*, was that *Collatine* was of the blood royall, she doubted not but that marriage being broken off, he would be content she should take *Brutus* with all his stupidity, as being *Targuin's* Nephew. Not knowing therefore truly how things stood, she laid that command on *Lucretia*, which contributed much to the happiness of *Brutus*.

Hence it was that *Valerie* understanding by *Lucretia's* the command, which her Mother had laid on her, took occasion to tell her those little difficulties were groundless, and that she was of opinion she might innocently entertaine *Brutus's* affections:

But

But *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, if I should, and he not know what my mother hath enjoy'd me, he will haply esteem me so much the less, and if I acquaint him with it, he will think himselfe the less beholding to me for what I shall doe for him; so that I am in the greatest confusion in the world. For, I wish *Brutus's* love, and haply should be won to love him; Yet am I tormented with insurrections, of Feare, Shams, and Repentance. I wish I had written harshly to him; I wish I had not answer'd him at all; I wish he had not written to me; I wish he would write to me every day; I wish he had never lov'd me; I wish he would love me eternally; and in fine, I wish things so different and inconsistent, that when I examine my selfe, I am almost dead for feare I should love *Brutus* better than he loves me. For according to my present apprehensions, I could wish, were it possible, he never had loved any thing, or that he might love nothing besides my selfe; and if I could reflect on all the passages of my soule, I should there finde jealousy, despight and pride; but withall a mixture of vertue, innocence, and an obstinate desire of glory, all which torment my soule beyond all imagination. If *Brutus* had heard what you have said, replied *Valeria*, he were not over miserable: but I can assure you, replied *Lucretia*, that if he understood the true meaning of all my words, he wou'd not be much the less miserable: You are in the right, Madam, (replied this illustrious Roman, starting from behinde a thick-set hedge, where he lay hid, and withall, casting himselfe on his knees) for there is no condition more miserable, than that of not being hated, and yet so treated as if one never wereto be loved. Ah *Brutus*, cryed out *Lucretia* blushing, I shall not excuse this presumption you are guilty of, in discovering to me that you have over-heard me. Ah Madam, replied he, what have I heard, whence I may derive the least favour? On the contrary, is not this irresolution of your soul, absolutely insufferable? Ah *Valeria* what she truly thinks of it, and I doubt not but she will tell you, if she speak sincerely, I have reason to complain, that you are yet to consider whether you should admit my love or not. I must acknowledge, Madam, I did not think my self to be so miserable, nay sometimes I flatter'd my selfe that these groundlesse difficulties, wherewith your Letter was so well furnished, had really no place in your heart. But for ought I can perceive, you are not yet certaine whether you should love or hate the miserable *Brutus*; and his fate is still so doubtfull, that your owne heart is yet ignorant of its owne secret resentments. Complaint is so naturall to Love, replied *Valeria* smiling, that I wonder not at yours; but when all is done, you should think your selfe happy to have heard what *Lucretia* hath said of you; and she her self should be satisfied that you have heard those things which might excite the tenderness of her heart. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, I am so little satisfied in my self, that I would willingly change hearts with you. If the faire *Valeria*, replied *Brutus*, doe but justice to the love of *Herminius*, I should haply get something by the exchange. Does not I pray charge me with injustice, replied *Valeria*, at the same time, when out of pure goodness I am your advocate; and accuse me not of having a heart more tender than *Lucretia*.

Hereupon these three persons being mutually satisfied, *Brutus* and *Lucretia* appeared to *Valeria* to judge of those differences should happen between them. For in fine, said *Lucretia* to *Brutus*, if you can persuade *Valeria*, that a vertuous person can entertaine such an affection as you mean, I shall consent to admit yours; conditionally you never oblige me to be openly undutifull to my Father, that in case he dispose of me contrary to my inclination, you will endure it patiently without hating me; and when that happens, you never see me after. Ah Madam, replied he, these are strange conditions, but I must accept them, provided on your behalf you suffer my passion; you favour me with all the opportunities you can to speak with you; you receive my Letters, and answer them; and lastly, cheerefully permit all those innocent expressions of love I shall make to you. So you rest satisfied with the resentments of my heart, replied she, I shall do what you desire, as soon as you have persuaded *Valeria*, as I have already told you, that a vertuous person may be engaged to love; and shall have proved it to me rather by example than by reason; for not to dissemble with you, added she, I have not much to learn of what might be said to justify a vertuous love.

Ah Madam, said he to her, if there want nothing but to convince you, I am the happiest of men. For I know at *Metapont* an admirable Virgin, of whom I have heretofore spoken to you, who hath not conceived she hath done any thing prejudiciall to her reputation, in resolving to love. Might it please the Gods, replied *Lucretia*, it were the daughter of *Pythagoras*. Your prayers are heard Madam, replied he, it is of that sage person I am to speak to you, and in few words to satisfy your curiosity, and furnish you with an example; I am onely to acquaint you that *Damo* had fortified her heart against the addresses even of the most vertuous persons in the world, as believing she could not meet with any one man, in whom there were a conjunction of Wit, Vertue, Goodnesse, Gallantry, Tendernesse, and Fidelity. She could not I say, be perswaded it were possible to finde a Lover, whose desires exceeded not the limits of Innocence, nor his transports those of Discretion; so that despairing to meet with a man of a vertue great enough to love, at the rate of that affection, which she imagined requisite in an upright well-meaning person, she was resolved not to love any thing but Glory. But at length one of the most famous Disciples of *Pythagoras*, named *Alcmaon*, falling deeply in love with her, and bringing along with him all those perfections which she thought it impossible to finde in any one man, she changed her resolution, and after a many thousands of applications, from *Alcmaon*, and thousands of services tendred and performed, she hath entertained his affection, and given him expressions of hers; she hath received Love-letters from him, and hath answered them; she hath favour'd her Lover with a thousand opportunities of private entertainments; she hath received verses from him, and hath returned others to him. Ah! might it please the Gods that the incomparable *Lucretia* would make as amorous for me as those of *Damo* were for *Alcmaon*. But that you may not finde me in any untruth, and may withall be satisfi'd of the tenderesse of this vertuous person's heart; Be pleas'd to hear some of her amorous Poetry, and, if you can, inform your selfe thereby what are the pleasures of Love, and be convinced that Vertue it selfe inspires this passion with charmes, so that these two things not being incompatible, you might love me without any distrustfull reservednesse. Hereupon *Kaleria*, who knew *Lucretia*'s humour as well as her selfe, knew well she desired no more than that her innocent affection might be justified by some authority, pressed *Brutus* to repeat those verses of *Damo*; whereto *Lucretia* by her silence consenting, he told them, that those verses had made such an impression in his heart, that they had found a place in his memory, though he had not much troubled himselfe to keep them in minde. Not that they are, added he, so excellently good, but that they have a certain veine of passion, which I am taken with, and wish you were also. Upon this, *Brutus* recollecting himselfe a little, repeated the following verses, which *Damo* had made under the name of *Lyfis*, though they were directed to *Alcmaon*.

False and unjust their censure is;
Who Love account a cruel pain;
For can there be a greater blisse,
Than loving, so be lov'd again?

My joyes, when *Lyfis*'s constant love
I view, arrive at such a height,
That to deject them is above
The humble power of scorn'd Fate.

He who in Love is deeply read,
Knows the least trifle to improve;
In every glance her bright eyes shed,
A thousand harmlesse pleasures move;

*A smile, a sigh, one little fight;
Contribute charmes to our desire;
Her grief conferres to our delight,
Her very teares encrease our fire.*

*Then Lyfis we no more delay
To make our mutuell passions known,
At which let wondring Lovers say,
Their soules are twisted into one.*

Can you any longer doubt, divine *Lucretia* (said *Brutus* to her, having repeated those Verses) that a vertuous person may love once in all her life? Can you, I say, who know the reputation of *Damo*, and who have heard, there is not another maid in the world so severely vertuous as she? Love therefore, charming Beauty, or at least suffer your selfe to be loved; and if you will not make amorous verses, suffer others to doe it for your glory. Suffer me, I say, to doe any thing which may convince you of the greatnesse and tendernesse of my affection, that when you once are, it may prove contagious to you. For, in fine, Madam, if we doe not a little love that which loves us, there can be no sensible pleasure in being loved. Be pleased then to enjoy your selfe in the empire of my heart, by granting me a part of yours. You have so much of it in my friendship, replied *Lucretia*, as might content you. Ah Madam, replied *Brutus*, how little is your acquaintance with Love, if you believe the most fervent friendship in the world can satisfie it! No no, Madam, deceive not your selfe, I cannot possibly be happy, if I am not loved after another manner than one loves his friends. I dare not presume to tell you that I will you should love me, continued he, but if I may without crime think it, I should wish your heart were in a condition to feele what it never felt, and what it should not for any besides the too too happy *Brutus*. I should wish, I say, you were prepossessed to my advantage; that you thought me yet more sincere than I am, that your heart were moved when ever you saw me, and that from me alone you should derive all your felicity. My demands, Madam, added he, are indeed great, for a man that deserves nothing, but all considered I demand nothing but what is innocent. I absolutely forbid my desires all criminall favours, and in fine, wish no more than you will, so you will permit me to love you, and that continuing my adorations of you with the same fervency and sincerity, you will give me leave to believe, that if I am not loved, I may be.

Upon this, *Valeria* interposing her self between them, carried things with so much discretion, that though *Lucretia* said nothing that might positively engage him, yet did *Brutus* think himselfe happy. For, in fine, he was allowed to make his complaints, and write to *Lucretia*, when he could not come to speech with her. It was also promised he should be answered; they permitted him to hope he might be loved: Hee was assured of certaine meetings with her in the same place, conditionally the business might be carried so as *Hermilia* and *Racilia* should not suspect any thing. For though *Brutus* affirmed to *Lucretia* that his Aunt was not ignorant of his having more understanding than he made shew of, yet did they stand in feare of her, as not suspecting she knew any thing of his passion.

Now was it that this illustrious Roman thought himselfe the happiest of men, and what before had contributed to his affliction, seemed now to conduce to his happiness. For now he found that his disguise was an advantageous to his love, so to his hatred, since he could approach both *Lucretia* and *Tarquinius*, and feare neither. He miss not *Rivalli*, thinking himselfe so felicitised in the love and esteem of the admirable *Lucretia*, that he valued not the disesteem of all the world. He was no more troubled to be silent before all people, since he was permitted to speak of his love to the person that caused it; and when he could but get into that close harbour,

where *Lucretia* began first to shew him favour, he found more pleasure to be there alone, than he could have done in the most pleasant company *Rome* could afford, though he were at liberty to display all the perfections of his mind.

Nor was the love of his Countrey thereby any thing abated, no more than that of Glory: on the contrary, since that he assured himself of the Love of *Lucretia*, he thought himself doubly concerned to endeavour the destruction of *Tarquin*; not onely because he being once ruined, *Collatine* would let fall all pretensions to *Lucretia*, but also out of a pure disinterested motive, as conceiving it necessarily contributed to the glory of this excellent Beauty, that by the deliverance of *Rome*, he should set his own reason at liberty, and withall put himself into such a condition, that all the world might take notice of the passion he had for her. As soon therefore as love had possessed it self of the empire of his heart, he redoubled his former endeavours to accomplish that great designe, wherewith his soule is at this day burthened. Nor was he disturbed by any melancholy apprehensions for some dayes ensuing, that wherein *Lucretia* had honoured him with the first expressions of her love; nor knew any other affliction than what proceeded from the impatience he had to give his Mistress another private visit; when any occasion hindred *Lucretia* and *Valeria* to meet according to their innocent appointment: But this was no small penance to him, even so great, that one day it grew so violent upon him, that he thought not a simple Letter sufficient to expresse to *Lucretia* the earnest desire he had to see her againe: Having therefore an excellent and easie vein of Poetry, though none knew it but *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, and my selfe, he enclosed a paper of Verses in a Letter he writ to *Lucretia*, with intention to deliver it to her himselfe, as he often did, when he could not meet with her but in company. But this Letter he made a shift to deliver her, as the fate betwixt *Collatine* and my selfe, for we often made visits at *Racilius*'s, whither we were drawn by no mean concerns. I am confident you are desirous to know how he could carry the business so, as to deliver this Letter to *Lucretia*; but that you may conceive how it was done, I am onely to tell you, that *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, two or three other Ladies, *Brutus*, *Collatine* and I, were all together in that close Arbour, where *Brutus* had the day before seen *Lucretia*, and where he had that day met her, had we not disappointed the meeting. Having, as I told you already, written his Letter, and being very desirous to know what *Collatine* said to *Lucretia*, and more to oblige *Lucretia* to think on him, while his Rivall entertained her; he took a walk out of the Garden for to get behinde the Arbour, whence he had once before overheard a discourse between *Lucretia* and *Valeria*; and there, as I told you, he placed himself to hearken to what *Lucretia* said to *Collatine*, and afterwards to appear before that excellent person, in hope of some occasion to deliver her his Letter. But it so happened that this Beauty, who it seemes was not much taken with *Collatine*'s discourse, rested her selfe negligently on the hedge of the Arbor, and amidst her thoughts had passed her hand thorough, wherewith she fate plucking the leaves, not thinking what she was doing. *Brutus* seeing it, soon knew it to be *Lucretia*'s faire hand, and was fully satisfied it could be no other; for besides that, her hand was of a particular kinde of making, she had on a ring, that she alwayes wore, which absolutely convinced *Brutus* he was not deceived. Not much minding the designe to hearken to what was said in the Arbour, he put into the faire hand of *Lucretia* a little Table-book, which he had purposely caused to be made for to write Letters to her in; and (out of a transport of love, which he could not retaine, though with all the reason he find he endeavoured it) kissing it he shut it, thereby to let her know, that what he gave her could come from none but himselfe. *Lucretia* being surprized at this accident, began to blush, and thought to have cried out; but by good fortune, reflecting suddenly on the adventure, she apprehended what it was, and withhold her selfe. Yet *Collatine* asked her very importunately what the matter was, but she onely told him, rising up, that she had hurt her hand a little, wherupon drawing it to her hastily, she wrapt it into a corner of her vayne, as if she had hurt it indeed, though it was onely to hide the Table-book she had received from *Brutus*, who for his part was so well satisfied with the adventure, that he came not into the Arbour, out of a feare he

he might not conceale the present agitation of his mind; but went and walked alone.

In the meantime, *Lucræcia* having cunningly conveyed the Table-book into her pocket, resumed her part in the discourse; but when they had sufficiently rested themselves, they all began to walk, without observing any order, for sometimes the whole company marched all in rank, and spoke all together, and sometimes they divided themselves into particular entertainments. It happened by this means, that not able to follow any discourse with *Valeria*, with whom two women talked whisperingly, I came all alone after *Lucræcia*, who was entertained by *Collatine*. But it happening that as she went she wanted something out of her pocket, and that at the same time *Collatine* said something to her, whereat she was displeased, she minded not that she had dropped the Table-book which *Brutus* had given her. For my part, though I walked musing, yet seeing it fall, I took it up, and opened it, with intention to write some gallantry in it, before I returned it to *Lucræcia*; whenast she should much wonder when she saw it. But I was much surpris'd my self, to meet with *Brutus's* Letter and Verses he had there written; of both which these are the Copies;

You will finde by these Verses, that I think on you, when haply you bestow not a thought on me; but I shall intrude on you, *Madam*, to assure your self, that the affliction I have that I cannot speak with you, is greater than the pleasure my Rival finds to entertain you; and to do me justice be pleas'd to let me read in your bright eyes, when I shall have the happiness to see them, that his entertainment hath not been pleasing to you. I had rather not observe in them any favour for my self, than be in suspense whether there is any for him. Believe it, *Madam*, and withall, that with as much impatience, as love, I wait for the happy satisfaction to entertaine you privately, employing my self no otherwise in the mean time, than in perpetually saying,

When will the Faire, for whom I burne,

This place with her rich Presence blesse?

Deare minutes fraught with happinesse;

Ab will you never, ne're returne?

From Night to each successive Morne,

Sorrows my Quiet dispossesse;

Deare minutes fraught with happinesse;

Ab will you never, ne're returne?

Having read this Letter and Verses, I was no more desirous to write anything in the Table-book, as being in an incredible disturbance. That which troubled it, was, that I knew the writing of *Brutus*; for though he endeavour'd to appeare stupid; yet upon some necessary occasions he made a shift to write. Knowing therefore by chance, his hand, which was the easier to be knowne, as having somewhat of a strange Character, for that *Brutus* had learn'd to write at *Atene*, and not at *Rome*, I was in such a trouble, as I am not able to expresse to you. For I could not believe *Brutus* able to write well, either in Verse or Prose, nor that he could love *Lucræcia*, nor be loved of her. No more could I conceive that some other should make use of that disguise, it being very unlikely any one should trust him with a secret of that consequence; and if so, who should that be? There was none but he at *Asinius*, and there came no other man thither, but the Prince of *Pomyia*, who was in love with *Hermitia*; *Timo*, who was a servant to *Collatine* and *Adrius*; whom I but too well knew, had an inclination for *Valeria*. Thus not knowing what to thinke, and being resolv'd to give into a secret of that concernment, I thought fit to take *Valeria* aside as soon as I could conveniently. But not desirous to cross *Lucræcia's* trouble which her knowing that I had seen her Table-book might give her, I chose rather to intreat

Valeria

Valeria to tell her friend that she had found it; for having in infinite esteeme for that beauteous and discreet Virgin, I should have been extremely troubled, my sight should cause her any confusion. But in fine, not to spend time on frivolous things, you are to know, that I spake to *Valeria*, that I shewed her the Table-book, and to engage her to satisfy my curiosity, I gave it her without any condition at all, intreating her to deliver it to *Lucretia*, after the manner I had proposed, and conjuring her, if it were a thing lay in her power, to deliver me out of the affliction I was in. But as this Wench is infinitely generous and free, and that I desired not to know the secret of her friend, but in case she might lawfully reveale it to me, so she told me, that she durst not satisfy my curiosity. In the mean time, she charged me not to speak of what had happened to any whatever, and to reward my discretion, promised she would manage the businesse so, as that *Lucretia* and she being but the same thing, he who had written that Letter and those Verses, should make but one with me. To be short, *Valeria*, who thought it might be some advantage to her, that I were admitted into the Society, and that haply I might in many things be serviceable to *Brutus*, by the hatred I bore *Tarquin*, resolved to speak that night to *Lucretia*, and acquaint her with what had happened: For she conceived, and rightly, that without doing so, she would not be engaged to repose any confidence in me; which done, she doubted not of her consent, that I might be of the Conclave, and her commands on *Brutus* to trust himselfe to my discretion, and to receive me as a friend. It is true, for the latter I needed not her assistance: for you may be pleased to know, that having parted with *Valeria*, I walked out all alone into a spacious Meadow, joyning to that Orchard which is beyond the Court, where I no sooner was, but I descried *Mutius* coming towards *Racilia's*, but perceived him set upon by four men, who pursued him with their swords drawne, and cry'd out to him, that he must die. Having no weapon about me, I thought indeed they would make their words good, and that *Mutius* was irrecoverably lost, for the place was very solitary, and was not enclosed to *Racilia's* house. But though *Mutius* were my Rivall, yet I thought my selfe obliged to relieve him. To that end I for a little while hid my selfe behind an old Willow, so to discover who they were that set upon him, that I might the better single him out of the fours, whom I should endeavour to disburthen of his sword. But I had not a moment to deliberate, for seeing them presse hard upon *Mutius*, I ran strait to them, calling them base cowardly villaines, thinking by my confidence to make them believe that I was assured of reliefe. While I was speaking to them, and putting my selfe in order to doe what I could for *Mutius*, *Brutus* issued out of the Orchard with the same intention, who by a threatening action would signifie to those that set upon *Mutius*, that if they gave not over they might haply have the worst of it. Hereupon joyning our forces, and being by this expression of courage somewhat confirmed, that *Brutus* was not what he was taken to be, we engaged two of these Assassins to make at us. But immediately closing with them, *Brutus* snatched his sword from him he had to doe with; for my part I could not doe as much, for he that I was engaged with was excessively strong in the armes; however I held him play so well, that pressing hard upon him, his sword became so engaged, that I easily broke it. By which meanes he not being in a condition to hurt *Mutius*, and *Brutus* having disarmed his man, these two having gotten from us ran away. *Mutius* having thus but two to deale with, and *Brutus* being furnished both for defence and assault, as I was going to fall in behinde one of them, these two Rogues, who were as cowardly as wicked, cry'd quarter, and begg'd audience. *Mutius* conceiving it concerned him to know whom reason they had to set upon him, promised them what they desired, provided they delivered their swords to me, which upon promise of life they did. They hereupon confessed they were ordered by *Tarquin* to pitch upon some occasion to dispatch *Mutius*, when he went out of *Rome*; that understanding he was to come to *Racilia's*, they for more certainty waited him in that place; adding, that they were not afraid to set upon him there, as knowing that *Racilia* had not many people with her that could make any defence; that further, this Meadow was at an indifferent distance from the house, and convenient enough for an ambush, as having on the one side an

Or

Orchard, on the other a little Wood. They were no sooner disburthened of this confession, but *Brutus* transported with fury against *Tarquin's* injustice, said four or five words after such a manner, as I had never observed in him before. But he suddenly withheld himself, as soon as he perceived that I observed him; whereupon I joyning with *Mutius*, put divers questions to these Villaines; which done, leaving them to their evil destiny, we left them at liberty either to repent, or commit new crimes. Yet that they might not discover that they had revealed *Tarquin's* violence, in case it were not thought safe to publish it, *Mutius* furnished them with what might recommend them to Souldiery, in some other part of the world.

Mutius being on horse-back, I desired him to go before, telling him we would follow; I am content, replied he, it is but just I should make it known, that I owe my life to you both. Hereupon *Mutius* riding forwards, *Brutus* and I were alone, according to my desire. But so fierce was the desire I had that he would discover himselfe to me: that I was resolved to speak to him as one that were partly acquainted with his Secret. For, in fine, said I in my selfe, if *Brutus* be the same *Brutus* that I know, I hazard nothing by telling what I have aimed to tell him: and if on the contrary he be such as I imagine him, I shall accomplish my designe. Being thus confirmed in my resolution, I made a halt, and taking him by the arme, and looking steadily on him, Shew me I beseech you, said I to him, your Understanding, as you have done your Courage. For I know more of you than you think, and haply it concerns you more than you conceive, to have a confidence in me; for if you trust me not, I shall not think my selfe engaged: not to discover the excessive curiosity I have to dive even into the bottome of your heart. But to oblige you to it, added I, I promise you an inviolable faith, and I offer you my friendship, without any jealousy that it is ill bestowed, for if you are beloved by *Lucretia*, you deserve the love of all the world. *Brutus* hearing this discourse, was extremely surprized, and presently inferred, that *Valeria* had discovered him to me, and that it was to no purpose for him to conceal himselfe. Whereupon making a loud exclamation, Ah *Herminius*, said he, you are happier than I, for since *Valeria* hath acquainted you with her knowledge of my Fortune, she must needs love you, even so far as to have lost a great part of her reason and prudence. Not but that if any one were necessarily obliged to know what I see you doe, I had not made choice of you for that end; for in fine, said he to me, I know you to be a person of honour, that you love *Valeria* and hate *Tarquin*. 'Tis true, generous *Brutus*, (said I to him with an incredible astonishment) I profess honestly, I hate the Tyrant and love *Valeria*; but I must adde, I admire *Brutus*. But, continued I, that you may see my sincerity, I will tell you by what adventure I came to know you: whereupon, I related to him what had happened, intreating him not to be troubled that I knew his secret, and assuring him that *Lucretia* should never finde that I had the least knowledge of it. Upon this *Brutus*, who was not ignorant how much our Family had been persecuted by *Tarquin*, my Father dying an Exile, would not have an imperfect confidence in me, and since I was so happy as to have his good thoughts, he opened his heart to me, desired my friendship, and offered me his, and we stayed so long entertaining one another, that *Racilia* fearing some accident had befallen us, sent out to seek us. By this means were we forced to repair to the company, but before we had quite reached it, *Brutus* put on his ordinary Meen and simplicity, and received the commendations which *Mutius* gave his valour, as one that knew not what it were to have courage. In the mean time, I drew near *Valeria* and told her I knew *Brutus* without her, and craved her pardon that I had not exactly observed the instructions she had given me.

But my Lord, not to be so particular in this part which concerns my own relation, *Valeria* and *Brutus* got *Lucretia's* consent that I might be admitted into confidence; and there was such a noble friendship between us, by reason of the severall interests, whereby we were united, as also through a great sympathie of humour and sentiments, that for a certaine time we lived very pleasantly. But as for *Mutius*, though he had been assaulted by the orders of *Tarquin*, yet would he never take their advice who counsel'd him to remove further from him. For my part, I should have

been glad he had, first, because that in removing from *Rome*, he also removed from *Valeria*; and secondly, for that he being once out of the way, the assassination would have made a horrid noise in the world, and would somewhat have enflam'd the detestation all had for *Tarquin*. He so dearly loved *Valeria*, that he chose rather to expose himselfe to a second assassination, than forsake her, though she loved him not. So that he earnestly intreated me to say nothing of what the Villains had discovered of *Tarquin*; but, said I to him, How can you hinder *Brutus* from telling what he knows, considering his naturall stupidity? People so little reflect on what he sayes, answered *Mucius*, that it will signifie nothing, if you but keep counsel, inso much that *Mucius* persisting in his opinion, I was forced to turne him loose to his own inclination, and to be faithfull to him out of a principle of generosity.

In the mean time, this friendship with *Brutus* brought me much oftner than before to *Racilia's*; for it was the pleasure of this illustrious man, that she knew I was his friend; whereupon this excellent woman told him, that *Sivellia* also knew the secret, by which means our correspondence increased, and that if *Hermilia* were but acquainted with it, our company might be free and unreserved. But indeed she oblig'd us to so much circumspection, that *Brutus* told us one day, it was absolutely necessary she knew that she was his Sister, that so strong a reason might oblige her to secrecy; adding, that it were not amiss *Racilia* knew that *Lucretia* and *Valeria* were not ignorant of it; so that in fine, *Brutus* having thus disposed *Racilia*, she told *Hermilia* one morning that *Brutus* was her Brother; and *Brutus* told her himselfe that she was his Sister, expressing himselfe so discreetly, and so obligingly, that this amiable Virgin was extremely surprized at it. What was most remarkable, was, that though she was really glad, yet was not her gladness free from disturbance; however, it was then considered as having no other reason, than that her astonishment obscured the freedom of her mind; and that it is but very lately that I discovered that it proceeded from her, having engaged her affection to the Prince of *Pomonia*. This is yet a Secret both to *Brutus* and *Racilia*, therefore I shall entreat you not to speak to them of it; for indeed *Hermilia* is very unhappy to place her love on a man, whose whole Family her Brother makes it his business to ruine. But in the mean time, she could not be charged with loving the Son of a Prince, who had poisoned her Father, and put her elder Brother to death, for when she began to love him, she knew not that she was Sister to *Brutus*. Nor indeed can she be charged with any inconsistency, for certainly she never discovered any thing to the Prince whom she loves, that were prejudiciall to her Brother, nor indeed doth he so much as know that she is Sister to *Brutus*.

But as length to returns whence I have digressed, this first amazement of *Hermilia* being over, she carried her selfe as one that was gl'd of such a Brother as *Brutus*, so that ever after, when there was none but *Racilia*, *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Sivellia*, *Brutus*, and my selfe, our Society was nothing but Freedom, *Brutus* being the most pleasant company, and the most divertive person in the world; Not that he openly profess'd himself a servant to *Lucretia*, no more than I did to *Valeria*, but we had brought up a certaine gallantry of friendship, which signified almost as much, since that the desire of pleasing, compliances, services and adresses, were the effects of it. When *Brutus* was minded to doe some high piece of Gallantry, he ever did it under my name; so that disclosing it openly to *Lucretia*, it served at once to hide *Brutus's* love to her, and mine to *Valeria*. But the loves of *Collatine* and *Mucius* were extremely troublesome to us, for when they came to *Racilia's* with the Prince of *Pomonia* and *Titus*, and that *Collatine* was there, how pleasant soever their company might be in it selfe, we were strangely weary of it; but among the rest *Brutus* was overwhelmed with it, for as soon as any strange face appeared, he was forced to resume his stupidity, and suffer *Collatine* to say what he pleased when he was with *Lucretia*, which was no small affliction to him. One day I remember above all the rest, which was the last Festivall day that we celebrated in the Countrey, wherein *Brutus* was both extremely satisfied, and extremely afflicted. But since you are both strangers, that you may the better understand it, you are to know, that there is one day yearly

for

set apart for the celebration of a certain Feast, which is called the Feast of the Fountains, on which every one adorns the Fountains and Wells, which are within his grounds, with Garlands of Vervaine and Flowers. This is performed with great ceremony, for these Garlands being prepared, are carried to the Temple dedicated to that use, where he that is to do the ceremony, sprinkles them with Holy water, which among us is in great veneration. This done, they pick out the fairest maids of the Quarter where the Feast is kept, who are that day clothed like Shepherdesses; & they have each of them as many Garlands as they can conveniently carry. Thus burthened, they march two and two, having before and behinde them little Chorus's of Musick, who sing certain things in praise of the Waters, & the Gods which dispose of them. In this order they march from Fountain to Fountain, placing these Garlands upon little altars of Turfs, purposely erected for that end. This Feast then falling while *Valeria* & *Lucretia* were at *Racilia's*, it was celebrated with great magnificence and joy: for there being a many Fountains about this vertuous woman's house, & that she is very punctual in the observation of all the ancient customs of the Country, especially those which have any concernment of Religion, she was particularly careful for the solemnity of this Feast; and those who thought themselves interested in the persons that were at her house, would not certainly faile to be at a Ceremony of this nature. For though it was at first instituted upon considerations of Piety, yet there is withall something of Gallantry in it. So that the Prince of *Pomatia*, *Titus*, *Collatine*, *Mutius*, and my selfe, went thither, and brought some others with us. As for women, besides *Valeria*, *Lucretia*, *Collatina*, and *Hermilia*, there were two kinswomen of hers, who are of the house of the *Aquilii*, and foure or five other handsome Lasses. According therefore to the customs, all the men sent in a huge number of Garlands of Vervaine and Flowers, for those who were to carry them; for in these occasions, the Lady who hath most given her, is the most honourable. But that it may be known on whom these Garlands are bestowed, those who send them cause the Garlands to be tied with divers knots, which must be of the same colour as the Lady is in, to whom they are sent, she being obliged that day to have on her Shepherdess's habit divers knots of the colour she is most delighted with. By this means is she known who hath most Garlands; & the people superstitiously believe, that she to whom that happens, will infallibly within that year meet either with some great happiness or some great misfortune. It does indeed often so fall out; and if Reason were not stronger than Example, one would be almost obliged to believe it. However it be, this Feast was celebrated at *Racilia's* with very gallant Ceremony, for all the women that were to carry the Garlands, were handsome, neat, and well made; there was an incredible abundance of Flowers, the Musick was as good as that of the great Feast of the *Salii*; the order of the Ceremony was punctually observed, even the day as to weather, favoured the celebration of this Country Festival; the Banquet was under a great bed of Iesimin on one side of the Court, in the midst whereof was a Fountain, which they had covered all over with garlands of Flowers; & the rest of the day was spent in walking and pleasant discourse. It happened in the mean time, that *Collatine* and *Brutus* had, under my name, given so many Garlands to *Lucretia*, that she had more than all the rest, unless it were *Valeria*, to whom I had sent more than would have served to exceed *Lucretia*; but desirous to let her friend have the honour of the Feast, she caused some of them to be laid aside. Whereupon *Lucretia* having the advantage, all according to the custome, bid her prepare her selfe for some great joy, or some great affliction, every one endeavouring to expound it according to his fancy. Some told her she should bring all hearts into subjection; others that her rigour would cost some servant of hers his life, whose loss she should notwithstanding regret; onely *Brutus* speaking to her with his eyes, signified to her what she was more pleased with, assuring her by his looks, he should love her eternally. It was certainly a strange torment to him, to see *Collatine* alwayes neere *Lucretia*; and I must confesse it moved pity in all that saw him: Not that *Collatine* is a strange person, look'd on now as a Husband, but considered then as a Lover, he seemed not to deserve *Lucretia*. For if you look narrowly on him, *Collatine* is neither well nor ill made: he neither hath a

great, not a little heart; he neither speaks admirably well, nor excessively ill: He is at no great distance from a good capacity, but he advances not to a subtill intellectual-
 ion of things. If he be guilty of no considerable Vice, neither hath he any extraor-
 dinary Vertue to distinguish him from other men; and if he have never done any un-
 worthy action, neither hath he ever given any Heroick expression of a great Courage.
 In fine, he is one of those men who never spake any thing which was not spoken be-
 fore; one whom a man can neither praise nor dispraise; one of those who being
 spoken of, are never mentioned in their own name, and who are most commonly
 better known, by saying he is such a woman's Husband, or such a man's Son, than
 barely by their own names. By this account therefore, *Collatine* should be no great
 eye-sore to *Brutus*, who, beside all this, knew that *Lucretia* had a naturall aversion
 for this Rivall: nevertheless, so prone are we to hate those who pretend to conquer
 the heart we are secretly possessed of, that how confident forever *Brutus* was of *Lu-*
cretia's affection, yet at certaine times he could not endure *Collatine*. But there
 were also other times, wherein he thought himself so happy in the love and esteeme
 of that admirable person, that he easily pardoned the contempt of all others. To ad-
 vance his satisfaction, it happened that this dayes discourse was such as suited excel-
 lently well with his humour; for all the young people that were in the company, be-
 ing seated at one end of the great bed of *Jessamine* I spoke of, a young *Aquilian* began
 to speak of the glory which *Lucretia* had received in having more garlands of Flow-
 ers than all the rest, who yet were such as deserved to be first in all places. The truth
 is, said *Lucretia* to him, those who bestowed them on me, may more justly pretend to
 the praise than I, unless they may not haply be blamed for not making a good choice.
 But men are so accustomed, added she, to use the terme *Glory* in every thing, that they
 can hardly speak without it, whereas that word in my opinion, should be attributed to
 those onely who have done some great exploit in Warre, or to those who are eminent
 in some Vertue or Science. But doe you coniecture, said I to her, that one may not
 say to a beautiful person, that she is very *glorious* in conquering all hearts, and esta-
 blishing an Empire to it self without Armes, without Injustice, and without Violence?
 This Empire is many times so ill established, replied *Valeria*, that it were very weakly
 founded upon the glory which hath no other support than the inconstancy of most
 part of those who make it their business to love; but after all, I conceive that to be
 true glory which consisteth in deserving the esteem of virtuous persons, and not in their
 love, for this passion hath many times such a fantastick birth in the hearts of many
 persons, that it were unjust to attribute much glory to those women that are loved,
 though haply it were more unjust, to blame those much who love them. As for
 Glory, said *Adrius*, I am of opinion it principally pertaines to Military actions, and
 that the valiant may pretend to it more than others. I agree with you, replied I,
 that the valiant deserve it; but withall the virtuous may lay claims to it as much as
 any. For my part, I am of *Hermionius's* minde, replied the Prince of *Pomertia*; and
 I, added *Titus*, but it must be withall acknowledged, that the gaining of a battell de-
 serves a higher glory than the simple mastering of the passions. To follow customs,
 replied I, a victory of this nature makes more noyse than that you speak of, but I am
 yet to know whether the desert be so great, as also whether it be not more glorious
 for a man to conquer himselfe than others. But by this account, said *Hermilia*, we
 cannot pretend to much glory, according to *Mutius's* sentence, for women go not to
 the warres. Ah *Hermilia*, cryed I, the Ladies have their victories and their triumphs,
 and know so well how to wage war even in the time of peace, that, whatever *Lucretia*
 may say, they deserve much glory; but to speak truly, men have more than wo-
 men in some occasions, and I am perswaded it is much more glorious for a man to be
 loved by a virtuous woman, than it is for her to be loved by a virtuous man. For in
 my opinion, the excuse of beauty takes away from the honour of the conquest, and
 an exceeding handsome woman, that subdues a heart, deserves no more glory than a
 Conquerour, who having an army of a hundred thousand men, and intelligence within
 a small city, should take it without resistance. The glory therefore of women I take
 principally to consist in this, that their endowments exceed their beauty, and in a
 word,

word, their defects be equal to the love men have for them, though they lost all that rendered them handsome: For my part, replied *Mutius*, I am an adorer of the Ladies, yet all considered, I take it for granted, that in the business of Love, Glory is not much concerned. How, replied the Prince of *Pomperia*, would you think it no glory to be loved? The greatest pleasure in the world, replied he, but methinks I should not think it that which ought truly to be called Glory. For in fine, if one be loved by a person of no virtue, he hath nothing to boast of; and if he be loved by a virtuous person, she raises so many niceties, that a man must alwayes disguise himself, he must hardly ever look on her, he must strangely endeavour to conceal himself, he must complain of her indifference, when haply she hath not any; a man must not say he loves her, and must be obliged to so many artifices, and so many mysteries, such certainly as Glory hath no acquaintance with. If you speak of *vanity*, replied I, I am of your minde, but as to *glory*, I must dissent. For in the first place, I conceive it pertains as much to Love as to War, and that this relation is the more symbolical, by reason of the combats, the victories, and the triumphs of it. But I hold farther, that the more secret a Love is, the more glorious is it to the man beloved; and if you will appeal to the Company to judge, I shall undertake to maintain, that there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so glorious, as for a man to be loved by a person of great merit and a great virtue, though the world know it not, nor haply never should.

As I spoke thus, I observed that I much obliged *Brutus*, and did not displease *Lucricia* by defending a cause wherein they were so much concerned. Besides, that I was not sorry that I had engaged my Rivall to maintain an opinion, which, besides its ill consequence, must lose him in the esteeme of *Valeria*; and I pressed him so hard, that conceiving himself bound in reputation obstinately to make good what he had advanced, he undertook to do it. He spoke the first, thinking it an advantage to give in his reasons before I had mine, so that the whole company favouring us with a silent audience, *Mutius* began to state his opinion by a definition of love made to his owne fancy. To make you acknowledge that true which I maintain (said he, directing his speech to me) it is onely to be considered, that Pleasure is the soule of Love; as I may so say, and that if Love had not in it an ingredient of something pleasant, people would not be in love. When we speak of love, our mindes are carried away onely with the pleasures of it; Hope it selfe is the mother of many sensible delights; nay we finde them even in our very afflictions, so that griefe and joy are onely the effects of Love, which admits not any thing of Glory. For a man dares not boast of the least favour without dishonour, and a Lover that divulges the indulgences of his Mistress, does himselfe more injury in divulging them, than she does her selfe in favouring him. And to speak seriously, what glory doth that man deserve, who preferres his pleasure before all things, who regards nothing but what should make him happy, who makes it his business through all his life to avoid whatever may hinder his enjoyments; and who thinks not of having any thing else to doe than eternally to pin himselfe to her slave, by whom he thinks himselfe loved? I know well, there is nothing so pleasant, nothing so charming; but I also apprehend, that every thing having some advantage which is particular to it, Pleasure is the particular attendant of Love, as Glory is of Valour. But though it were true, added he, that a certain kinde of Glory might be found in Love, it should not thence follow, that it must be a concealed love; for in my judgement, there can be no secret Glory: and to speak of Glory according to the notion I have of it, it is properly that which we mean by the word *Fame*. If it spread not, and fill all places, it diminishes, and signifies as much as nothing, as being the reward onely of transcendent actions. On the contrary, in Love, and especially in these secret Loves, the lustre and noise is that which is most avoided. A man hides the Letters which he writes and receives; appointments are commonly in solitary places; they who love for the most part speak as low as they can, they conceal from one another the best part of their thoughts, and were it not for envy and detraction, Fame would not be much troubled with proclaiming amorous victories. Thus I suppose I may conclude, that if Love be the subject of any

Glory, it must be a publique professed love, as was that of one of our Kings, who having taken a Virgin prisoner in the wars, fell so deeply in love with her, that he got a Son on her, who afterwards became his Successor. But to think that such a love as none have any knowledge of, may be glorious, is that I shall never believe, and you will not finde very easie to maintain.

I know not, replied I, whether I shall finde it so hard to make my party good, or no; But this I know, that I do not believe my selfe confuted. To answer you then in some order, I shall presume to tell you, that (considering how you have endeavoured to define Love, saying, that pleasure is its soule) I must acquaint you with what Glory is; for as you speak of it, you seem not to know it well, and that you have taken Vanity instead of it. It is indeed certain, that there is a certain resemblance between these two, though really there be the greatest difference between them that may be. For Vanity is onely a beguiling appearance, which subsists not but by some other, and never makes use of Vertue; but true Glory is something so pure, so great, and so noble, that it admits not the least mixture of this Vanity which you take instead of it. Glory is as necessary a result of a vertuous action, as light is an effect of the Sun that causes it, and it results after a manner which hath no dependance on any other different cause. For as a vertuous action continues still the same, though it be done without testimony, so it necessarily followes, that Glory, which, as I may so say, is borne with it, infallibly attends it, though the action be not divulged. Thus there remains a glory for well doing, though the world know it not; and, after all, a man must be his own spectator, and though he were sure never to meet with any other approbation than his owne, yet must he so act as if he expected that of all the world, imagining as it were a glory to himselfe, even in his own esteem. Besides, it is certain a man should labour more for his owne esteeme than that of another, and to deserve glory rather than to manifest it. For in my opinion, if any thing can weaken the glory of a good action, it is the care a man takes to make it known. Not but that it is naturall enough to be desirous of praise, but it may be withall affirmed that this desire is an argument of weaknesse, since it is certaine that this violent desire which posseses the hearts of many people, proceeds from this, that they would have divers testimonies of their vertue, and not satisfied with their owne judgement, with theirs confirmed by that of others. But, all considered, whoever is over-desirous of the noyse which ordinarily followes noble actions, loses of the honour he ought to expect. It may, I conceive, be easily hence concluded, that if Glory may be lost in the divulging of it, it may subsist without being made known at all; and consequently, though a great action were secretly done, yet is it not deprived of its glory, which is concomitant with the thing whence it arises and depends, on that, and not on the Capricchio's of Fortune, who blames or commends whom she pleases, sometimes with reason, sometimes without.

Having thus proved, if I mistake not, sufficiently, that Glory depends rather on Vertue, than Fame: I am further to shew, that she is not alwayes chained to the chariot of Victory, and the triumphs of Conquerours. The Empire certainly of Glory is universall, for there is a glory to be learned, there is, to be generous, just, and good. It is glorious to possesse all the Vertues together, as also to be eminent in any one; there is a certaine glory in all the liberall Arts, nay even to be excellent in the Mechanick, if it stands with a mans condition; nay the simple endowments of Nature want not their glory, and it hath been the expresse pleasure of the Gods, that it should be the inseparable companion of whatever is gracefull and good in this world. It is, in fine, a kinde of glory to be well skilled in the games and recreations men have invented, whether it be to shew their slight, or try their good fortune. So that it were a very strange thing, that Glory, which a man meets with every where, should not be found in Love, especially since it is of such consequence in Friendship: for it is generally acknowledged, that it is a glorious thing to be able to love one's friends constantly, and to be so deserving as to acquire noble acquaintances. But to confine my selfe to Love, since it is the ground of the dispute, by the same reasons that you say Glory appertains to Warre rather than to the peaceable Vertues, I

maintaine

maintain, that it is more to Love than to any thing else. since it is confessed that there is a strange resemblance between Love and War. In Love, as I have already said by the way, they talk of *Combats, Victories, Conquests, Chains, Irons, Crowns, Slaves, Captives, Prisoners, Prisons, Defeats, and Triumphs*, and to discourse gallantly of Love, it is so necessary to use all the termes of War, that a man cannot doe it without; soe, that in the one as well as the other, there are secret *Intelligences, Surprises, and Stratagems*. But though it were granted you, replied *Marius*, that Love in generall is able to dispense Glory, it will not be given you that this is to be understood of that secret love I speak of. I have told you already, replied I, that the more secret a love is, the greater is the pleasure, and truer the glory; for can there be any thing more pleasant or more glorious (added I, looking on *Bruno*, yet so as was not perceived) than to be loved of that person for whom of all the world one hath the greatest esteem, and to receive as an acknowledgement of his merit, the affection of a woman, who is esteemed and admired, and whose single approbation is more glorious than that of all the sex beside? Do but imagine, said I, what glory it is for a man to entertain secret thoughts of happiness amidst a great company, being near his Mistress, and seeing her frowning on a Rival, who haply knowes not you are his, and is utterly ignorant that you are possessed of the heart he endeavours to conquer? Does you think *Marius*, it is possible for a man to enjoy this kind of pleasure without a sense of that which in glory is most pure, most ravishing, and most delightfull? No certainly, but when a man sees himselfe preferred before all the world, by a person whom he equally prefers before all, he infallibly receives all the satisfaction that glory can afford. Can there be any thing so glorious, as for a man to say to himselfe, though his Rivals know nothing of it, nay though it may be in their presence, *This admirable person who flights all that come nere her, hath bestowed her heart, which was never before subdued, on me; she derives all her happiness from me; as I doe all mine from her; I even engage her reason to submit to the passion she hath in her soule; she does for me whatever Virtue will permit her to doe; I triumph, in fine, over the heart of a person whom I esteem, and whom I love beyond my selfe; and this triumph is secret, while my Rivals disownen their fruitlesse sighs in her presence*. I assure you *Marius*, I should think my selfe more glorious in this secret triumph, than if I triumphed publicly after a victory of another nature. Nay I am confident this kind of secret glory raises the heart even to a certain noble pride, whereby a man contemnes those who he knows can never arrive at the happiness he is possessed of; and certainly it must be, that you never knew any such glory, nor ever imagined there was any such thing, since you cannot comprehend that Glory is consistent with this secret Love; and that with such insinuation, that it far exceeds whatever the most glittering vanity can afford, that is pleasant to those whose hearts are possessed by it. Further, those who are equally made up of Love and Vanity, who love not, but so the end it might be said they are loved, never arrive at a true, nay not at a quiet glory: for though nothing be in so much disgrace as Indiscretion, yet those who are most indiscreet would not be thought such as they are. But these, on the contrary, take a thousand trifling and ridiculous occasions to make known that which they would seeme to keep very secret. Sometimes they must seem to be disturbed, sometimes melancholy, sometimes frolique, that people may ask what troubles their mind; to which answering ambiguously, they give men occasion to imagine what they would have believed. They must drop Letters purposely to be seen, though they seem to be very much troubled at it; they must trust their secrets to some false Brother or Sister, by which means their pretended favours are blazed abroad, though sometimes they must of necessity be moved to see that people believe not what they relate. But for my part, I am very incredulous as to what these favourites of good fortune tell me, who give out, that no conquest is difficult for them, and boast of a hundred adventures, which in all likelihood they never knew any thing of: for whoever can love can be silent, and Secrecy is a thing so engaging in Love, that without it all the favours a man receives are neither pleasing nor glorious, and to doe you justice, it was excellently well said of you ere while, that were it not for *discretion and my*, Fame would not be much acquainted

acquainted with what passes in the Empire of Love: You might have added, *imprudence* and *vanity*, for commonly it is not known what passes between two Lovers, but either through the vanity of the Servant, or the imprudence of the Mistress. But indeed however it may come to passe, there can no great glory arrive hereby; for if the Servant be indiscreet, he deserves not the favours he hath received, and cannot thence derive any true glory; if the Mistress want conduct, his conquest may be pleasing, but not very glorious: and if Envy and Calumny acquaint Fame with what passes between two Lovers, it never proves to their advantage. I know there are innocent Loves, which yet come to be discovered through pure misfortune; but when it does happen, I believe a person of Honour ought to be troubled that his conquest is made manifest, and that there is none more glorious than that which is not known to any. For, in fine, it is not Fame that bestows true Glory, she onely proclaims it; and Glory without Acclamations, is able to subsist, and to render a vertuous man happy. Fame and Love never were much acquainted; *Mars* may haply employ her upon divers occasion, but for *Love*, the God of *Silence* is his onely friend; for as to *Fame*, she is certainly an enemy to both loves and lovers, and the true glory of two persons mutually loving, consists in this, that they are themselves the onely witnesses of their tenderness and vertue, and esteem themselves and one another so highly, that their owne approbation is sufficient to make them happy. Secrecy is principally that which makes for the glory of a Lover: and I maintaine, that when a man is so fortunately circumspcct, as to be able to conceale an affection of this nature from the eyes of the world, he feels in himselfe a certaine secret pleasure, which cannot arise but from that glory which a man takes in loving, unknown to others what he thinks deserves the adoration of all the world, together with that of being loved by that onely person which he can love.

Whereas you say that Pleasure is the soule of Love, I grant it, but I expect you should also grant, that to speak rationally, Glory is the nicest of all the pleasures of this passion: for in fine, whatever you may call favours, signifie in love what the *Ensignes* doe in war; there must be such things had, nay they must be had out of this maine consideration, that they are the emblems of Victory, which is alwayes succeeded by Glory: how pleasing soever they may be in themselves, yet would they not be desired with so much earnestnesse, were they not attended by Glory: but when all is done, they are not desired that they might be divulg'd, but that they might be concealed: However it be, this is certaine, that when a Lover can oblige a person of great vertue, and a great minde, to doe for him those inconsiderable things, which if you take away Love, there were no reason shee should doe, though the things in themselves are not unlawfull: he places so great a glory in a triumph of this nature, that it may be said, that as there is no love without pleasure, so there is no true pleasure in that love which hath no concernment of glory: Retract therefore your opinions, and repent of so injurious a design as to deprive the noblest of all the passions of that which distinguishes it from that kinde of love which even *Tigers* are capable of, which is much different from that I speak of.

While I thus discoursed, *Brutus*, who applied all I said to himselfe, was incredibly enlivened; for if ever concealed Lover found the sweetness of this secret glory I pleaded so much for, it was questionlesse *Brutus*; since that while I spoke, he stood weere this Rivall, who was so far from suspecting he was loved by that person whom he loved, that he thought him not capable of entertaining any love at all. But if I did him any pleasure by displaying the apprehensions I knew him subject to, I caused so much disturbance in *Lucretia*, as that she could not forbear blushing. However her blushes were not interpreted as they might have been, though *Collatine* observed them; for to speak truly, it was not easily imaginable there should be such an intricate of affection between those two persons:

But to returne at length to the question in debate, the whole company gave sentence against *Adrius*, who doubtlesse was sorry he had undertaken that task. Not but that he is naturally given to cracking and ostentation, and consequently spoke as he thought. But that *Valeria* reproached him after such a manner, as he might easily inferre

insist that she would never give him occasion to employ Fama to publish the favours he should receive. Yet *Mutius* is a person of extraordinary merit; but certainly he is too ambitious of fame and publick acclamations. It is true, he hath a heart contains whatever may deserve them, for *Rome* affords not a stouter man than he, nor one more capable of doing those heroick actions which cast honour even on whole Nations.

But my Lord, to returne to my Story, you are to know that the subtil *Collatina*, whose business at *Racilia's* was onely to doe her Brother a good office, and who is a person of the greatest curiosity in the world, staying two or three dayes with *Lucretia* and *Hermilia*, took an humour one morning to search *Lucretia's* Cabinet, which she had forgotten to lock. Not that she did with any designe look for that which she found there, but with intention onely to take something out which *Lucretia* had worn, for to present her Brother with, as a favour she had procured for him; but the first thing she met with, was a Letter of *Brutus's*, whose writing she knew not. However pursuing her curiosity, she read it, and found it so excellently well written, that she was much surprized at it, though it were couched in such termes, as spoke not clearly, that the writer was loved, yet such as gave occasion to imagine he was not hated, nay put it out of all doubt, that he might love, and that most passionately. She was so surprized at this accident, that she read over this Letter three times, yet could not imagine who had writ it; but going to search if there were any other, *Racilia* comes accidentally in to the chamber where she was, whereupon locking the Cabinet hastily, yet keeping the Letter, she could not continue her search, by reason *Lucretia* came also into the roome. *Collatina* in the mean time was strangely perplexed, as not knowing whether she should acquaint her Brother or not with what had happened; for she was loath to raise any jealousy in his heart. But she thought it not unfit, he knew he had some concealed Rivall. She at first suspected I might have written the Letter, but coming that day to *Racilia*, she cunningly engaged me to write something for her, to discover my writing, which seeing it was nothing like that of the Letter, she was at a greater losse than before, for she was confident that neither the Prince of *Pomeria* nor *Fisus* had any hand in it, since they made it their business to further *Collatina's* marriage with *Lucretia*. As for *Brutus*, she little suspected him to be her Brothers Rivall, clearly forgetting she had ever seen of his writing: but believing him very simple and naturall, she thought she might fish out of him, who had within some few dayes past, lent to *Racilia's*, so to discover something of this Letter, which caused her so much disturbance. Being thus resolved, and to that end putting her selfe in order to go and finde out *Brutus*, who was walking in the garden, *Collatina* comes in, but in his way meets her alone reading the Letter once more, before she spoke to *Brutus*, but with so great attention, that as she read it, he looking over her shoulder, read it also, wherein he found these words, and heard *Collatina* after she had read it, breaking forth into this exclamation, not thinking any had been so neere her; Who would ever have thought *Lucretia* should receive such a Letter?

It is now past all dispute; Madam, that I shall never be satisfied; for if I see you not, I die, and if I doe see you, I die also, in that I can but half see you, and that before so many witnesses. What necessity is there I should be miserable? Of all that you say to others, I make no advantage, neither do you Madam, since they do not allow it that esteem which they ought; and though they cannot but admire you, yet they consider not your conversation as the most delightfull, and the most charming of any in the world. But for my part I dare not commend you as they do, nay I may not presume to honour you with that faint affection which they call Friendship. O ye Gods, was ever any self-constraint more fierce, more insupportable, and more importunate upon your compassion! If your delicate mouth can say nothing that may comfort me, let your fair hand at least acquaint me with my condition in your soules, that I may know whether, amidst that throng of people that sometimes crowd about you, you secretly afford some few thoughts on a man who bestows all, his on you, and who would not live but to love you.

N

Collatina

Collatina had hardly read over this Letter, with all the commotion a Lover, who feels the first agitations of jealousy rising in his heart, could be guilty of; but snatching it out of *Collatina's* hands, Ah Sister, said he to her, is it possible that you should be the bearer of such Letters to *Lucretia*, and is it possible she should receive them? As to your first question, replied *Collatina*, it is not true; to the second, I must confesse it, that you may not justly blame me. But I pray, replied *Collatina*, who is this fortunate Rivall of mine, who presumes to write so amorously to *Lucretia*, and who expects to be answered? I know not, replied *Collatina*; and as you came in, I was going to *Brutus* who is the other side of the Garden, hoping to know of him, who hath sent hither within these three or four days, for I have taken this Letter from *Lucretia* unknown to her; I know not the writing, and all I can tell you is, that it is not *Herminius's*. Ah Sister, you are too cruell to raise a jealousy in me, and not informe me of the Rivall that causes it. This past, though *Collatina* came purposely to give *Lucretia* a visit, yet instead of repairing where she was, he went with *Collatina* to *Brutus*, little imagining that the Rivall he so earnestly looked after, stood nearer him than he thought. Being come up to him, he asked him whether there had been any great company at *Racilia's*, since his last being there; where to *Brutus* not guessing at *Collatina's* intention, and thinking he asked him that, as conceiving him onely able to say yes or no, simply answered there had not been any body. But I pray, replied subtilly *Collatina*, came there not some Slaves hither, directed to *Lucretia* that brought her any Letters? *Brutus*, who could not imagine what she would drive at, and knew not of the coming of any Slaves, answered, againe simply, that he had not seen any. But doe you not know this writing (said *Collatina*, shewing him his own Letter, not thinking he had writ it) and did you never know any Letter received by any one of a writing resembling this? *Brutus* looking on what *Collatina* shewed him, was much astonish'd, for he presently perceived what it was. However, he had such a command of himselfe, that neither his Rivall nor *Collatina* could observe any disturbance in his countenance. But to gaine time to reflect on this adventure, he took upon him to read the Letter over and over, and having in so short a time well considered the businesse, he concluded that *Collatina* knew not he had written it, for he suspected not that *Lucretia* had betrayed him, but believed that some accident yet unknowne to him, had brought this Letter into his Rivalls hands. Fearing therefore he might haply shew it to some body that would discover it to be his writing, he took at once a crafty and confident resolution; for having sufficiently considered the Letter, he, with a simplicity excellently naturall, told *Collatina* that he had never seen any writing so like his owne as that was. No, no, I warrant you, replied *Collatina*, abusing him, you never writ this Letter. I doe not tell you that I have (replied *Brutus* without the least disturbance) but onely tell you that this character is much like mine.

Upon this *Collatina* and his Sister left *Brutus*, without the least suspicion that he had any hand in that they were so inquisitive about, so much were they deceived in his feined stupidity; besides that if they had not thought him so stupid, they would hardly have suspected he should write to one in whose company he was every day. This was *Collatina* excessively disquieted, for the more he strived to guess who should write this Letter, the more unlikely was he to finde it.

On the other side *Brutus* was not without affliction; for he was not a little troubled that this Letter fell into the hands of *Collatina*, not so much for his owne interest, though it concerned his life, as for *Lucretia's*. So that seeing *Collatina* and his Sister liked to talk together, he took a walk about to finde out *Valeria*, that he might acquaint her with what had happened, by whom *Lucretia* might be informed, conceiving she yet knew not that she had lost the Letter. He was so happy as to meet with *Valeria* in a place where he might safely tell her what he pleased. *Valeria* having reasoned a while with him about what was to be done so hinder this adventure from spreading any farther, went immediately to *Lucretia*. To gain time, they entreated *Hermilia*, having acquainted her with the businesse, to go meet *Collatina* and her Sister, and entertain them in discourse while they should resolve what to do. They were indeed

deed at a mighty loss; but at last *Valeria* told her, that since there was no name mentioned in the Letter; it were best that *Lucretia* first spoke of it before *Collatine*, and that she took some occasion to say that she found it in one of the walks on the Fountain-Feast day, when there were so many people at *Racilia's*, and that she could not imagine whose it should be. Ah *Valeria*, replied *Lucretia*, I cannot have that confidence. You must have much more, replied *Valeria*, if *Collatine* shew this Letter as directed to you. Besides, *Brutus's* life being concerned in it, if it should be known to be his, methinks nothing is to be ticked at. But if you would, replied *Lucretia*, you might do what you propose to me, for though I am confident that *Collatina* must have taken this Letter out of my Cabinet when I left her in my chamber, you may say you gave it me to keep. I will do so, said *Valeria*, but you must first see whether *Collatina* have taken any more. Going hereupon to satisfy themselves in what they desired to know, they found that of all *Brutus's* Letters there wanted onely that, and so went to entertaine *Collatine*, his Sister, and *Hermilia*, who were in a low room, while *Racilia* was busie with some that were expressly come from *Rome* to speak with her. They were no sooner entred the rooms, but *Lucretia* perceives in *Collatine's* eyes the first startings of a violent jealousy, and in *Collatina's* a fiercer indignation: Nevertheless she kept her countenance, and not expressing any notice she had taken of the change of theirs, she asked *Collatine* where she had met her Brother, and afterwards asked *Collatine* what newes at *Rome*. Whereto he answering coldly, *Valeria*, who knew what she had to do, began to play upon him for his sadness, and telling him that when a man is in a melancholy humour he should never make visits, but stay at home. I was not (replied he coldly) so sad when I came from home as I am now. And what sad accident have you met with by the way, replied *Hermilia*? It may be, replied *Valeria*, he hath lost a Letter of as great consequence as that I found the last Feast-day, when there were so many people here: I am sure if I had lost such a one I should have been extremely troubled. But before you can lose any of that nature, replied subtilly *Lucretia*, it must be conceived you are fit to receive such. It is then a very strange Letter, replied *Collatina*. To be free with you, answered *Valeria*, it is such a one as in my judgement seemes very like a Love-letter: and were it not that the over-curious *Lucretia* had taken it from me, I should shew it to some one to finde out who writ it, and to whom it was directed; I would presently shew it *Collatine*, that he might assist me to decipher it. *Valeria* spoke this in apparence so ingenuously, that *Collatine* began to hope that the Letter he had might be the same which *Valeria* spoke of. So that desirous to be satisfied, he solicited *Lucretia* to shew it him; *Collatina*, who was of the same opinion with her Brother, told her that she must communicate that Letter, for they both concluded that if she could not produce it, they could not charge her with anything. *Hermilia* for her part knowing what *Valeria* and *Lucretia* drove at, took occasion to tell *Collatine*, that that Letter was not so terrible. For, in fine, said she very cunningly, it is easily perceived that he who writ it is in love, but there is nothing whence it may be inferred that he is loved. But why did you not shew it me, says *Collatina* to *Valeria*? Because *Lucretia* was pleased to take it away from me, replied she, but to engage her to shew it you, I should in revenge make you believe that she her selfe lost it. Ah *Valeria*, you take a strange course to make me shew it; but I shall not do it, added she, if *Collatine* and his Sister promise me not never to speak of it, and to restore it me as soon as they have read it; nay I will do nothing, if that you may be disappointed from shewing it to others, you consent not it may be presently torn to pieces.

You may imagine, my Lord, that considering the violent desire which *Collatine* had to be satisfied in this business, he promised to do what *Lucretia* would have, and that his Sister did the lik. But for *Valeria*, and *Hermilia*, *Brutus's* life being concerned in it, as also the reputation of their friend, they did that in this adventure to deceive *Collatine* and his Sister, which cannot well be imagined. *Lucretia* pretended to goe and fetch the Letter which she said was in her Cabinet, carrying her selfe so in the business, as if she made no question but to finde it there. But as she went to

her chamber, which was the other side of the house, she spies me coming in, and points to me to come straight to her, which I obeyed; but not affording me leisure to speak, she told me, what had happened, and I promised her my best assistance to deliver her out of the trouble she was in. I went therefore immediately to the company, as if I had not met her at all, soon after which *Lucretia* returning, I saluted her, as having not seen her before. But *Lucretia* having returned my salute, began to tell *Valeria* that she asked her for a thing she had not, and that she must have taken it again out of her Cabinet; for, added she, I am certain it was there yesterday, and as certain that it is not there now. I assure you, replied *Valeria*, I took it not. It must be then *Hermilla*, replied *Lucretia*. For my part, answered that faire creature, I can assure you I have it not. But, replied *Valeria* speaking to *Lucretia*, is it not because *Hermilla* is here that you make a new difficulty to show it? No indeed, replied she, for I am confident of *Hermilla*'s discretion; but there is nothing so certain, as that some body hath taken it. It must be then *Collatina* that hath it, replied *Valeria*, for as to *Hermilla*, I see by her looks she hath it not. *Valeria* herein speaking the truth, *Collatina* blushed, so that *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, *Hermilla*, and I, said all together, that certainly *Collatina* had it, that she must produce it. Or at least, for her justification, permit *Hermilla* to search whether she had it about her or not. To be short, this confident wench, who yet does every thing she does handsomely, and discreetly, bade her selfe to do what was given her in charge. Whereupon *Collatina* perceiving the Letter would be found about her, and believing by the cheerful looks of the other three, that the business was as they made it, told them laughing, that it was true she had it. But she added a little to the matter; for she hath since confessed she took it out of the Cabinet, but she then affirmed she had found it in *Lucretia*'s chamber. As for *Collatina*, he was so glad to think the Letter had not been written to his Mistress, that he joyned his entreaties with mine to his Sister, that she would deliver it, since she confessed she had it. *Collatina* accordingly delivers it to *Valeria*, who was very earnest to have it, saying, it was she that found it, and consequently it belonged to her. But as soon as she had it, she shewed it to *Collatina*, as if she had not known that he had seen it. *Collatina* also pretended he had not read it before, but coming at last to my hands, I said I knew who had written it, and to whom it was directed, but would not discover it, because the Lover was one of my friends. This past, I earnestly entreated *Valeria* to borrow that Letter on my; for if you know, said I to her, in what affliction the Lover is who writ it, you would pity him. But to satisfy you further in this adventure, you are to know, that this Letter was never seen by the Lady to whom it belongs; for he who writ it had it about him the day there were so many here, intending to find it to his Mistress that evening, which was the time he could with most ease deliver his Letters to a young Slave she hath lately entertained. You will therefore do justly if you restore it to me, and never speak of this accident; for by divulging it, there will be a necessity of discovering what men were here at the celebration of the Fountain-Fest, and then haply it might be guessed what Lady were concerned in this Letter. As for *Collatina*, added I, I have nothing to beg of him upon this occasion; for I look on him as a man so rationally, that I am confident he will do that for my friend which he would wish were done for himselfe, were he so happy as to be in a condition to lose some Love-letter which the faire *Lucretia* should have received. As I spoke this, with a manner, ingenueth, yet earnest enough; *Collatina* and his Sister were convinced the thing was no otherwise than as I said, so that the jealousy of this Lover was by this means absolutely smother'd.

But to disguise the business a little further, *Valeria* said she found some difficulty to deliver me the Letter; for it may be, added she, if you restore it to him that writ it, he will send it to his Mistress, and so I shall occasion her receiving a Love-letter. And if he do not send that, replied I, he would haply write another more passionate; therefore trouble not your self with these groundless inconveniences, but let me have that which you have found. Hereupon *Hermilla*, *Lucretia*, as also *Collatina*, telling *Valeria* I spoke but reason, I became master of the Letter, which absolutely cured

quid *Collatina* of the jealous. He was fully persuaded that if that Letter had been written to *Lueria*, she would not have suffered to come into my hands; for some dayes he was not well assured whether I was his Rival or not: however, he did not suspect me to have written that Letter, because he knew my writing. His mind therefore being fully beclouded, he was the rest of that day more joind than ordinary; and to tell you the truth, *Kleria*, *Lueria*, *Hermilia*, and I, were not very sad; for we were so elevated, that we had once more secured *Brutus*'s life, and that our imposture had proved so fortunate, that we were excessively merry that afternoon. I wish I could now show it being so tragically ended, how we could be so merry.

But that which was most excellent was that when *Collatina* and his Sister were departed, and that *Brutus* was at liberty to speak in private with *Lueria*, she told him she would not have him write to her any longer, and had almost told him as much as that he should not love her any longer. After all, said she to him, when you have well considered it, it is a kind of madness to be engaged in any affection how innocent soever it may be, since it always lays one open to censure. For how can one love without writing? How can one write without passion? How can one be assured not to lose Letters, when one writes so often? And how, in case one they lose any, can we expect always to meet with such as interpret things of this nature to the best? On the contrary, it is not true, that as soon as it is said a man loves a woman, it is believed she also loves him; and that as soon as it is thought a woman loves a man, they distinguish not between her loving, and her being subject to censure, and then it is immediately imagined that the expressions of her affection exceed their true bounds? Therefore *Brutus*, if you will take my advice, love me not, for it is a sad thing to consider that the unhappy accident that discovers the innocent affection which is between us, should expose your life to the cruelty of *Tarquinius*.

Ah Madam, cries out *Brutus*, how cruel are you your self to speak to me thus I and with how little experience of Love, if you think he troubles himself with any ratiocinations, or that he can be distracted by fears or diffidence? On the contrary, obstacles and dangers increase it in a generous mind; and if you know, Madam, what pleasure I feel when ever I consider that by discovering my love to you, I have put my life into your hands, you would not say what you do. For, Madam, since it is in your power when you please to betray me to the world, methinks I owe you my life a hundred thousand times; and that if you preserve it, you preserve it as a thing which belongs to you, and in which you have a greater interest than my self. Admit not then any repentance, I beseech you, for those innumerable favours you have done me: I receive them with so much respect, I remember them with so much gratitude, I enjoy them with so much pleasure, and I desire the continuance of them with so much earnestness, that if you should change your mind, you were the most unjust person in the world. And lastly, Madam, this day's adventure ought not to discompose you, for if *Collatina* had taken away my Letter, I should have met him by the way, and rather than your reputation should have been prejudic'd, I would have exposed my life a thousand times. Banish then all fears, Madam, I beseech you, recommend your heart to an innocent confidence, be satisfied that you know you are Virtue it self, that your example makes me more virtuous than I should be, that in fine, there is nothing you can upbraid your self with, and entertains not as you do, the apprehensions of misfortune which likely will never happen: for to expect in love at all times as much Prudence as Virtue, is the only way to be always miserable. Alas, replied *Lueria*, is it so easie a matter to be happy? I know not Madam, said he to her, whether it be possible the experience you have of my affection, might render you happy; but this I am certain of, that as long as you repent you not of that goodness you shew me, I cannot be miserable, and desire Fortune, though she sometimes makes even Kings unhappy, that even she shall be able to force *Brutus* to think himselfe unfortunate, while he hath the glory of your favour, and while he shall be so happy as not to see you in the power of another. 'Tis true, Madam, I can live contentedly though I possess you not, provided another do not enjoy you; and I love

with so much tenderness, that the onely pleasure of your favour and indulgence enables me to endure, without repining, all the torments which are the inseparable attendants of love.

I know not what you will say of me, replied *Lucretia*, that I permit you to speak so long without interruption; but certainly, there is so much obligation even in my silence, that you shou'd not quarrell at it. For while you have been speaking, my reason hath suggested a hundred things against you, which I was loath to tell you, and indeed never shall. And therefore since I am so unjust as not to follow all these advices, you were better spare the grief it would be to you to know, that I doe my selfe some violence when I beare it not, and that it is withall a pleasure to me to beare you.

This past, *Brutus* said so many excellent things to *Lucretia*, that their hearts were in an absolute composure and calme; I restored *Brutus's* Letter to that faire Lady, and for some dayes she and her Lover met not with any disturbance: 'Tis true, this faire weather lasted not long; for you are to note, that the day of the Fountain-feast the Prince of *Pometia*, *Titus*, *Calpurnius*, and *Adrianus*, concealed so ill their severall passions, that *Racilia*, desirous to break those haunts, hastened her returne to *Rome*, so to deprive these Lovers of all opportunities, that might be advantageous to their Loves. Not that *Racilia* was fully acquainted with the designs of those two Princes, but knew as much as engaged her to crosse them. But when *Brutus* came to understand that *Lucretia* was to returne to her Fathers, and that he was now to lose all occasions of entertaining her, he was insupportably afflicted. 'Tis true, he had the comfort to see that *Lucretia* shared this affliction with him, and took this separation most heavily. There was yet a weak hope left of seeing one another at *Valeria's*; for *Brutus* being at liberty to go at any time to *Valerius's* house, he imagined thence great advantages to his love. But all considered, he was extremely afflicted at *Lucretia's* parting; and their conversation at that time was so amourosly passionate that I shall not repeat it, lest I should move you too much; for I have a many other things to tell you, which will sufficiently engage your pitty. Their onely comfort was, that bidding one another adieu, they promised to write to one another every day if they could; and accordingly, when they were returned to *Rome*, there passed not a day wherein they heard not of one another. Things fell out at first so happily for *Brutus*, that his love was no longer secret, neither to *Lucretia's* mother nor *Racilia*; but these two vertuous Ladies approved it so well, that they were resolved to use all their endeavours to compleat it in a marriage. So that the admirable *Lucretia* making no longer difficulty to entertaine an affection absolutely innocent, writ more obligingly to *Brutus* than she had ever done before: for as to Visits, they could not be easily contrived, at least with that liberty, that they might speak freely one to another, since it must have been when none were at *Valeria's* when they came thither; But being both of a disposition highly passionate, they endeavoured to comfort one another by certaine assignations of the minde, as I may so expresse it, for they agreed upon a certain houre every day, during which they promised to think one of another: and that which was remarkable in it, was, that *Brutus* did really many times wait for that houre with almost as much impatience, as if he expected to see *Lucretia*. For he found something so pleasing in being assured that she expressly thought on him at the same time as he thought on her, that when he thought fit to expresse to me the enjoyments which this kinde of assignation afforded him, I could no longer doubt but that he was the most amorous of all mankind. He would indeed tell me, that he never writ with more ease and greater passion to *Lucretia*, than when he chose that houre to write in; and that the confidence he had that *Lucretia* was as punctuall in thinking of him as he was of her, did both sharpen his invention, and augment his love. I shall read you one Letter thus written, that you may see *Brutus* dissimbled not when he said so, and withall acknowledge that the greater a love is, the more ingenious it is to finde it selfe great pleasures, as well as great affliction. But what is yet further considerable, was the manner how I came to know this new kinde of assignation, You are then to know, that coming one evening to see *Brutus*, I said

staid there so late, till the hour appointed with *Lucretia* was come, so that on a sudden I perceived he had left me, though I was in the room with him. My meaning is, his mind was at such a distance from what I said, that he behaved himselfe as one whose spirits were otherwise employed, and would have been glad to have been alone. I left him a while in that posture, but after a tedious waiting, out of the curiosity that is permitted in a friend tenderly intimate, I importuned him to tell me what he ailed. He at first made some difficulty to confesse the businesse his mind was taken up with; as fearing I might laugh at this superelevation of love; but at length, seeing me importunate to oblige him to speak, he turned to me, and having conjured me not to make sport at his amorous punctilio's, he told me that *Lucretia* then thought of him, that he was obliged to bestow an hour on her; and that if I had not the goodnesse to speak to him of *Lucretia*, I should not speak at all, and should leave him either to meditate or to write. It were much better to leave you to the last, replied I, for you would not finde that delight in what I should say, as you would in what you should write; as for what you should onely think, and not write, *Lucretia* were never the better for it. Thus engaging him to follow advice, conditionally I might see what he did, he writ the Letter I am going to read to you.

I cannot, *Madam*, better performe the promise I have made you, than by telling you in this instant that I am as good as my word, and that my thoughts are wholly taken up with your charmes, my love, your goodnesse, and the eternall faith I have promised you. In this employment I have already bestowed almost an hour: but is it possible for me to tell you how many things I have thought on in that time? I cannot, though I should write till the morning; for the thought is much more nimble than the hand, and the thought of a Lover much more than that of other men. But *Madam*, you may assure your self I have thought nothing unworthy you; and, if I may presume to say so, unworthy a man you affect. Pardon me this vanity. *Madam*, it is haply more excusable than you conceive: For in fine, the acclamations of the people, supposing I could deserve them, Statues and Triumphs should not raise me to so much, nay I should haply think my selfe as much above all things, as I conceive my selfe beneath you; Ah *Madam*, it may be I have told you as much before, but I cannot but repeat it again: Is it not possible you should apprehend what pleasure it is to be loved by the most admirable and most accomplished person in the world? You would finde there were nothing so pleasurable, and that in proportion to this felicity all other are but misfortunes. Yet conceive not, *Madam*, but that these ever-happy minutes are mingled with those that are lesse happy. But for that I am onely to consider the injustice of Fortune, and reflect on the invincible difficulty which hinders me from seeing you often, and acquiring the esteem of others, that so I may be more worthy of yours, How can I be assured *Madam*, that you love me as much as I wish, proportionably to the merits of my passion, or at least as much as your last charming seemes to promise me, even in not promising? In the mean time, *Madam*, know that I doe not punctually obey your last command, which was that I should love *Virtue* more than I loved you; for I love you both equally, since that really you are but the same thing. I doe by one oath more confirme it to you, and if I fail I shall be content, as an ingratefull and perjured person, to forfeit all the affection you cast on me. But *Madam*, if you will love, even to my Tomb, tell me so much I beseech you, and believe me, you can neither tell it me too often, nor too clearly, since that I know no pleasure, no joy, no comfort, save that of imagining that I am alone interested in your heart, and that you will never force me thence.

Brutus having writ this Letter and shewed it to me, and folded it up in order to be sent away the next day; he opened it again and added this Post-script,

Consider with your selfe that I am the most miserable man in the world, when I am one day without seeing you; Ah! if you consider it not, I am much more miserable than I thought my selfe.

I should never have done, if I should stand to particularize all the little circumstances

stances of the loves of *Brutus* and the vertuous *Lucretia*, who was perfect in that admirable art of making the tenderest passion in the world consistent with the greatest virtue: for she never was so rigorous to *Brutus*, as to give him occasion of any rationall complaint, nor was she ever so prodigall of her kindnesse as to question her innocence.

But not to wrong your patience over-much, I must hasten to tell you, that *Brutus* was hardly warm in his hopes of happinesse, but *Lucretia's* mother died, whereat he was so much troubled, as if he had never met with a greater misfortune; for, besides that the consideration of the friendship that was between them made him more sensible of her losse, as also the grief which *Lucretia* took at it, his affliction was increased in that with her he lost all his hopes. About the same time there was a great conspiracy, ready to break forth, discovered: For, my Lord, though *Brutus's* soule was taken up with the love of *Lucretia*, yet is it certain, that of Glory and his Countrey were not dispossessed; but even while he seemed to write such excellent and such passionate Letters, was he not unmindefull of the liberty of his Countrey; and if I should acquaint you with all the attempts he made, and which onely Fortune crossed in their effects, you would stand amazed at it. That which is considerable, is, that though he were the first wheele in all the commotions that happened in *Rome*, yet was he not so much as suspected to have a hand in any; his affected stupidity eluding as well his Enemies as his Rivalls. It did indeed much retard his happinesse in his love, a misfortune would admit no remedy, since it would have been madnesse in him to acquaint *Spurius Lucretius* that he was a more understanding man than he was thought, for it would infallibly have cost him his life, by reason of the obligations which were between *Lucretius*, *Tarquins*, and *Collatines*. *Brutus* by this meanes was incredibly afflicted, and the pleasure he before had found in being loved, was turned into the greatest torment in the world. For certainly there is nothing more cruell than for one to know that he is loved equally as he loves, and yet to meet with perpetuall obstacles in the accomplishment of his happinesse. In fine, to shorten my relation, for six moneths *Brutus* writ every day to *Lucretia*, there happening no miscarriage neither to his Letters, nor to those of that admirable Lady; but it being impossible to be always so carefull, but that sometimes one may forget what he seemes most to minde, it unfortunately happened that *Lucretia* passing through her Fathers chamber, dropped one of those little Table-books, which I told you *Brutus* had caused purposely to be made to write to her: *Lucretius* seeing it fall, instead of calling to his Daughter, suffered her to go out of the chamber, and took it up; for being made after a particular fashion, he was so curious as to look on it. Opening it therefore hastily, not thinking to finde in it any thing should move him, he was much surprized to meet with a Letter directed to *Lucretia*, and that a Love-letter. But that you may be the better informed, I will read you a copy of this Letter, which *Brutus* hath furnished me with; for this unhappy writing being that which utterly wormed him out of all felicity, he still remembers it, to encrease his misery. This was it *Brutus* writ to *Lucretia*.

Fortuna was pleased yesterday to punish me for that excessive generosity, which made me preferre the interest of *R*— not onely before my own satisfaction, but haply before yours: for in fine, excellent *Lucretia*, I did in a manner nothing of all I had proposed to doe, as being extremely out of humour. But that you may know how farr the love I beare you exceeds all considerations of glory and friendship, you are to know that my disturbance happened through my endeavours for the liberty of my *C*— and that I could finde no diversion even in the company of one of the most vertuous persons in the world, and one most endeared to you and me. But certainly it is impossible to avoid disquiet, having lost all occasion of seeing you, and withall imagining the advantages of your conversation. I go out in the morning about the great affairs you know of, and, if I can, I will come to the place where I could not yesterday. Doe me the honour to meet me there, for I will do whatever lies in my power, to come and tell you in that place, that I die for love, and withall, that there is nothing more pleasant, nothing more charming than to die so.

You

You may well imagine, my Lord, that *Lucretius* was much surprized at this Letter; yet knew he not the character, as having never seen of *Brutus's* Writing; nor would he shew it to any who should better inform him, because he could not do it without making it known that *Lucretia* had some under-hand Loves; besides that imagining some other wayes to scue out this secret, he thought not of this. In the mean time, being an understanding man, he easily apprehended when he had read the Letter twice over, that the *R.* standing by it self almost at the beginning, stood for *Rome*, and the *C.* about the middle stood for *Country*; but all could not enable him to guesse at the person who writ to *Lucretia*. He also concluded that this Lover was engaged in some Plot against *Tarquin*, nor did he doubt much but that this Lover was loved, yet could not imagine who it might be. He at first thought to call *Lucretia*, to make her confesse by force what he desired to know; but changing his purpose he thought fitter to take some other course to finde out the truth, looking on that as the last refuge, if this failed. Finding therefore in the Letter that he who had written to *Lucretia*, entreated her to come that day to a place where he was to go; he resolved his daughter should be secretly followed thither, so to discover who was at the place where she was appointed to come. This commission he gave a certain Slave, who being very faithfull to him, acquitted himself punctually of this charge. According to the appointment and the pleasure of Fortune, *Lucretia* came to *Valeria's*, in hopes to meet *Brutus* there, for that it seems was the place he had appointed her to come to; but *Brutus* being forced even against his will, to stay at *Licinius's*, where there was a secret Club, consulting about the great affaire they had then in hand, entreated me to go and make his excuses to this Beauty, which employment I was very glad of, not onely out of the great affection I had for *Lucretia* and *Brutus*, but also because of the opportunity I had thereby to see *Valeria*. To serve therefore my friend, I went to the place where he was expected, not thinking there was a spy to observe who came to *Valeria's*. It happened also, that *Lucretia*, *Valeria*, and my selfe, being very merry together, we staid till it was very late, besides that *Valerius*, whom I had left with *Brutus*, had enjoyned me to stay his returne home, that I might know what had been resolved on at the Club, whereat for some reasons it was thought fit I should be.

In the mean time, this Slave of *Lucretius*, *Lucretia* being gone from *Valeria's* acquainted his Master where she had been and assured him that none came thither besides but my selfe. *Lucretius* was hereupon perswaded that I was a Servant to his Daughter; and conspired against *Tarquin*. This apprehension had some appearance of truth, for he knew I had often seen *Lucretia* at *Rasilla's* while she was in the Country, and there were not many then knew I was in love with *Valeria*; and as *Brutus* had often made use of my name in diverse gallantries and addresses to *Lucretia*, as I have already told you, so had it raised a small report that I had some affection for her, inso much that sometimes *Collatinus* himself knew not what to think. *Lucretius* therefore having received some slight intimations, of what I tell you, absolutely concluded I was the Conspirator, and the Lover: for my Father dying in banishment, he thought it was likely I might be guilty of hatred to *Tarquin*, as love to *Lucretia*. So that having thus reconciled the business, he caused this Beauty to be called to him, and carrying her into his Closer, he began to treat her most reproachfully, and that with so much transportation and fury, that *Lucretia*, who is sweetnesse it selfe, was much amazed at it; but what increased her amazement was to see in her Fathers hands the Table book, which she thought safe enough elsewhere. Not knowing therefore how to excuse, much lesse clear her selfe, she resolved to be patient, and withall summoning the greatnesse of her spirit and courage, she bore all that *Lucretius* said to her, and heard him with the greatest attention might be, so to discover whether he knew who had written to her. But she soon perceived he knew not, for *Lucretius* having tired her with the bitterest reproaches, told her there was yet one way left whereby she might excuse her weakness, which was to acquaint him with all she knew. For, said he to her, since your love hath such an influence on *Hermionius*, as to oblige to communicate to you the designs he hath against *Tarquin*, you must give me the particu-

lars,

lars, and by giving me occasion to do the King a signal service, engage me to forget your misdeeds. *Lucrèce* hearing her Father speak in this manner, was surprized afresh; for she gathered from his discourse, that he knew not the truth, and was not acquainted with *Brutus's* writing, since he believed me to be in love with his Daughter. She at first was a little glad to see that her servant's life was out of danger, but was at the same time troubled that I was unjustly suspected. She therefore did all that lay in her power to persuade *Lucrèce* that I had not writ the Letter, and to convince him that my love to her was as to a Friend, not a Mistress. But there being a many circumstances which made *Lucrèce's* opinion seem the more likely to be true, he was the less satisfied with his Daughter; For in fine, said he to her, if you say true in that, why do you not tell me who writ what I find in this Table-book? For to think, continued he, to deny all, and confess nothing, is absolute madness. All I can tell you, Sir, replied *Lucrèce*, is, that my misfortune is greater than my guilt, and if I have entertained his affection, whose Letter you have in your hands, it was by the commands of the most virtuous Mother in the world. I know well that yours, replied he hastily, affected *Tarquinius's* enemies; but though that be true, yet it justifies not you; and if you discover not to me all you know of the Conspiracy, I shall engage you in such a manner, into the interests of those whom you wish ruined, that you will be forced to change your opinion: I may well change my fortune, replied she, but for my judgement it is impossible; therefore Sir, press me no further; all the favour I beg of you is, to believe that *Hermione* is no servant of mine, and that he writ not the Letter you now have in your hands, as I shall make appear to you by shewing you his writing, which is quite different from that. But to deprive you at once of all occasions of persecuting me to no purpose, I declare that I will never tell you who writ that Letter, and though I knew all the circumstances of any Conspiracy, I should not discover it. Nevertheless know, that my heart is still innocent, and that I am not engaged in anything that is criminal.

Lucrèce being hereupon enraged against this admirable Virgin, treated her with the roughest language he could, thinking thereby to terrify her into some confession. But seeing her not to be shak'd out of her constancy, he resolv'd to force her to marry *Collatine*; for he had long since observed her backwardness as to that business. Since you will not, said he to her, discover what I so much desire to know, I must needs engage you for some concernment of your own, to hinder this secret Conspirator from doing any thing against that Family into which you shall be disposed. I therefore command you to prepare your self to marry *Collatine* within three days; he was importunate with me this morning about it, and I will it should; be absolutely affected within the time I elicit you, and that in the mean while you see no body, and least of all *Valeria*; for since you have made her the Confidant of your criminal loves, she is not fit to be acquainted with your marriage.

Lucrèce hearing this resolution of her Father, cast her self on her knees, beseeching him with tears not to force her to marry *Collatine*. You may choose, said he to her, and to avoid it you have no more to do than to name this secret servant of yours, and discover the Conspiracy: for if you will be so obstinate as to do neither, I will immediately carry this Letter to *Tarquinius*, that he may take some course to find out whose writing it is. Nor shall I so much as blot out your name, and thereby manifest your weakness, choosing rather to see you covered with shame, than expose my house to the indignation of an incensed Prince, who haply will come to know this interposition by some other head, and thereafter, that my Daughter having a Servant among the Conspirators, might be engaged in the Conspiracy. There is therefore no means, you must either discover your Servant, or marry *Collatine*, or be content that I carry this Table-book to *Tarquinius*.

You may easily judge, my Lord, what an extremity *Lucrèce* was in, for she was confident *Tarquinius* knew *Brutus's* writing, and was confident, that if that Prince came to discover he had any understanding, it would prove the occasion of his ruin, though he continued nothing to the liberty of Rome. On the other side, to marry *Collatine* was a thing almost insupportable, for to expose *Brutus's* life was much more. She

was ever over-burthened with the thought that *Lucretius* might haply do what he said, and that it would be spread about *Rome* that she had a secret Love, which it may be would not have been thought so innocent as indeed it was. So that seeing which way soever she directed her choice, all was insufferable, she wished for death as the only remedy could free her of all the miseries she was in a manner overwhelmed with. But looking on this as a fruitless wish, she made use of persuasions, intreaties and tears, to move her Father not to force her to a choice wherein she must needs be unhappy, what resolution soever she took. What made her the more desperate, was, that when she imagined her self in her Father's case, she thought he had reason to be displeased, though really she deserved no blame, nor indeed could she oblige him to change his purpose, and all she could do was to prevail with him not to take any absolute resolution till the next morning. But to secure her, he set a guard upon her chamber.

Lucretius being thus convinced, that if I were not a Servant to his Daughter, I must be of the Conspiracy, went and told *Tarquin* that there was some plot a-foot wherein I was engaged; upon which intimation, this Prince, always ready to believe what ever was said against the children of those whom he had ill-intreated, sent out orders to take me. For besides *Lucretius's* intelligence, he had been informed by some of my ill-willers, that I contracted not any particular friendship with any but such as were ill-affected to him. Being therefore satisfied with a bare pretence to destroy me, he gave order I should be secured, but it could not be issued out so secretly, but a friend of *Servilia's* having notice of it, acquainted her. She immediately caused me to be found out, and told me, I must leave *Rome* and provide for my safety. But there being many things to engage my stay there, I could not easily resolve to depart, nor haply should I at all, had not *Valerius* and *Brutus* come and told me that the Tyrant had discovered somewhat of the Plot, and believed that I was the only man had been named to him. It was impossible then for me to stand out any longer; I was forced to depart, and that without bidding *Valerius* adieu.

Brutus knew not all this while that he was more unfortunate than I, yet that day he began to be a little disturbed, as having neither heard from *Lucretia*, nor sent to her. Nor could even *Valeria* her self rid him of this disquiet; for though she had at least so much friendship for me, as to be concerned in my removal, yet was she not in condition to go as far as *Lucretia's*, who on the other side was in an incredible discomposure, as having passed the night without any sleep, and yet not fastened on any resolution. And certainly when she considered that she was to marry *Collatinus*, and should see *Brutus* no more, she suffered something beyond all imagination; but when it came into her mind, that her Father might carry her Lover's Letter to *Tarquin*, that he would discover the writing; that she should lose her reputation, and that *Tarquin* would put *Brutus* to death. She was at a loss of all reason, and was no longer Mistress of her own thoughts. It could never enter into her imagination, that she should ever accuse him whom she loved beyond her self, and to she had only two things to examine. But the more she considered them, the less able was she to make any choice whether of these two indigestible proposals she should accept. That which added to her misery, was, that she could have neither advice nor comfort; for *Lucretia* had taken such order for her close imprisonment, that she had not the liberty either to write or speak to any whatever. But there was a necessity of resolving on something, though this Beauty after a night passed without so much as closing her eyes, was the next morning as farre from any resolution, as she was the night before, she indeed began to change her judgment when she understood by a woman slave who waited on her, and was locked into the Chamber with her, that she heard one tell a man that was talking with her Father, that I had made my escape, and was out of *Tarquin's* power: whereupon representing to her self more sensibly the danger *Brutus* was in by her means, in case he were discovered by this Letter, her only consideration was how to secure her Lover, and she conceived there should nothing seem hard for her to do upon that account, nay not even marrying with *Collatinus*. So that *Lucretia* coming into her chamber, when her mind was thus

thus taken up, and earnestly pressing her to choose, or expect to see him do what he said he would, she felt in her self so great an apprehension of *Brutus's* death, and the loss of her own reputation, that she promised to marry *Collatinus*, conditionally *Lucretius* would return the Letter he had, that he would never enquire further who writ it, and as much as he could, trouble not himself to grieve at him. *Lucretius* believing that when she were wife to *Collatinus*, and consequently engaged in the interests of a Prince, whose near kinsman she had married, she would be easily induced to ruin even the whole Faction; whereof her former servant was, promised to do what she desired, provided the Letter should not be returned till the wedding day; and that till then, she should pretend her self indisposed, so to avoid the occasions of all visits. Thus *Lucretia*, notwithstanding all the aversion she had for *Collatinus*, and all the tenderness she had for *Brutus*, expected the celebration of the Marriage with some impatience, that so she might secure her servant, by remanding a Letter which might haply cost him his life. She thought not fit to acquaint him with her condition, because she imagined he would advise her to somewhat disagreeable to himselfe, and that he could not easily apprehend what resentments she then had for him.

Brutus, in the mean time, though he were much troubled at my departure, was yet much more that he heard nothing from *Lucretia*. But understanding that they gave out at home that she was not well, he inferred that she was out of humour to stir abroad, and that she had failed writing to him upon no other account, not dreaming that it would not be long ere he heard the saddest, and to him the strangest news in the world. According to what he had resolved, my Lord *Lucretius*, who thought it the safest way immediately to dispose of a Daughter, cajoll'd by a secret love, managed the business with so much discretion and diligence, that he engaged *Collatinus* to press him for his Daughter *Lucretia*; and he carried it with so much judgement, that *Faustinus* consenting to the marriage, it was presently concluded, and three dayes after solemnized. All was done very privately, *Lucretia* giving out, that his Daughter being yet in mourning for her Mother, it was not fit it should be done with much ceremony. So that the first news that *Brutus* had of it, was, that *Lucretia* was in the Temple in order to be married to *Collatinus*; for having been employed in satisfying those who had taken any alarme at my departure, he had heard nothing at all of it. But he had no sooner heard this news, but he received this Letter from *Lucretia*, which contained only these words;

Being obliged by a cruel necessity, I have no choice, but to marry Collatinus, or be cause of your death; I have chosen rather to assure all the pleasures and enjoyments of my life, and consequently make my self eternally unhappy, than to expose you to any danger. Be assured my hard destiny, I despise you, and in gratitude for what I have done for your sake, forget me, if you can, and see me no more; for I must love you no longer, and yet I should not avoid it if I saw you. Obey therefore the small command I lay on you, no see me no more, and assure your selfe I shall lead such a sad and solitary life, that I shall give you no occasion to think me guilty of infidelity.

I leave you to consider what a condition *Brutus* was in when he had read this Letter; he knowes not yet himselfe what he thought in that terrible instant, and all the account he gives of it, is, that not knowing precisely what he intended to do, he went to the Temple where they said *Collatinus* was to marry *Lucretia*. He was no sooner in, but he understood that the Ceremony was past, and that all things were performed in much hast, because it was feared *Lucretia* might frowne. He understood also, that *Lucretia*, notwithstanding his daughters indisposition had caused the Ceremony to be performed; and that as ill as she was the small Fallow was gone along with her to *Collatinus's* house. Not knowing therefore what to doe in this distressed condition, he went to *Valeria*, whom he acquainted with his misfortune by shewing her the Letter he had received. But in all this though his countenance spoke so much despair, that he mov'd a great compassion in the generous *Valeria*. Well, said he, looking on her with the teares in his eyes, what say you now of *Lucretia*? What

must I think of her? and what must I do? Can you imagine by what charms Fortuna hath changed her heart, or what strange adventure hath obliged her to prefer *Collatinus* before the unfortunate *Brutus*? For my part, replied *Valeria*, I understand nothing of it, nor indeed can imagine either that *Lucretia* hath ceased to love you, or hate *Collatinus*, or altered her judgement. But do you understand, replied *Brutus*, why she should not acquaint me sooner with this design; or why, in case *Lucretius* have used any violence, she hath not given me leave to die before she married *Collatinus*? For in case, since the affection she had for me, was not strong enough to hinder her from becoming the wife of my Rival, she should also have given him the satisfaction of my ruin, and spared me the grief to see her in the embraces of another, and see my self forsaken by a person for whose sake I was willing to forsake all things, and for whom haply I had forfeited much of my reputation. It is just in you, O yes God, (said he to himself, while *Valeria* was speaking to some one that asked for her) to punish me, for having admitted into my heart any passion that should divert it, or haply hinder it from the deliverance of my Country. At the first dawning of my love I looked on *Lucretia*, as the person by whom I was slain at *Rome* for the execution of this great design; but I must now look on her as an unconstant woman, who is the cause that I have not destroyed the Tyrant. She took up all my thoughts; her representation followed me into all places; and though I then believed I did all that lay in my power to revenge my Father and Brothers death, and to strike *Tarquin* out of his throne; yet now I am of opinion, that I was more employed about the love I had for *Lucretia*, than the hatred I had for the Tyrant. But is it possible, resumed he, that *Lucretia*, the virtuous *Lucretia*, should be dazzled with a greatness so weakly established, since it is grounded on injustice? Is it possible, I say, she should ally her self into a Family which she knows I am obliged to destroy? Does she believe that any concernment of hers shall hinder me from turning *Tarquin* out of the Throne; if opportunity favour me to do it? Or will she, to secure the Tyrant, reveal what defense I have against him? Proceed *Lucretia*, proceed, continued he; for by exposing me to the cruelty of the Tyrant, you do me less injury than by making me feel your own. *Valeria* coming to him when he had proceeded thus far, he renewed his complaints, beseeching her assistance, at least to find out what might be the motives of *Lucretia*'s defection: for I cannot be persuaded, said he to her, that she is so poorly opinion'd of my heart, as to imagine that I can contain much with less ease than I can her loss. Do me but this favour, continued he; that I may see her, for if she be not so merciful to me, I shall certainly think no violence too great for me to do my self.

This discourse of *Brutus* came from him with such earnestness, that *Valeria*, fearing he might haply do himself some violence, promised to do what he desired, though she was not certain to prevail; for she sufficiently knew *Lucretia*'s heart, and easily fore saw this since she was resolv'd to be *Collatinus*'s wife, she would be no longer *Brutus*'s mistress. But willing to appease the present grief of this despairing Lover, she told him not what she truly thought.

While *Brutus* thus groan'd under incredible affliction, *Lucretia* amidst her melancholy, had one great comfort; in that her Father had kept his word with her: for being ready to go to the Temple, she got *Brutus*'s Letter returned to her, so to secure his life. She could not but be somewhat pleas'd that she was taken ill at that time, and oblig'd to stay; because the indisposition of her body serv'd for a foil to that of her mind. But all considered, what comfort could she draw from the present thought of having sacrific'd her self to the safety of her Servant, yet soon after she thought her self the most unfortunate person in the world; for she irrevocably lost a man whom she infinitely loved and esteem'd; she married another for whom she had an extreme aversion; she ally'd her self into a Family which all virtuous persons endeavour'd to quit; and she resolv'd to give her self over to perpetual sorrow. But as all these considerations contributing to her melancholy humour, she fell really sick; by which means it was more easie for her to separate from *Collatinus* the small satisfaction she found in being married to him. She would needs remove

from *Rome* purposely to avoid all meeting with *Brutus*. She began to commend the aire of *Colonia*, as being better for her health, in so much that she was convey'd thither sick as she was. By this meanes was she in a condition to be more solitary, never hardly to see *Brutus*, and to see her Husband lesse often, who being obliged to shew himselfe at Court, would be forced to leave her many times.

In the mean time *Valeria* could not come to sight of her. for *Lucresia* writ a Letter to entreat her not to attempt it, for some reasons which she should one day acquaint her with. So that *Brutus* not knowing what to do, was afflicted beyond all expression. Yet were there some intervalls, wherein he found some slender comfort, to understand that *Lucresia* was sick and melancholy; but there were also others wherein he gave so much way to his despair, that he had not the command of his owne thoughts, and there was no consideration of violence which his mind reflected not on. But the great vertue which guarded his soule successfully, opposed all those irregular apprehensions which his love and his despair suggested; yet could it not overcome the extreame desire he had to see *Lucresia*, though she had forbidden it him in the last Letter she had written to him. Directing therefore all the efforts of his minde to finde out some way to satise himselfe, he cunningly informed himselfe, by the meanes of *Valeria* (who might more easily come to know it than he) that *Lucresia* who began to recover, though against her will, her former health, spent the afternoones for the most part, when her Husband was absent, all alone in a Garden, adjoining to *Colaine's* house: and that sometimes she staid there till she went to bed, when it was faire weather and the Moon shined. *Brutus* being thus particularly informed what *Lucresia* did, acquainted not *Valeria* with his intention, lest she might oppose it: but when he was fully satisfied of all he desired to know, he trusted himselfe to a faithfull Slave, who had lived with him ever since his being at *Metapont*. Pretending to go into the Countrey, he went by night to *Colonia*, and took up his lodging, disguised at a man's house whom his Slave was acquainted with: for having been there divers times, he knew the walls of *Colaine's* Garden were but low, so built purposely for the prospect of the first story of the house, which is built on one side of the garden; which not being absolutely levell, hath in one part divers hedge-rowes and little arbors, that the unevenness might the lesse appear.

Having thus laid his designe, he came, as I have already told you, to *Colonia*, at a time when he knew *Colaine* was not there, and that his Sister was at *Rome* with her Mother, who was yet alive. But to do his business the more easily, he had brought with him one of those Ladders, which fallen on a wall as soon as they touch it, and had so well provided for all things that might contribute to his entrance into the garden, where they said *Lucresia* came every day, especially in the evenings, that he doubted not a successfull issue of his enterprize. For he knew that the walls of *Colaine's* Garden were in a lone street, through which none passed after it was once night. It is true he had some reason to feare any one came along with *Lucresia*; but he had been so perswaded that she was alwayes alone, that, considering the desire he had to see her, this difficulty signified nothing with him. He had also this advantage, that he feared not to be seen from the house, though it were built towards the garden, because that uneven corner which I mentioned, was taken up by two or three large Arbours. For in fine, not to trouble you with so many inconsiderable circumstances, which you may easily suppose, you are to know that *Brutus*, not debating his resolution any longer, undertook by this course to see *Lucresia*; besides that having the reputation of stupidity, & being withall of some kin to *Colaine*, though he were found in the garden, it would have passed for a little extravagance of a man whom many believed to be quite out of his wits, by which means *Lucresia* should feare neither the jealousy of her Husband, nor censure of the world. *Brutus* therefore came thither one evening, attended only by his slave, whom he appointed to wait him on the out-side of the garden-wall; and he was so fortunate, that as soon as he was gotten downe into the garden, and hid himselfe in one of the little Arbours, he by the sight of the moone sees *Lucresia* beginning her walk, having forbidden her women to follow her, and left them sitting in a little Lodge at the Garden-doore. 'Tis true, he was somewhat troubled

troubled to see that in a quarter of an hour time she came not to that place where he was, nor could he go where she was, without being seen by those women who sat in the Lodge. But at last *Lucretia* in her solitary humour seeking obscurity, quitted the plains part of the garden, and passing along a thick hedge-row, came to that arbour where *Brutus* was; who fearing that if he were perceived before she were come quite to the place, she might call her women, hid himself to give her way to come in. She was no sooner in, but sitting down she fetched a deep sigh, and then with such an accent of anguish, that *Brutus* was extremely moved at it, and transported with love, without any further hesitation, Ah, I beseech you Madam, said he, casting himself on his knees before her, tell me whether the unfortunate *Brutus* be anything concerned in the sigh he hath now heard; and if he be, permit him to return you sigh for sigh, till he expire at your feet, and assure you dying, that there never was any servant more amorous nor more faithfull, than he whom you have with so much cruelty forsaken. *Lucretia* was so surpris'd to hear *Brutus* speak, and to see him in the posture he was in, that she was not able to expresse her astonishment by any crying out: on the contrary she was seiz'd by a most piercing grief, and continued a while unable to speak. Yet thrusting him from her with her left hand, she made a sign to him with her right, that he should be gone, and that he was to blame for what he had done. No no, Madam, said *Brutus* to her, you need not thrust me away, since I am come for no other end, than to know from your own mouth the cause of my misfortune. And I beseech you, said *Lucretia* to him, going to rise, have you as great a care of my reputation as I have had of your life, and expose me not to a suspicion of having spoken to a man, at such a time and place as this. The place where you are, reply'd he, is so farre from that where you have left your women, that they can neither see me, nor hear me; nay they cannot come towards this place but you must see them, and you further know, your reputation can receive no prejudice from the stupid *Brutus*, and that the *Brutus*, whom you are acquainted with, hath no designs against your innocence. Permit therefore Madam, that I ask you what I would faine be satisfied in; for if I were sure to be discovered, I should not begone, since it is certain I cannot injure you. But have I not forbidden you to see me, reply'd she? But am I obliged, reply'd he, to obey a person who hath taken her heart out of my hands, to bestow it on my Rivall? Ah *Brutus*, reply'd *Lucretia* relenting, I were more happy, and, it may be, more innocent than I am, if either I had done it, or could yet do it: yet raise no advantage to your selfe of what I tell you, for I assure you, you will be never the more happy for it. Nor shall I satisfie you so far, continued this illustrious Lady, as to particularize my misfortune, lest that by justifying my selfe to your apprehension, and acquainting you how much I have obliged you, and the true state of my soule, I should engage you to love me as you have formerly. How Madam, interrupted he, can you suffer me to be ignorant of what you thought, while you made me the most unfortunate Lover that ever was? Can you wish I should not know what might be the pretence or excuse of your small proceedings? Can you desire I should be utterly ignorant of what is done in your heart? Ah Madam, if it be so, I must think you never loved the unfortunate *Brutus*, nor ought he to love you, though he were in a condition to dispose of his own thoughts. But alas, be in fear from it, for he loves you and adores you, notwithstanding all your infidelity. Ah, I beseech you reply'd *Lucretia*, secure me not of infidelity & be satisfied that I am so generous as not to accuse you as cause of all the misfortune of my life, since that it is upon your account that I am wife to *Collinus*. Upon mine Madam, reply'd *Brutus*: It is certain, reply'd *Lucretia* sighing; and since you are so desirous to know the true cause of your misfortune and mine, you shall have it: Whereupon *Lucretia* told him how she lost that small Letter, which her Father had found: which Letter she aggravated to with words so smartly expressing the condition she was in when *Lucretia* would oblige her to discover who writ it, or to marry *Collinus*, that she was extremely moved with it, especially when she fully conceived him, that the fears of bairding her own reputation, and principally that of exposing the life of such a man as he was to the cruelty of *Levinus*, had obliged her to submit to her.

ther. Consider now (added she after she had ended her relation) whether I have loved you faithfully; and whether I deserve to be thought inconstant. However it be continued this virtuous Female, as my love to you hath been always innocent, and that I can love you no longer, since I am *Collatine's*; I must, though I die for it, resolve never to see you more. For this reason is it also that I am resolved not to see any, but shall lead a life so solitary, that though you should be so unjust as to persist in your love, you shall never have any opportunity to let me know of it. Nay I will so carry my self towards *Collatine*, that I hope, expecting my melancholy, he shall have nothing to object to me. Yet can I not but acknowledge, that the aversion I have for him will last as long as I live: but after all, since a consideration of honour hath prevailed with you to conceal your reason for so many yeares, I must needs think my self obliged by a like motive, to conceal the aversion I have for a Husband, and the affection I have for a Lover. Ah Madam, it is much easier to conceal ones Reason than ones Love, and if you ever had any for the unfortunate *Brutus*, you would rather have permitted him to die a thousand times, than forsake him. For, Madam, do you consider the sad condition I am in? Another Lover would finde a hundred comforts in such a misfortune as this; he would betray your inconstancy to all the world by his complaints; he might revenge himselfe by pretending to some other affection, and he might haply be recovered of his misery by such a remedy, or at least would be the better enabled to beare the ill success of his love through the consolations of his friends: But for my part, Madam, who am the unhappy man that all the world shuns; and no body knows, I am not capable of any comfort. You were to me all the world; I found in you a Friend & a Mistress; I found in you all pleasure and all glory; and I imagined my self so happy when I had but one minutes private discourse with you, that I would not have changed fortunes with the most fortunate Monarch in the world. I was somewhat pleased with my self, that my understanding was onely at your service, and for your sake; you were absolute Mistress of my will; you had the same power over my desires; and in fine, you had such a sovereignty over me, that never any Empire was better established than yours. But what said I (resumed he, correcting himselfe) you had? you have the same power still, and it is onely Death that can dissolve it. It is true Madam, how unjust soever you have been in preferring my life before my quiet: I am the same man I was; and it shall be your fault, if I finde not some lenitive in my misfortunes. Ah *Brutus*, replied *Lucretia*, since I have changed my fortune, you must change your judgement. But Madam, said he to her, continually I shall beg nothing of you, that I not so much as tell you that I love you; what matters it to you what is done in my soule? Permit me then to see you sometimes; you know *Collatine* and I are of kindred, that he can never suspect me to be in love with you, and that my palpable stupidity will give me as much freedom any where as I would take. Give me leave to see you, provided I never entertain you with the secret resentment of my heart. No, no, *Brutus*, replied *Lucretia*, I would not you should esteem me less than you have; nor will I ever do any thing which I may object to my self as destructive to true glory: for all considered, to be *Collatine's* Wife, and *Brutus's* Mistress, are two things absolutely incompatible. Ah Madam, replied he, will you then be pleased to become my Friend? I heretofore in the beginning of my loves refused your friendship; but I now beg it, and that with tears. When I proffer'd you my friendship, replied she, I could without any difficulty entertain your love; but alas, *Brutus*, the friendship of a Lover is not to be accepted when a woman is once another mans wife, and hath the least tendernes for her reputation. Resolve therefore not to love me any longer, and that, if I may so say, for my sake, as I have resolved to be unhappy for your sake; and that you may be assured, I do all I can, and haply more than I ought, I permit you to believe, that I shall grieve for you while I live. On the other side, feare not I shall ever discover your secret: for though you cannot in any likelihood destroy *Tarquin*, but you must with all give check to the fortune of that Family, into which I am entered, I shall say nothing to your charge while you meddle not with *Collatine's* person. Not but that if you conceive I speak for my own interest, I should advise you to forsake Rome; to see
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your reason at liberty, to go and live at *Mitapon*, where you have friends of both sexes, and where you may be cured of what passion your soul is sick of. For in all likelihood Vice will ever triumph over Virtue, *Brutus* will be always miserable, and *Tarquius* always happy. How, Madam, replied the unfortunate Lover, you would have me forsake *Rome*, quit the design of revenging my self, and delivering my Country, but for no other end than that I might be the farther from you. Ah Madam, I neither can do it, nor ought; and if Death do not deliver you from my presence, you shall never be delivered from it. I shall be delivered from it, replied she, if I reside constantly at *Collatia*, whither you will have no pretence to come; and though *Collatinus* himself should command me to see you, I would intreat him to pardon my disobedience: and this pretended stupidity which heretofore furnished me with a pretence to see you, shall henceforward be my excuse not to see you again; but I shall think my self the more obliged, if without any further dispute you obey the command I lay on you, not to endeavour it. But is it possible, replied *Brutus*, that my sight is become so insupportable to you, and that having expressed so much goodness as to let me believe that I might be the object of all your happiness. I am now thought the only cause of your misfortune? For I tell you once more, Madam, that if you will be pleased to be my Friend, I shall not think my self absolutely miserable: and if I ever forget my self so far as to speak any thing to you whence you might gather I would be treated in the quality of a Lover, I give you leave to acquaint *Tarquius* that I am a dangerous Conspirator, and deserve death: But do you think, replied she, that when I lost you, I withall lost all reason, and that I can be persuaded that Love may be turned into Friendship, or Friendship into Love, when one pleases? If it be so in your heart, added she, you never knew any true passion; and I should punish you for your dissimulation past with eternal banishment. One might indeed in a short time pass from Love to Hatred; one may sometimes pass from Love to Indifference, and it is not impossible to ascend from Friendship to Love; but to descend from Love to Friendship, is that I cannot comprehend: how it may be done. I could believe, added she, there may be some Husbands, who having been infinitely indulgent of their Wives, are after a long time cooled, so as to have only an indifferent affection for them, which may be called Friendship: but for a Lover to become a Friend, is a thing I conceive impossible; and shall never believe. Perish not therefore in the proffers of your friendship, or the desire of mine; for since Fortune hath been pleased to cross the innocence of our affection, I will see you no more, and I profess to you, I shall hate you, if you continue to persuade me to a thing which I believe inconsistent with my duty. For in fine, *Brutus*, you but too well know that I have loved you, and you haply imagine that I shall love you as long as I live, therefore our conversation can be no longer innocent: one look of yours raises a controversy in my soul; I must not any longer trust either you or my self in such a case as this; and I have already spent too much time with you, in debating a thing already resolved. Go your way therefore, *Brutus*, go, the unfortunate *Lucretia* commands you; be careful of the life she hath preserved you, and remember sometimes, that it hath cost her all the happiness she could expect. But hold, added she, rising from her seat, think on nothing that concerns me: for if I thought you remembered it, I could not haply forget you. How, Madam, tries out *Brutus*, you cannot but remember me, and can you imagine I should obey you, when you command me to forget *Lucretia*? No no, Madam, abuse not your self, it is only death can raze you out of my heart; and if the despair that hovers about my soul were not kept off by the love I bear you, my hand should soon rid *Tarquius* of an Enemy, and *Lucretia* of a Lover. But Madam, since that if I lost my life I should cease to love you, if excess of grief take it not away, I shall not, which I do not but out of a pure consideration of love, since, as you may easily imagine, Madam, I must expect to live the most miserable of any man in the world, which can afford nothing more insupportable, than for a man to see his Enemy in the Throne, and his Mistress in the embraces of his Rivall. For, all considered, Madam, I consent with you, that Love can never be remitted into Friendship, and when I begged the quality of your Friend, I

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only meant to tell you, that I should never ask any thing of you but what a virtuous friend might desire of a virtuous woman. Assure your self therefore, Madam, that I shall love you to the last gasp, and that I shall love you so intirely, as never any man did the like. But in requital, Madam, added he, promise me that you will not make it your business to hate me; for I had rather be deprived of your sight, than that you should not promise to love me always. Ah *Brutus*, neither can nor must promise you any thing, replied she; in the mean time, I must leave you, & be gone, for I see one of my women coming to tell me that it is time to retire; and indeed *Brutus* turning his head, saw a woman-slave who was come half wayes the Garden, and made directly towards the place where he was. This put him into a strange disturbance, for he thought he had a thousand things more to say; nay he imagined that if he had said them, they would have moved *Lucretia*; but if he should have offered to detain her by force, she would have taken it in much displeasure. He therefore submissively took her by the garment, and would, out of an amorous transport, have kissed her hand, and intreated her to favour him for one minute more: but this virtuous woman, troubled at her very soule for him, certainly did her selfe a strange violence in refusing him what he so passionately begged. So that commanding him absolutely to let her go, and doing it as one who expected obedience, he in effect obeyed her: he dismissed the hand and garment of this afflicted Beauty; and he had this comfort at least, to perceive she thought well of his respect and obedience. For having gone as far as the entrance of the Arbor, where this discourse passed, she turned to him, bursting forth into teares, and reaching to him the same hand which she had taken from between his, Farewell *Brutus*, said she to him, might it please the Gods that the innocency of our affection would permit me to think on you, and that you might also think of me. At these words *Brutus* taking her by the hand she presented to him, kissed it with such a transport of love, that if she had not drawn it back with some violence, he had not soon dismissed it. But this slave, who was come to tell *Lucretia* that it was about the time she used to retire, was so near, that he was forced out of a consideration of respect, to withdraw himselfe without answering the last words *Lucretia* had said to him. When she was departed, he looked on her through the leaves as long as he could, but saw she had let down her veyle, which he conceived was to hide her teares from the slave that followed her. He also observed, that she twice turned her head towards the place where she had left him, as also that she went from him very slowly; for though he was in an unconceivable despaire, yet the excess of his love quickened his apprehension of any thing related to his passion, but to any thing else was insensible.

Lucretia and her woman being gotten into the House, and having locked the lodge-doors that went into the Garden, though he knew not well what he thought on, yet could he not resolve to be gone. For observing a greater light in one part of the house than in any other, he concluded it was *Lucretia's* chamber, and looking on the Windowes, he had such a disturbance and confusion in his thoughts, that it were impossible to expresse them. He found indeed some ease in seating himself in the place where that Beauty had sat, and in that posture he intertained his love and his affliction till the break of day, not thinking of the Slave who knew his designs, and waited for him without the Garden. But at last the Cock crowing acquainting him what time it was, he went out as he came in, and repaired to the house where he had taken up his secret Quarters.

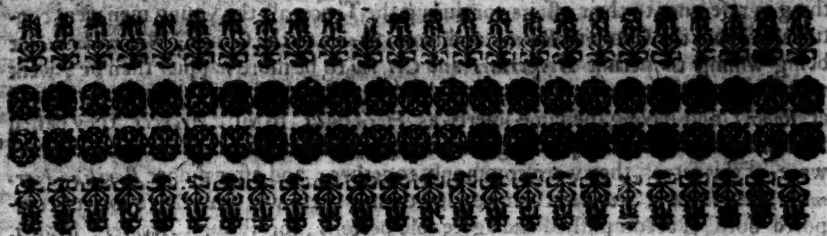
In the mean time, as *Hope* is such a Montebank in Love, as instead of one real pleasure, entertaines us with a hundred imaginary, he was really perswaded he might see *Lucretia* in the same manner another night: but though he came to the same place, he met with her not; for this virtuous woman conceiving he might come againe, went thither no more. So that *Brutus* not thinking it safe to stay any longer in that place, whither *Collatine* came the next day, returned to *Rome* exceedingly grieved: for *Lucretia's* vertue rendering her more amiable than she were otherwise, it made him the more unfortunate. Not long after he was told that *Lucretia* had perswaded *Collatine* to make the walls of his garden somewhat higher, though it much

much prejudiced the prospect from the house, which he might easily apprehend onely for his sake. This neverlesse discouraged him not, for having a heart great as his love, he omitted no artifice or opportunity from the time that *Lucretia* was married, to speak with, or send Letters to her, or to oblige her to permit *Hermilia* or *Valeria* to speak to her of him; or to procure the favour that he might see her in some place, though he spoke not to her. He also, notwithstanding the hatred he had for *Collatine*, made frequent visits to him, in hope of some occasion thereby to see *Lucretia*: but all these contrivances and designs amounted to nothing, *Lucretia* leading a life so solitary, and disengaged from the disturbances of the World, that I think there never was woman gave higher expressions of a great virtue than she did. For it is out of all controversie, that never Wife lived better with a Husband than she did with *Collatine*, though she had an aversion for him; nor did ever Mistressse expresse such a constant rigour and severity towards a servant, though she had a tender affection for *Brutus*. Thus was *Brutus* extremely taken with her virtue, and fearing that disconsolate solitude might shorten her life, he sent her word by *Valeria*, that he had so great an esteem for her, as, to break her from that reserved carriage, he would make it his main business to avoid her, that so she might quit that melancholy course of life; conceiving his misfortune would be the lesse, if he were alone unfortunate. But she would not be perswaded, nay would not so much as return *Brutus* thanks for his compliances and respect. However, I dare assure you he was never in his life so deeply in love with this admirable woman as he is at this present; nay I may presume to tell you, that the love he beares *Lucretia* is greater than the hatred he hath for *Tarquini*: but his love is upon the hardest condition that love can be capable of, since it admits no Hope, nor the sight of its object. All the comfort therefore that he hath, is, what consists in the hope of satisfying that just hatred he hath for *Tarquin*, since he can now pretend nothing to *Lucretia*.

Herminius having left off speaking, *Aronces* thanked him for the excellent entertainment of so pleasant a relation: and *Amilcar* expressed himselfe so well satisfied with it, that if he could have resolved to be constant, he would have wished himselfe *Brutus*, as unfortunate as he was, looking on his History as a thing extraordinary, though it was not furnished with those heroick adventures which raise the admiration of those that heare them. But to make some advantage to your selfe of the acquaintance I have made you with *Brutus*, replied *Herminius*, speaking to *Aronces*, acknowledge that you are neither the most unfortunate Lover, nor the most unfortunate man in the world: for certainly *Brutus* being now past all hope, and leading such a life as he does, is a thousand times more miserable than you are. Ah *Herminius*, cryed out *Aronces*, I am not of your opinion: but account my selfe much more unhappy, in that I have to feare *Clelia's* death, than *Brutus* is to see *Lucretia* in the arms of *Collatine*. But my Lord, the misfortune you feare, replied *Amilcar*, it may be, will not come to passe, and so your feare is of a disaster that is uncertain; but for *Brutus* he is past the feare of a mishap, he undergoes it, and that without any hope of seeing any end of his suffering. He hath yet this comfort, replied *Aronces*, to know that *Lucretia* cannot suffer any thing but what the affection she hath for him, imposes on her; but for what concerns me, I see *Clelia* exposed to the violence of a Tyrant, whether he love her or hate her: nor can I yet perceive by what means I can deliver her: nor who will deliver my selfe. It being by this time very late, *Herminius* and *Amilcar* retired, and left this illustrious Lover at liberty, to compare his misfortunes with those of the illustrious *Brutus*.

The end of the first Book of the second Part.

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CLELIA.

Second Part.

Book. II.



AS no part of the life of *Brutus* was reserv'd from *Aronces*, he went the next day to his Chamber, imagining he might receive some delight by discoursing with an unhappy lover, whose misfortunes parallel'd his; and these two illustrious lovers did at first so Sympathize, and love so united both their hearts, that though they were both miserable, and that their discourse contained nothing but Melancholy subjects, yet a delightful pleasingness did at this time dispel those dull fumes which clouded their Intellectual faculties: but whilst they did as it were thus sport away the tedious hours, and that *Herminius* endeavour'd by the assistance of his friends, both to prosecute his passion, prejudice *Tarquin*, and serve *Aronces*, the discreet *Amilcar* acted for *Aronces* against *Tarquin*, for *Clelia* and *Plutina*, and all the other captives, and endeavour'd likewise to engage the fierce *Tullia* to deliver all those Prisoners, principally those to whom he was obliged both by friendship and inclination; he wrote to *Tarquin*, to the Prince *Sexius* to *Artemidorus*, and *Zenocrates*: Yet had he time to compose several things, which are usually made but in a pleasing idleness; for *Herminius* and he made each of them a short song, according to the *African* custome: they had a certain gallant air, which contained both ingenuity and love, pleasure and rapellery, they using both simple and natural expressions, and it seems that they intended but to trifle time in making these songs, and that 'twas not impossible others fancies should concur with theirs. In the mean time, as they had sent to the Camp for *Clelia* and

and *Zenocrates*; they came to *Rome*, but could not inform them of any considerable thing in reference to their affairs; for during the Truce, all the young men went continually from the Camp to *Rome*, and from *Rome* to the Camp; *Artemidorus* not being willing to permit *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* to be more happy than he, went with them to his *Aranea*, whom he highly esteem'd; and these three being arrived at *Rome*, and having the same liberty as *Hermimus*, to visit *Aranea*, they passed some days in a society pleasing to unhappy persons; For as these new Commers were of this secret, they were commonly together; and after dinner *Rutilia*, *Familia*, *Valeria*, and *Sivilla* accompanying them, there was doubtless a society composed both of accomplished and agreeable persons; for though *Aranea*, *Brutus*, *Amilcar*, *Hermimus*, and *Celeres* were men of known integrity, 'tis certain that *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates* had extraordinary merit; *Artemidorus* was well made, he had a judging Spirit, and a grandeur in his Soul; but he so equally possessed all good qualities, that though he was a compleat man, he was just one of those which make a particular character, and which resemble not any person, though many would willingly resemble him; for *Zenocrates* he was tall, of a fair proportion, and good deportment, white teeth, a lively mien, brown hairs, a most agreeable smiling, and a pleasant countenance which gave delight to all; but he had a certain languishing indifferency to which his temper carry'd him; it gave him sometimes a stupidity of Spirit, which made him appear as if he were in an idle dotage, and oblig'd him to keep in certain occasions a kind of a melancholy silence, that he could not suffer without some slight reluctance, when he knew he might if he would speak more agreeably than the most part of those to whom he gave such a peaceable audience: but for all this amiable dulness, the gallantry of his Spirit and ingenuity appear'd when he writ either in Verse or Prose; and I can assure you, that if he had an heart more susceptible of loves impression, it had been very fit to make illustrious conquests: for *Zenocrates* was (as I have already told you) fair, and of a good deportment, he had much Spirit, he was both discreet and wise, he had a charming affability; all his inclinations were noble, he was modest, respectful, and faithful to his friends; but a languishing melancholy so possess'd his Spirit, that though he was an accomplished gallant, he could not affect any one person, though adorned with all the excelling features, had he been assur'd of a correspondency in love; so much did he fear dangerous enterprizes. He had beginnings in love, which should have had continuance; but the fire which flamed in the morning, extinguish'd in the evening. I know not how he could make an opiniative lover, for the society would have hinder'd the augmentation of his passions, the great difficulty would have rebated his Spirit, and the only thought of a long constancy, would have much perplexed him; he had no desire to engage himself to love a person with was not above him, neither would he resolve with himself to love one of that quality, if fortune had forc'd him to do it; so little he affect'd to enterprize difficult things: Had he likewise pass'd the commonments of his life without having any of those Demy-Mistresses, that are loved without inquietude that are willingly left on the first occasion that presents. 'Tis not but confessed, that he had been in love, and he might be again: But those which are intelligent in tenderness, believe not that he was capable of any great attachment; and though he was accus'd of some temerity and Inconstancy in love, he was known to be very sincere and agreeable in friendship; and he was so amiable, and merited such estimation, that he would not be known without esteem and love. *Artemidorus* and he being then join'd with their illustrious friends, this society had been full of delectation, if those which compos'd it had been more happy; there was during this time a small cessation in the distemper of *Aranea*, which deferr'd the Voyage *Clelia* and *Zenocrates* had resolv'd on; *Amilcar* having acquainted this unhappy Prince, that he had conferr'd with *Tullia*, that he was the confident of her jealousy, and that he did not despair but he should oblige her to deliver *Clelia*; and farther told him, that this cruel person had promis'd him to suborn him which kept her, and that on his part he was engag'd to carry this fair Virgin into *Africa*, and not let her return from thence; he knew moreover that those of *Ardea*, which negotiated with

Tarquin, demanded above all things, the rendition of the Captives; and it might be if *Tarquin* should refuse to do it, he would exasperate the people and the Soldiers, which might justly murmur, to see that he had rather continue the War, then to accord a thing of so little consequence; and that by this means it would be possible to excite some commotion in *Rome*, and the Camp where they should have need of two men as valiant as *Anterates* and *Celeres*. Thus their departure being deferred, and hope having taken possession of the heart of *Anterates*, the conversation became a little more delightful. But there hapned an accident which gave some disturbance to this favorable disposition; for as things were reduced to this estate, unknown persons enterprised one night to take away *Clelia*, they fastning scaling Ladders to the Windows of her Chamber, some of the Guards their confederates having given them admission at one of the Garden gates; 'tis true, they were constrain'd to retire, because he to whom *Tarquin* had confided the keeping of *Clelia*, hearing some noise, awaked, and went with a party of his Companions to the same Garden, where they found a man of a good presence, at the head of 10 or 12 others, whilst two resolute Soldiers ascended those two Ladders they had put against the Windows of *Clelia*'s Chamber, who was then in a strange perplexity; for she did not know whether those that endeavour'd to open her Windows, were friends or enemies; she saw no likelihood that this enterprize was made by *Anterates*, since *Anterates* who had the liberty to see her, had not advertised her of it, so that she imagined there was more probability to think it was the Cruel *Tullia*, who would have her in her power; but this imagination soon vanished: for how valiant soever he was which had undertaken this enterprize, he must yeild to numbers for those whom he had left to secure the Garden gate by which he entered, being disarmed, and the gate shut upon him; there was no other resolution for him to take, then to render himself, or dye like a desperate person: And as the State of his soul permitted him not the hope to live happy, he chose the last, and acted such prodigious things, that *Clelia* and *Plotina* who were now drest, and who beheld that which passed in the Garden (by *Cynthia*'s beams which illuminated it) had compassion to see a valiant man reduced to such a condition, whose visage they could not discern, *Clelia* fearing he (that so valiantly defended himself) might be *Anterates*, and desiring rather to expose her self to save the life of a valiant Enemy, then let a faithful lover perish, she cryed to him who kept her, that he should not kill one deserted by his men, for there remain'd now none but himself to oppose so many adversaries; the joyce of *Clelia* perswading him to whom she spoke that it may be she knew who that unknown was, who so resolutely defended himself, and believing he should render a great service to *Tarquin* to take him Prisoner, he commanded his men to endeavour it, but not kill him; and this brave stranger who had heard what *Clelia* said, turning his head to see her, three of those which environ'd him spying this advantage, cast themselves upon him, seiz'd his sword, and took it from him, though he made terrible efforts to hinder them; 'tis not deny'd but he was dangerously wounded in divers places, but being resolved to sacrifice his life (since his enterprize was destroyed) he acted the part of a desperate man; but he was now compelled to yeild to number, and submit himself to the conduct of them who had disarm'd him; his strength being so decayed by his losse of blood, that his feeble limbs could scarce support him. In the mean time as this news was divulg'd, all the palace were alarm'd; the cruel *Tullia* being advertised of it, and Jealousie having wholly possessed her spirit, she was more irritated against him which hinder'd *Clelia* from being taken away, then against him which endeavour'd to do it; she would have known his name, but no person could tell it her, neither would he acquaint her with it; *Tullia* then demanded if any of his men had surviv'd the Combat, but they answered her, that two of those he had employed in this occasion, and who were hurt as well as he, knew not themselves, or at least wist feign'd not to know it; this giving no satisfaction to *Tullia*'s curiosity, she sent for *Anterates*, to endeavour to discover if this unknown had attempted this enterprize for *Anterates*; and he which had the keeping of *Clelia*, sent to advise *Tarquin* what was passed: there was such a great noise dispersed of it throughout *Rome*,

that *Arondes* had quickly notice of it, but very confusedly; for some said *Tullius* had plotted it, desiring to have the prisoners, at her dispose; others that *Tarquinius* had contriv'd it, to have them in his power without angering *Tullia*; and that his design had proved ineffectual, through the inconsideration of those to whose confidence it was committed; some said it was *Arondes*, others 'twas *Horatius*; and so many various relations were formed according to the capricious humour of those which reported them, that 'twas impossible to ground therein any real conjecture: *Arondes* hearing these several reports by *Brutus*, *Artemidorus*, *Democritus* &c. *Clelia* was much surprised to know how he should comprehend the reality of this adventure. *Horatius* assured him there was no appearance that *Horatius* had left *Ardea*; & it could not be *Tullia*, because she at this time employed *Amilcar* on the same designe: there was no reason to imagine it was *Tarquinius*, for he knew better how to carry on his enterprises. *Arondes* could not then tell what to think, for the more he considered still, what his imagination proposed to him, he conceiv'd far from the truth; but as he believ'd that as the Prince *Sextus* had a violent Inclination for *Clelia*, before he was captivated, with *Luceria* her beauty; and that he was unjust and violent in his passions, he had attempted to steal away this fair person, both from him and *Tullia*; finding more true semblance in this opinion, then all those he had premis'd, he fixt his thoughts here; and was so overcome with grief, that he design'd to revenge *Clelia* for that violence which was offer'd her, and to seek all means to assault *Sextus*; he having need of no assistance both to vanquish and punish him; but after he had contriv'd this revenge, he saw *Amilcar* enter, and not doubting but he was of the same opinion, he went to him and said, tell me my dear *Amilcar*; do you yet believe that *Sextus* is more amorous of *Luceria*, then *Clelia*, since the last night's adventures? I assure you replied *Amilcar*, *Sextus* hath no hand in it, for I come from being *Tullia's* Agent so discovering who hath made this attempt; and from speaking to him who hath so courageously expos'd his life in this dangerous occasion. What replied *Arondes*, have you then seen him which hath so valiantly defended himself? Yes, replied *Amilcar*, I have seen him, and seeing him, I see what fortune hath given you none but illustrious Rivals. Is the report then true that 'tis *Horatius*? replied *Arondes*: No, replied *Amilcar*; but not to hold you in suspense, it is the Prince of *Numidia* who hath performed this grand action. What served *Arondes*, is it *Maharbal*, which would once more take away *Clelia*? he had no such thought (replied *Amilcar*) for he protests he pretended no other thing then to free her from the cruelty of *Tarquinius*, and to remit her into the hands of *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, whom he assures me are nigh *Rome*. By your favour *Amilcar* said *Arondes* to him, tell me all you know of this adventure, and how you knew it. Since you will be inform'd in all particulars, replied *Amilcar* I must tell you that *Tullia* sent for me, that I obeyed her orders, and I found such a fury seated on her countenance, that it almost struck me into a palsy; at first she accus'd me to be one of the confederates in the last night's enterprise; but I gave her such solid and satisfactory reasons to excuse my self, that as she is endow'd with all the advantages of a grand Spirit, she imagined I was too real to conspire with her, and not knowing what to think, she sent me to him who appeared to be the chief conductor of this enterprise; but I confess I was astonished when I knew the Prince of *Numidia* had acted it, as he was almost buried in grief, and very much hurt; he did not so much as cast his eyes upon me when I approached him. No sooner did he hear my voice, but he turned his head; and extending his hand towards me, I though said he to me you have been always my Rivals friend, yet I am glad to see you, to tell you, before I expire, that I dye with a strange regret not to have had so much affection to him, as to yield him *Clelia* without repugnance; or have been much to dispute her with him; and assure him if you ever see him, that I pretended no other advantage in delivering *Clelia*, then to give her liberty, and render her to *Clelius* and *Sulpicia*, who are not far distant from *Rome*; and are at this time at ---- As he desired to pronounce the name of the place where they resided, his strength fail'd; and though we apply'd all remedies to recover him, there was a full hour elapsed before the expiration of this fit; but though his fainting

Spirits

spirits were recovered, he was yet deprived of reason; for since that he knew not what he had told me, and I could not demand of him where were *Clelia* and *Sulpicia*, and seeing he had lost the use of reason, I conceived it would be dangerous to acquaint me with it before so many persons, and though the Prince of *Numidia* be your Rival, I should incur much blame, if I should let him be treated with severity, and not disclose his quality both to *Tullia* and *Tarquin*, to whom they have sent an expresse to inform him of the precedent accidents, and discovering it was the Prince of *Numidia* which would have deliver'd *Clelia*: I shall hinder you from being thought conscious of it, and clear my self from all suspicion. I would do the same (replied *Aronces*) were I in your condition, but I am much afflicted for I fear, and not without cause, that this accident will confine *Clelia* to a closer imprisonment, and that your design will not take effect.

As 'tis by *Tullia's* means I hope to procure her liberty (answered *Amilcar*) this accident will not destroy our intentions; but will, as I conceive, much conduce to the surberance of them; for *Clelia's* Keeper having retained her with so much circumspection, hath acquired such credit of *Tarquin* by frustrating this design, that if *Tullia* suborns him, as she hath promised, it will facilitate her escape; but in the mean time we must arm our selves with patience, as there appeared some probability of truth in this conjectural opinion of *Amilcar*, and that lovers usually catch at any shadowy glimpse of hope, though grounded on uncertainties; yet a dull melancholy eclipsed the countenance of *Aronces*; *Amilcar* demanding from whence it proceeded? He confessed he would admit of no consolation, whilst any of his Rivals pretended affection to *Clelia*; the Gods know, said he, that I am not capable of envy, and that I do not emulate the glory of any one; but when it reflects on my Passion, I cannot confine my grief, especially when I see a Rival endow'd with excellent qualities, expose his life for the safety of a person I love, whom she beheld with her own eyes to contend for her liberty; and 'tis impossible being as generous as she is, she should requite with ingratitude the curtesie of *Mahrbal*. Oh Sir (replied *Amilcar*) it is not so, for I have seen *Clelia*, I have told her his name whom she saw so courageously defend himself, but far from retaliating any affection to him; she believes that taking her from the power of *Tarquin*, he had the same thoughts as heretofore, when he would have taken her from *Horatius*, when he fought with him on the *Thrasimenean* Lake; and this delicatess of love which you resist, gives you grief built on no rational foundation: What (replied *Aronces*) do you believe I have just complaint to deplore the condition to which fortune had reduced me? what? do you believe I can support a voluntary imprisonment, without some regret not to have power to deliver *Clelia*? Ah *Amilcar* pursued *Aronces*, 'tis certainly little lesse difficult for *Brutus* to draw a Veil of stupidity over his reason, then for me to make use of mine in so strange a manner; for in fine, if I should continually labour for to deliver *Clelia*? if I should every moment expose my life to effect it, I should not suffer lesse then I do, in nothing but reasoning with my friends upon uncertain hopes; but I am very glad to hear that this enterprize proceeded neither from *Tullia's* hate, nor from *Tarquin* or *Sextus* love. For *Sextus*, replied *Amilcar*, cast away fear, for *Artemidorus* hath told me, he is so amorous of *Lucretia*, that he cannot command his Passion; nor can he teach his tongue to bury her in silence.

As this Rival cannot prejudice *Brutus* (replied *Aronces*) I receive extream satisfaction at it; for if he were not his, I am really perswaded he would be mine, which would be dangerous for *Clelia* in this estate. Whilst *Aronces* thus spoke, *Brutus* arriv'd, and a little after *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus*, to whom they confided the whole secret of the intended enterprize, reserving onely *Brutus* his affection for *Lucretia*; and they being ignorant of it, believed there could be nothing more satisfactory to *Aronces*, then to perswade him *Sextus* had deserted *Clelia*, and that he was caught in the snares of *Lucretia's* beauty; but if this discourse pleased *Aronces*, it afflicted *Brutus*, whose heart was at this instant supplied with a new hatred against *Tarquin*, seeing now (as if it were before his eyes) the expiration

of his father and brother, and the total destruction of all his family; all the crimes of the Tyrant and *Tullia* had wholly possessed his thoughts, and *Senius* his love for *Lucretia*, did so discompose the serenity of his temper, that he would not suffer them to make any mention of it; for said he to *Clelia* (who spoke of this Prince's Passion) that *Species* of transportment which seizes *Senius* when his eyes salute a beautiful person cannot be termed love; for if a clear inspection could be made into his heart, there would be found nothing but impetuous desires, which respect neither a becoming grace, nor virtue, there would I say be found an Antipathy between his Passion and Spirit; I am even persuaded he doth not much care to be beloved, and that he would be as content if a woman should offer her self to him, through the consideration of interest and ambition; without resigning her heart, as if she was forced by a violent affection to favour his love; but 'tis otherwise in those which are rightly capable of love, they being not perfectly happy, unless there is a reciprocal affection, and there are none but those which are infected with brutish appetites, who regard not what motive obliges any woman to use them with civility; 'tis true (said *Aronces*) an interested is a superficial favour, and I should have no great obligation to a woman which would rather submit her self to my fortune not affection; but it happens so often (replied *Amilcar*) that those whom fortune favours, merits not to be favoured by themselves, and they would much wrong their judgements to complain that a woman permits their visit, rather through interest than love. I am of your opinion (replied *Arminidorus*) that an interested Lady merits not to have a Lover which considers her through any other cause than his own satisfaction; and *Brutus* hath reason to say that this *Species* of resentment cannot rightly admit the term of love, since 'tis not correspondent; for if we consider well what passes in the hearts of two persons framed after this nature, we shall find avarice in the Ladies, and brutality in the Lovers; that which you say (replies *Brutus*) squares with reason; but I must adde, that a Lover composed of this humour, can neither be faithfull nor happy, for in his heart the end of an irregular desire, is the beginning of another; and since he dis-regards the love of his beloved, he respects nothing but pleasure in the fruition, and is capable of an amorous impression at the sight of any thing which delights his fancy: these brutish Lovers cannot confine themselves in their voluptuary passions; sometimes affecting brown, and sometimes fair persons; and in fine, their affections are in a manner so brutal, that the love of the most savage and cruel Animals, is no less than theirs; therefore I should extreamly commiserate the fair and vertuous *Lucretia*, for having surprized the heart of *Senius*, did not her solitary retirement shelter her from the persecutions of such a Lover: and as *Hermionius* noted the agitation of the spirit of *Brutus*, he diverted the subject of their discourse to the adventure of the Numidian Prince, which was considerable enough to deserve their attentions; for it seem'd very extraordinary that an African Prince should have so much intelligence in *Rome* as to enterprize to take *Clelia* from the Palace of such a Prince as *Tarquin*. And passing from one thing to another, they had a desire to pre-divine the actions of this violent Prince, when he should have notice of this accident; some said he would be transported to the ultimate extremity against the Numidian Prince; others that for his own interest he would consider the quality of *Maharbal*; some said he would poison him; but *Aronces* who was wholly composed of generosity, and whose heart was sensible of compassion since the last conference with this illustrious Rival; and since he left a Letter at his departure from the Willow Island, intreated *Amilcar* to reverse, by his sedulous indeavours any cruel sentence should be decreed against him; and *Amilcar* so flattered *Tullia's* humour, and wrote such a judicious Letter to *Tarquin*, that the storm of anger soon vanished, which threatened the destruction of the Numidian Prince; and what they decanted upon, proved but airy imaginations; 'tis true his wounds were dangerous, and his death almost inevitable, his Fever augmented, his reason was not yet remitted to its proper seat, and those which dress him much feared his Recovery; so that we may very well say his deplorable condition was some means to secure his life. 'Twas most

remarkable

remarkable in this encounter, that *Tarquin* learning the Quality of the Numidian Prince, conceived his love for *Clelia* incited him to steal her away, he not being ignorant that *Clelia* a long time resided at *Carthage*, imagining then *Clelia* more amiable since she had attracted such illustrious persons, he felt a reduplication of love in his heart, and the cognizance he had to have found a new Rival, renewed his affection, if I may use that term, he had even some joy to think that wheresoever *Aroneus* was, he would have some despight against the Numidian Prince for endeavouring to deliver *Clelia*; and his thoughts were consonant with those of a violent Prince, though love had never been the prevailing passion; he gave order to redouble the Guards of *Clelia*, and confirmed an ampler Commission to him who commanded them, which was very satisfactory to *Aroneus*, because that *Amilcar*, assuring him that *Tullia* was persuaded she should gain him, he might hope suddenly to effect *Clelia*'s liberty; he knew likewise that those of *Ardea* obstinately persisted in requesting *Tarquin* to deliver the Captives before the commencement of the Treaty, and that the people began to murmur at *Rome*, as well as the Souldiers in the Camp, because *Tarquin* denied their proposition.

These things put such a favourable disposition in the spirit of *Aroneus*, and all his friends, that they found themselves capable to enjoy all the sweetness hope gives them, who passionately desire any thing; for there is a hope or revenge as well as a hope to possess a Mistress; those which had no effective interest in this place, were at last interested in their friends behalf; as for *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus*, 'twas friendship which confin'd them to this place; but for *Brutus* and *Hermilia*, they had both many interests to induce them to reside here, their friends, their love, and their Country; and things being now reduced to a better estate than they had seen them long before, they were partakers of the same hope; 'tis not that *Brutus* expected any thing on *Lucretia*'s part which might advantage him, but at least he imagined, if he destroyed *Tarquin*, he should likewise destroy *Sextus*; so that a jealous resentment exciting in him a desire of revenge, it seemed to him he could no less act against *Tarquin* in quality of a Lover, than of a true Roman. Hope thus finding entertainement in the hearts of so many discreet persons, their conversations was very agreeable, when they conversed at night to render an account what they had learned concerning their common interests; it often hapned that *Raetia*, *Hermilia*, and *Valeria* were there; for *Vilinius* permitted his daughter to remain sometimes two or three dayes with *Hermilia*, who was become her chiefest friend since the solitude of *Lucretia*; for *Clelia*, she had likewise her part in the repose of others, *Amilcar* acquainting her with the hope she had, giving her news of *Aroneus*; and assuring her according to the information of the Numidian Prince, that *Clelia* and *Sulcia* were not far from *Rome*, and *Plotina* fitted her humour with such Scenes of mirth, that they at this time chat'd away those melancholy thoughts condens'd by the contemplation of her misfortunes; there were likewise other happy Lovers, for the Prince of *Pometia* knew he might claim affection in *Hermilia*'s heart, who thinking all those which assembled at her Aunts house, contriv'd nothing but how to compass *Clelia*'s liberty, remained satisfied to have acquired the affection of one of the most virtuous Princes. *Titus* on his part had received such demonstrations of love from *Collatina*, that he was glad the time gave him occasion to repay a visit to his Mistress; the most unhappy were *Artemidorus* and *Zenocrates*, who had both assuredly interests without *Rome*. 'Tis true the last not being of a humour to send his heart and spirit where he was not, had more tranquility then the other. *Amilcar* one evening noting that *Brutus* had brought them into *Hermilia*'s Chamber, she keeping it by reason of some indisposition, and with whom *Valeria* was then demanded of him, if the serenity of his spirit proceeded from his fortune or temperament, and of *Artemidorus* if his anxiety was an effect of his misfortune, or the melancholy of his humour, as to *Zenocrates* (replied *Artemidorus*) I can onely answer you for him, that he makes his own tranquility; and I can answer you for *Artemidorus* (replied *Zenocrates*) that the sensibility of his heart acts as much against him as his evil fortune; if those

who give us audience were informed in our lives (replied *Artemidorus*) they could perhaps confesse that my sensibility is more excusable then sometimes your indifference; for you know absence (which is a great disease in love) is not a very sensible malady in you, but on the contrary, cures you of many others; in truth replied *Zenocrates* smiling, which added a grace to his expression, you tax me with an unjust reproach; I confesse sometimes I do not remember those persons I see not, but I protest unto you, as soon as my memorative faculty represents them to me, they command the same affectionate priviledge as before; you discount of this so pleasantly (replied *Hermilia*) that you seem to have no desire to remember those you have loved when they are absent from you, because you can affect none but those who are present before your eyes; yet (replied *Artemidorus*) he is not assured to love all those he sees, for he is subject to certain petite absences of heart, which sometimes much distract his friends; and 'tis certain I have seen him more then once waver in his affection; 'tis not but he knows how to make declaration in love; for I remember he writ four in the compass of a day which contained much gallantry; 'tis true 'twas onely to divertize a company of amiable Ladies; but (said *Zenocrates*, dying his cheeks with a modest blush) I may very well say I have had a thousand loves in my life; but among all those, I can scarce insert three or four in the Catalogue of true loves; and I am assured if you compare mine with yours, you may conceive me to give you the denomination. 'Tis not (added he) that I believe those men who boast of a violent passion, love not a little more then others which are more sincere; and for my part I believe I love as much as I can love, and that if it were as permanent and durable as some, I should be the most amorous of men; but I confesse it sometimes sooner passes away then that of *Artemidorus*, who believes he should recede from his honour, if he should be suspected to change first, there are some hours when if it hath continuance it disturbs my repose; and when I make voluntary imprecations to explicate my self out of this amorous labyrinth; for I may very well say love is a great affair. Ah *Zenocrates*, cried *Amilcar*, if love is a great, it is an agreeable affair: you ought then to be perswaded in what you say (replied *Hermilias*) since if you love none of this nature you deny your own expressions: I pray said then *Zenocrates* to *Amilcar*, learn me how I must order my self when I would dissemble love, for I have more then twenty times essayed to do it, without arriving at my intended end: For my part (replied *Amilcar*) I find no great difficulty in it; for when I see a jovial Lady who hath any facility in her humour, or gayety in her spirit, and that I find my fancy disposed to make a volatile love, I can desert when I please; and which gives me delight as long as it lasteth; I accustome my self to speak to this person more then any other, I look upon her, I praise her, I continually cast forth artificial sighs resembling true ones, I sometimes sing some slight ayrs I formerly composed, which she applies to her self, and sometimes I expresse my self in amorous Verses, languishing regards; and in fine, I tell her I love her, or at least make such pretensions, afterwards for that small pleasure she hath taken in my assability, she retaliates hers, hope then possesses my heart, and after that I feel I know not what, that I call love; for in fine, that you be not deceived, it is not of these slight imaginary loves, as others, where love precedes hope, since in this, hope must precede love, and he must first be assured of the progresse of his affection, before he commence his; the Lady you chuse must not therefore be so full of complacency that her behaviour hath too much facility, neither must you chuse women whose hearts you can conquer but by forms; but you must find one neither too austere nor too facile, who hath no particular Gallant, and who affects Gallantry, neither must she have a furious spirit; 'tis good she should be a little tractable in love; and in fine it suffices she should be fair, young, a little merry, and without capriciousness, for if she hath more imagination then judgement, she shall be so much more fit to make one of those Demy Mistresses, that I may leave without despair, when my fancy prompts me to do it, and with whom I may passe most pleasant hours. You exaggerate that so handsomely (said *Kaleria*) that I believe *Zenocrates* will essay

it on the first occasion; in truth (replied he smiling) I think I should now experiment it, were there any Lady here which might admit the Character of *Amilcar*; but for my misfortune I know none of this humour at *Rome*, do you know at *Leonine*, at *Panorm*, at *Syracusa*, and at *Agrigentine*, said *Artemidorus* to him: I confesse it (replied he) but it may be before I return, my fancy will, as usually, soon vanish; but said *Herminius* to him it seems requisite to me, that we should be better informed of your Adventures, I know *Artemidorus* hath recounted them to *Aronces* after he had acquainted him with his own; but 'twould not be just to trouble him to relate them; and 'tis much better your self should satisfy our curiosities: For my particular (said *Zenocrates*) should I undertake to recount my History, I should no sooner mention my self but *Artemidorus* would interrupt me, and affirm I am not well acquainted with my self; and I believe my adventures ought not to be known of so many persons, and there are some considerable accidents in my fortune, which are not convenient to publish til it pleases my destiny to change the state of things; but for *Artemidorus* it much imports his repose that all his friends should know his fortune, to banish the most unjust grief, ever seiz'd a lovers heart; for till this time none can persuade him he hath injury, and as 'tis convenient for his repose, I offer my self to be his Historian; for though I should not be accused of too much ardency or levity in love I condemn it not. I would therefore have the permission to recount the affection of *Artemidorus*, for if these persons here present do not persuade him that the excess of his secret grief is unjust he will never be cur'd; all then testified a great impatience to obtain the consent of *Artemidorus*, for *Brutus* was not displeased to know if he might find a lover as unhappy as himself: *Herminius* by a tender resentment wished the power to console *Artemidorus*: *Amilcar* by an universal curiosity, desired to know the life of this Prince, and both *Valeria* and *Hermilia* according to the nature of their Sex, had an earnest desire to hear the narration of *Zenocrates*, induc'd thereto by a natural resentment incident to Ladies of their quality and perfections; for *Aronces* as he knew all that which had happened to *Artemidorus*, he augmented the curiosity of the Company; and in fine, he was so prest by their forcible persuasions, that he consented *Zenocrates* should relate his adventures, but not desiring to be at the recounting of them, and *Aronces* having already heard them, he requested him to withdraw into his own Chamber; and after their departure *Zenocrates* having consider'd on what he had to say, began to speak in these terms, addressing his speech to *Hermilia* onely, he being then in her Chamber.

The History of Artemidorus.

THOUGH *Sicily* is not so far distant from *Rome*, that I conceive you are ignorant of the Customs thereof, yet I pre-suppose there's many things which never arriv'd your knowledge; for Madam to speak ingeniously, the Romans so despise all other people, that they believe they should injure themselves even to know their manners. And our Ladies not being so reserv'd as here, 'tis requisite you should be pre-acquainted with the general usage of divers places I shall have occasion to insert in my narration; for fear you condemn not in particular those who have interest in those things, I intend to relate unto you, I shall then tell you, Madam, that *Sicily* having at this time the Commerce of *Africa* and *Italy*, as well as of *Greece* and *Asia*; I may say this famous Isle is the common country of different Nations, and there is a confluency of divers people in all places where Commerce is most consign'd, and except at *Panormes* there's scarce in any part the true manners of the Country; and 'tis rare that in all the Maritime Towns except that, I

intend to mention they have a certain spirit which retains something of their opposite neighbours; so that the Coast of *Misena* which was called heretofore *Zangle*, when the Gyants, as is reported, inhabited it, hath a resemblance with those of *Rhogenm*, the Coast which looks on the Jonian Sea, with the Alcatique and Heraclaea and Agrigentine with the Affricans customes; but for Leontine which is the native Country of *Artemidorus*, the Customes there have some conformity with all these different nations, agreeing likewise with those of the Country; but to speak in general, there is in all places so much liberty and gallantry, that without doubt there is scarce any Country in the World, where one may have such a delectable residence; for besides that the Country is pleasant, fertile, and very diversified, the people are full of spirit, and have generally so much, as for that reason they are suspected to be artificiois and a little inconstant; but as I shall speak but of *Leontine* and *Agrigentine*, I shall tell you nothing of the other Cities of this famous Isle, neither shall I much trouble my self to speak of the first, because I cannot do it without mentioning many things, which have reference to the Princess of the Leontines, sister of *Artemidorus*, whose adventures I ought not now to recount to you, be contented then to know, that as the Country of the Leontines, is nigh the fertilest in the Isle, all pleasures are there in their greatest lustre, except in *Syracusa* and *Agrigentine*, where I may say with the permission of *Amilcar*, all the Affrican gallantry hath passed: But to come to the principal History I have to relate to you, without telling you all those slight things which resemble themselves in all the Commencements of love in the World; you must know that this illustrious unhappy person, is his brother who is now Prince of the Leontines; and of the admirable Princes who hath now found an Asylum in the King of *Cusinus* Court, and being at his birth indowed with all noble inclinations, he was in estate to merit the esteem of all those who knew him; for his person I shall say nothing of it, for you see 'tis fram'd according to the exact rules of proportion, but for his spirit, though you know it hath all advantages imaginable, yet I assure you, you do not sufficiently know it; for his grief hath so clouded his humour, and left such an indifference and melancholly, that he hath no more the same agreement he usually had in his conversation, and that he yet would have, should joy resume it usual place in his heart; as for his temperament 'tis without doubt tender and passionate he loves glory, and is extremely gratefull, maintaining the greatest of all Vices, is ingratitude; he is both liberal and just, and few have equalled him in merit; 'tis true, that for those he doth not esteem, he hath not a too regular civility, he is very free to those which please him, else reserv'd to all, *Artemidorus* then meriting that Character in which I have represented him to you, and being in a splendid Court, submitted to the love of an amiable Virgin, as soon as he returned from a Voyage he had made into *Greece*: 'Tis true she was none of the greatest beauties, but she hath such an agreement, that she gave envy to the fairest, and love to the most insensible; for though her person is well made, and infinitely pleasing, she hath a sweet and tempting spirit, which repels nothing, but attracts all; she hath it neither too free nor too serious, and there is such a charming facility in her entertainment that 'tis not strange if *Artemidorus* was surpriz'd with its attractive Charms, and I may very well assure you, that I think this Virgin which is called *Clidimira*, had nigh as much affection for him, as he for her, at least she gave him such innocent testimonies of esteem, which made him believe she would permit him to bear her Chains: *Artemidorus* being thus immersed in love, *Clidimira* made some seeming difficulty to engage her self to love him, because she foresaw the Prince of the Leontines would not suffer her to espouse him, there being some difference between him and her father; but flattering her self with the hope that the love of *Artemidorus* might surmount this obstacle, she took care to foment his passion, and gave him such innocent demonstrations of affection, as a virtuous virgin might license a man; she believ'd might one day espouse her, for as she wrote gallantly and tenderly, *Artemidorus* received many Letters from her, and during a long time, he was the happiest Lover in the World: But in the end his felicity was eclipsed, by the Prince

his

his brother who seeing this love was divulg'd in the Court, cast out some expressions, intimating his dissenting from it; *Artemidorus* therefore used all possible means to persuade his brother to alter his determinate will, though there was no likelihood to effect it, and the Prince of the Leontines seeing with what order *Artemidorus* spoke to him, forbid him not onely to think of espousing her, but to absent himself from seeing her, declaring to him that if he would not obey him, he would confine this Virgin to a place where he should not see her, and seeing *Artemidorus* persevere in his affection, he defended *Clidimira* from suffering his brothers visits, yet she would receive him into one of her friends houses; in fine, seeing all his Commands were slighted, he committed her to the custody of her who commanded the veiled Virgins at *Leontine*, which are consecrated to *Ceres*, and he more easily effected his intention, because *Clidimira* having no mother, and being rich, he made her interest a pretext to inclose her there. In the mean time, *Artemidorus* was overwhelm'd with grief, for *Clidimira* was in a sacred place where no violence might be offer'd her; on the other side, this Virgin being thus immured in a solitude, and not having permission to breath himself in the open ayr, became buried in such a languishing melancholy, that it much impaired his health. *Artemidorus* having notice of her indisposition, and having ineffectually tried all waies both by assability and violence, either to divert his brothers indignation or to steal away *Clidimira*, and fearing her grief would bring her to the Margens of her Grave, caus'd information to be given to the Leontine Prince, that to essay to cure his Passion, he was resolv'd to perform a Voyage, on condition that as soon as he was departed he should set *Clidimira* at liberty, or at least commit her to a Lady of quality, who should be responsible for her; afterwards divers persons ingaging themselves in the negotiation of this affair, this unhappy lover to deliver his Mistress freed both from himself and Country, by a pure resentment of love, for you must not think he had any design no more to affect *Clidimira*, he being at this time more amorous then ever, at his departure he writ a Letter, containing many tender and passionate expressions, which he left with a confident of her passion to deliver her, and withall to tell her that he would sacrifice all for her interest, and that he would account himself happy in his exile, if she would inviolably preserve her affection; assuring her that if the state of things did admit of any mutation, he would unknown return to *Leontine* to see her, and to carry her away with her consent, if she had any desire to run his fortune; he recommended her to the Princess his sister, and to all his friends at Court, not forgetting to perform any thing a faithfull lover was oblig'd to do, after that he embark'd in a Vessel which return'd to *Rhegium*, carrying with him all *Clidimira's* Letters as his onely consolation during his exile; for I forgot to tell you that the Prince of the Leontines was not ingaged to free *Clidimira*, unless *Artemidorus* departed the Isle. Behold him then imbarqu'd not for any long Navigation, but as the Sicilian Sea is very dangerous, an impetuous wind rose on a sudden, forcing the Vessel where *Artemidorus* was, between those two Rocks so famous for Shipwracks, known by the name of *Sylla* and *Charibdis*; 'tis true the fortune of *Artemidorus* was so happy that the Pilot having had a design to steer his course to *Messena* where the Tempest had cast him, his Vessel which was ingag'd between these two famous Rocks, after it had suffered much agitation, ran upon a shelf of sand not far from the shore, those who were within seeing the Vessel take water on all sides, resolv'd to make their Arms their Oars to save their lives; for *Artemidorus* he signalized his love in this encounter, for not believing at first he would save a Casket in which were all the Letters of his Mistress, and being not resolv'd to leave them, he remained last in the Vessel; but in fine, having tied this Casket on two Oars laid a cross, and fastning them with a Cord to his left Arm, cast them into the Sea, throwing himself after, swimming with so much force that he reach'd the shore, and preserv'd those precious testimonies of *Clidimira's* love, part of the goods cast into the Sea were again recovered and part lost, and as this Shipwrack was very nigh *Messena*, *Artemidorus* went thither, but he was in a condition to be commiserated, for his equipage was lost, and his men perish'd.

perish'd, and if he had not remembred that he knew a man at *Messena*, which heretofore belong'd to the King his father, he had been certainly expos'd to extreme necessity; for the Captain of the Vessel was not of *Leontine*, and was with all reduc'd to so much misery that he was not in estate to afford him any assistance. *Artemidorus* being gone to *Messena* had the fortune to find the party he sought for, but as he would not have his quality known, he chang'd his habit, & took a common souldiers habit, had he desired to appear like himself, that man who assist'd him was not in a capacity to fit him with an equipage proportionable to his condition, *Artemidorus* found some relaxation in his misfortunes, when he considered that by this divesting himself of his gorgeous attire, he should not be subject to all those ceremonies which are inseparable concomitants to persons of his condition in their passage through forraign Countries, he was much troubled to chuse a place where he should reside; for in the estate where he was, he would not passe to *Regnum* he having no acquaintance there, after some consultation with himself; he had a design to go to *Heraclea*, from whence he hop'd easily to have notice what transactions pass'd at *Lionine*, he thought 'twould be advantageous for him to take this resolution, because there was war now between the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and the Prince of *Heraclea*, for the limits of those two petty estates: For as you know *Sicily* is divided into so many different Dominions, that 'tis impossible they should alwaies be at peace, and as the *Leontine* was enemy to the *Agrigentine* Prince, *Artemidorus* beleev'd if he should bear arms against him, the Prince his brother after he was inform'd of it, would perhaps repent of the injury he had done him against the interest of his love, 'tis not but *Artemidorus* as he is just did not know that the Prince his brother was unjust in hating the *Agrigentine* Prince, who was a man of extraordinary merit, desiring therefore to go to the War, he had rather take the part of the *Heraclean* Prince then anothers, enemy to his brother; after he had spent one moneth at *Messena*, he departed from thence with a design to Lift himself in the *Heraclean* Troops; but going thither he met some avant-coureurs of the *Agrigentine* Army, as he would not have been taken, he did what he could to escape them, and he having met eight or ten Cavaliers which were returning to the *Heraclean* Camp, he animated them to their defence; and they so courageously defended themselves, that there was scarce ever seen a Combate so terrible, and of such a long continuance between such an unequal number, the *Agrigentines* being four times as many as the *Heracleans*; for *Artemidorus*, he acted such prodigious things (remaining alone in a fighting posture) that they which environ'd him resolv'd to save his life, though he refused to render himself on any conditions: At last, overpowr'd by number, he was forced to receive his life, after his Sword was broken: There was amongst these *Agrigentines* a man of command and quality, called *Terillus*, who judg'd this action too bold and adventurous to be perform'd by a simple Cavalier, such as his habit represented him, and he saw something in his ay'r so great and noble, that he believ'd he ought not to treat him as a common prisoner, he caus'd him to be attended with much circumspection, and after he had sent back part of his men to the Camp, he went himself to present his Prisoner to the Prince, who was gone for two or three days to the City of *Agrigentine*. *Artemidorus* was doubtless much afflicted to be a Princes Prisoner, who was at so much enmity with his Brother, that 'twas almost impossible they should come to any reconciliation; for he believ'd if he knew his quality, he would thereby much advantage himself; and the Prince of the *Leontines* when he was advertis'd of it, would perhaps be transported with anger against *Clidimira*, because he would look upon her as the immediate cause of this inauspicious accident; he therefore hop'd he should not be known, there being no great commerce between *Leontine* and *Agrigentine*; and having heard he was at a Castle he had built on the further side of the City, he thought he should not be expos'd to the view of many persons; that he should suffer but the inquietude of Imprisonment, and that in some general exchange of Prisoners, he should recover his liberty; and to flatter himself with some consolation, he likewise imagin'd, that the Wars between these two petty States

States would soon be put to a period, and that there was nothing more requisite for him, then with constancy to support his Imprisonment. Being seized in this resolution, he patiently submitted to their conduct. But Madam, before I declare to you in what manner *Antemidarus* was presented to the *Agrigentine* Prince, and how he was treated, 'tis necessary for me to give you a brief character of the Prince to whom he was presented, and of the Princess his Daughter, and another person of the same Sex, who hath much part in this History; to the end that in the continuation of my recital, you have a more perspicuous understanding of what I intend to relate; for, for my part, I love to have an accurate description of those of whose adventures I receive a narration. Therefore I must tell you, that the Prince of *Agrigentine* is a man in all things illustrious. His house to which the Principality appertains, is not only most Noble, and of great Antiquity, but more eminent by the opposition it made against the Tyrannie of the cruel *Phalixus*, who rewarded the Inventors of any new punishment, and whose injustice is at this time in so much horror amongst the *Agrigentines*, that I dare not pronounce his name but with detestation; for to entertain their hatred against him, and render his name odious to posterity, they one day in a year publickly shew (with Imprecations) a brazen Bull made by one call'd *Perillus*, to the end those whom the Tyrant would put to death, should be therein enclosed, and a fire being made round about it, the voices they pronounc'd resembling bellowings, would the less abate the peoples hearts; you may conceive his Tyrannie by this Invention, which was made to please him; but he found one act of Justice in his life, for he put him to death in this brazen Bull who was the Inventor of it, though he was accustomed to recompense those who invented such things. But if he was just to *Terillus*, the gods were just to him; since after innumerable cruelties, he expired (like *Terillus*) in this Brazen Bull; and the hatred which the *Agrigentines* had conceiv'd against him was so great, that because his Guards were habited in blue, which he employ'd to exercise those cruelties, they forbade their dependents from wearing this amiable colour, and 'tis but about a year since that the Princess of *Agrigentine* at the earnest request of one of her friends whom she passionately loved, hath again introduced it. But to resume the thread of my discourse, the Prince I have mention'd being of an ancient Race, and enemy to this cruel Tyrant, he is in much veneration at *Agrigentine*, and if he should be recommendable but by his own virtues, he would be very much respected by his Subjects; for besides as he high governeth the City as if it were a Republique, he hath spirit, learning, capacity, and experience. He is an excellent Souldier, and a great Captain, he keeps his Troop in exact Discipline, he knows the art to make himself fear'd and lov'd by his Souldiers in particular, and his Subjects in general; he hath qualities besitting a man of his Birth, he is curious, civil, and obliging, principally to the Ladies; he understands and speaks with facility many languages, he favours learning, he is magnificent and liberal, and hath an heart sensible of glory; he takes all innocent pleasures, he retains a certain gallant ayre, demonstrating to those which know him that his heart is susceptible of love. But if this Prince merits an high esteem, he hath a daughter worthy of him, and able to command admiration from all. *Philonice* is this Princess of *Agrigentines* name; she is the most surprizing Person in the world; for you must know, that as the Princess her mother was wrapt in the cold embraces of the grave ere she compleated a triennial age, her illustrious Father having at that time many warlike preparations, which have since impos'd his brow with victorious Laurel, instead of leaving her at *Agrigentine*, caus'd her to be educated at a magnificent Castle belonging to him, situated in the *Campania*; and as she appear'd in the world, she was adorn'd with all imaginable perfections, and I assure you without flattery, that she is acquainted in many things, which her only imagination hath dictated to her; for her person, 'tis infinitely pleasing, her head is crown'd with black resplendent hair, she is of a mean stature, yet agreeable and noble, that it admits of no disadvantage, her action is free and natural without any affectation, the circumference of her visage shews the extremes

of an imperfect Circle, and almost form'd it to a perfect oval; the new fallen snow was tann'd in comparison of the refin'd purity of her complexion, her mouth for shape sham'd the imitation of the most exquisite Painters, and all the features of her face had so neer a kindred of proportion and symmetric, as the severest master of *Apelles* art might have call'd it his glory to have copyed Beauties from her as the best of models, her eyes darted forth such a radiant splendour, as neither the firmest eye, nor the strongest soul could arm themselves with resistance of proof against these pointed glories, but there results from all these perfections such a modest ayre on the visage of *Philonice*, that her only Physiognomic clears what blemish can be imputed to the vertue of her soul, and delicateness of her spirit, 'tis not but when she meets with any that she neither esteems nor pleases her, she hath a certain coldness which (without being uncivil) seems more touching to those to whom it is address'd, she's affable, but the grandeur of her soul, and habitual probity, retains her from making those delusive caresses which by many Ladies of the Court are practis'd with so much prodigality; but for a person she loves, there's no Princess in the world can testify her tenderness in more obliging and real expressions; she is of such a liberal inclination, and all her resentments are so discreet and generous, as she believes her actions should not bely her words; for spirit, she hath it to admiration, she speaks both naturally and gallantly, she writes pleasant letters in a stile so natural, reserving her quality, that I can mint no expression to equal their praise, she hath a solid vertue, glory is the chiefest of her delight, her heart is tender, spirit firm, her amity both constant, sincere, and agreeable, she's discreet in all her actions, she's never capable of any transportment, she is both young and wise, she hath judgement without experience, and prudence without pride, and she is so accomplished, that I can tax her of nothing but of too much vertue, since 'tis certain she is so modest, that she doth not well know it, at least she speaks as if she esteem'd her self not so much as she ought; 'tis true, she accuses her self in such an ingenious manner, that her own words betray her. There's likewise in this place another Virgin, whose Father is Governour of the Castle of *Agrientine*, who is highly esteem'd by *Philonice*, not without desert, for besides as she is fair, and hath an engaging spirit, which both pleases and charms all those who approach her, she knows how to fit the humour of all persons, her Discourse is admirable, she never appears distemper'd at her company, she hath a modest jovialty, that gives delight to many persons. This Virgin called *Berelisa* hath moreover such a passionate spirit, that she makes her glory consist in knowing how to love her friends; and as *Philonice* hath much inclination for her, she's commonly with her: The day in which *Artemidorus* was brought to the Castle of *Agrientine*, she was with this Princess in a great Hall, where the Prince her Father was, with many other Ladies leaning on a Balcony which jetted on the Court, to see twelve stately horses that had a little before been sent to her Father, and she desiring to go next morning to the Chace, he would have both her and *Berelisa* chuse those they would have for that gallant sport; as their eyes were wholly employ'd in surveying these Horses, *Terillus* who had taken *Artemidorus* entred into the Hall, followed by his Prisoner, leaving his men at the entry of the gate; you know *Artemidorus* is of a gallant deportment, which will easily make you believe that he attracted the regards of the *Agrientine* Prince, of the Princess *Philonice*, and the amiable *Berelisa*, and all the rest of the company, for though his habit was but simple, yet had he the ayre of a person of Quality: though in the design he had to disguise himself, he affected unval simplicity: 'Tis true, seeing all perfections concenter in these Ladies, he would not hinder himself from saluting them with such a grace, that dispos'd them to conceive a good opinion of him; In the mean time *Terillus* who presented him to the Prince of *Agrientine*, seeing him prepar'd to give him attention, thus said, Sir, I come to present to you this Prisoner; I am obliged to praise, and to excuse the weakness of those who took him; and to give you occasion to treat him with civility; for to speak as a person of Honour, who ought to commend the courage of his enemies, it hath sometimes been more easie for me to put five hundred men to flight, then

then to vanquish this valiant man; for there was so much difficulty to make him render himself after his Sword was broken, that I conceiv'd it requisite to acquaint you with his Valour; to the end, that treating him according to his merit, he should repent himself from having expos'd his life, rather than to be your Prisoner: It is so natural (said *Artemidorus*) for generous Conquerors to praise the courage of those they have vanquished, that I ought to draw no vanity from the praises you have attributed to me. He which praises you is to brave himself, reply'd the *Agrientine* Prince, that you may glory in his praises, and if you had ever seen him in any dangerous occasions, as he hath seen you, you would retribute the like praises to his Valour; and as your great magnanimity and the ay of your Visage easily dispose me to believe you are of illustrious blood, though your habit contradicts that opinion; Tell me what you are? and what's your condition? and what motive induc'd you to take such an unjust party? I know by your accent you are no *Heracleon*, but I am confident you are a *Sicilian* and concluding you a *Sicilian*, and not an *Heracleon*, I confess to you I cannot tell precisely whether you are of *Syracusa*, *Panormus*, *Erycine*, *Messena*, or *Leontine*, though it seems your pronunciation speaks you the last. Sir, reply'd *Artemidorus*, as I have many particular reasons which oblige me not to discover either my name or Country, dispense with it if you please, and I assure you I will not complain of you, if you do me the favour to treat me as a private Souldier, and as a Prisoner of War. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Philonice* and *Berelisa* attentively fixt their eyes upon him, and the Prince of *Agrientine* after an exact survey, noting the whiteness of his hand, turning towards *Philonice* and *Berelisa* thus said: I pray, What think you of this Prisoner? may I credit his words, or my reason? For my part (reply'd *Philonice*) I find him to have the ay of a person of quality. For my particular, added *Berelisa*, I am perswaded this prisoner is a man of condition and spirit, and if he should have confessed it to me, my belief would not receive any stronger impression; for pursued she, depressing her voice, if he was but a simple Souldier, he would heighten his condition to be more civilly used. *Philonice* confirm'd what *Berelisa* had said; and all the other Ladies were of Opinion, that this Prisoner was neither a simple Officer nor Souldier: The Prince of *Agrientine* turning towards him with a gallant and civil ay, natural to him: As 'tis advantageous for you we should doubt of your words (said he to him) and that all these Ladies will not believe you, nor suffer me to do it, permit me to think you are not such a person as you represent your self, therefore you shall be treated with all the civility and curtesie that a generous Prisoner may claim, but kept with as much exactitude as persons of quality; and in time (it may be) you will resolve to speak with more confidence. 'Tis not for the vanquished to give laws to the Vanquisher, reply'd *Artemidorus*, and I have doubtless nothing to do, but constantly to support my Imprisonment; I render thanks to these Ladies for their advantageous opinion: *Artemidorus* pronounc'd these words with such a noble ay, that it added a confirmation to their belief; and having sent for *Berelisa's* Father, who (as I have already told you) was Governour of the Castle, he commanded him civilly to treat him, and to take strict care of him; who departed with his Prisoner as soon as he had receiv'd this express order from the Prince. But to the end (said the Prince of *Agrientine*, addressing himself to *Berelisa*) this Prisoner should have no desire to cancel those chains the fortune of War hath impos'd upon him, give him I entreat you, those of love. 'Tis affirm'd it is so dangerous to desire to give much, without exposing themselves to take a little, reply'd *Philonice* (seeing *Berelisa* fram'd no answer) that I would not counsel her to obey you. Her silence (he reply'd) gives consent, and she hath so attentively beheld this Prisoner, that I imagine the Beauty of his Person hath already storm'd her Inclination, I ingeniously confess (answered *Berelisa*, a Vermilion tincture shadowing her cheeks) this Unknown pleaseth me, without knowing him, I pity him as an unhappy person, whom I believe worthy of my compassion, and to whom I will voluntarily render all the favour lies in my power, not prejudicing your service. If you oblige him to love you, reply'd the Prince

of *Argentine*, he will love his Imprisonment, he will bless his captivity, his chains will be grateful, he will it may be change party, and you will give me a new Subject, by procuring a new slave. At these words all jested with *Berlisa*, seeing it pleas'd the Prince, and they were minded the more to do it, by reason *Terillus* there present was amorous of *Berlisa*, though she could not affect him. This Lover thus finding all to counsel his Mistress to conquer this Prisoner's heart, and having noted she had lookt upon him with extraordinary attention, he even wished he had not taken him, and could not conceal his anger from *Berlisa*; who perceiving it, and not being thereat displeased, suddenly chang'd her manner of speech, to answer to the Rayllerie of the *Argentine* Prince; she told him that after some consideration she imagined she should perform a charitable office, to give love to this Prisoner, but to the end (pursued she) that the more glory should reflect on me, I must first know whether he is a person of quality, whether he is of your enemies Country, or whether he is amorous, that I may efface his first Mistress from his heart, that I oblige him to renounce his party, and to forget his Country. But if he should change his party (reply'd *Terillus*) would he be worthy of your esteem? and do you believe that a man without honour should merit your love? For my part reply'd *Berlisa*, I love glory as much as any person, and I cannot suffer a degenerate action, but in case of love, I would not have honour to be alledged to me, to destroy my intentions; and if I had a Lover, and that I was so unjust as to demand a testimony of affection from him, which did not rightly square with Justice, I would he should be unjust for the love of me, and that he should yeild to love me; for if I make no scruple to be unjust for the love of my self, sure I cannot think it fit my lover should do it for the love of himself, and that he prefers his interest to my will, I know to speak prudently, love ought not to contradict honour, but to speak as Mistress of it, love ought to make a Lover act any thing to please his Lady. Ah *Berlisa* (reply'd *Philoxene*) you say too much of it, for the means to esteem him who obeys you, if you command him any unworthy act. I have already told you reply'd she, that I can esteem my lover no more then my self, and that I would he should be capable of all that I do, and all that I would have him do; 'tis not that I should be assured, I should be ever incapable to command any indignity, but I am likewise assured, that a Mistress cannot think it good that she should not be blindly obeyed, and that if he disobeys, he should yet pretend to be a lover. For my part, reply'd the Prince of *Argentine*, which have (it may be) as much experience in love as war, I believe that a man of honour which sees himself constrain'd to commit an unworthy action, or disobey his Mistress, ought not to perform her commands, but desert her empire, and endeavour to cure his amorous Lethargie, by the knowledge he hath of her Injustice, but he ought not to pretend to continue to be belov'd, sure to speak of the thing in general, it appertains not to a disobedient lover to aspire to that advantage, and when 'tis ones misfortune to love a less generous person, he must renounce her love and favours, to preserve his liberty to reason on all that she commands him; it is a thing so opposite to the Laws of this passion, that 'tis onely fit to destroy the empire of love; all those Titles of Prisoner, Captive, and Slave, which are given to a Lover, are infallible marks he is oblig'd to obey; and he must relinquish the empire of this god, which makes so many both happy and unhappy, if he will not obey without reason and knowledge, but when I conclude he must always obey his Mistress, I infer he must submit to none but those who have generous hearts. But Sir, reply'd *Terillus* (whose spirit was enrag'd, if a man is oblig'd to obey without any consideration, what then belongs to a reciprocal love; Do you think it should be just that a woman should refuse inconsiderable favours, saying, her vertue restrains her, and that a man may not say to a woman that he is retain'd by love from obeying her? For if you desire a Lady to give you an assignation, she says by doing it she should hazard her reputation, if you entreat her to write to you she will answer you, that though it may be innocent, it is so dangerous to accustom her self thereto, that she cannot resolve to do it, and these things she refuses by a resentment of glory, are not things criminal, yet

yet you will have a lover refuse nothing; and that in a word there should be no reciprocal love. I pray reply'd *Philonice*, to please *Berelisa*, do not you imagine that if it should be true that a woman might love as much as she should be lov'd, she was oblig'd to the same things; for there are reciprocal affections whose testimonies ought to be different. 'Tis true said the Prince of *Agrigentine*, for Kings ought to love their Subjects, and Subjects their Kings, yet their obligations are different; for the one hath power to command, the other ought to obey. Fathers and Children ought likewise to have a mutual affection, and so there shou'd be between masters and slaves, though their duties have no resemblance; likewise, though the heart of a Mistress as well as a lovers ought to be tipt with a tender beam of affection, yet the testimonies have some disagreement; a lover was never heard to say to his Mistress, I command you to obey me; yet no person is ignorant but in a Lady's mouth a command is more obliging then a request, and between entreating, ordaining, and commanding, custome hath put certain distinctions, which makes a lover whose heart is fram'd in the delicate mould of love, rather to desire his Mistress to ordain, then entreat any thing of him, and so conceive a greater pleasure would accrue to him by the word command, then request; therefore I conclude, that a lover must obey, or relinquish his love; for as soon as he commits any disobedience, he flies his love; and hath no more right to pretend to any affection: and if the fair *Berelisa* can acquire this valiant Prisoner to enrol himself under my Standard, I shall esteem it a great felicity. I confess (reply'd she) I should not be displeased at it; and were I advantag'd with a larger proportion of Beauty, or grac'd with more charms fit to conquer hearts, I would not despair of my intended surprisal, for all my intelligent faculties seem to court my heart to affect him. You sometimes so harshly censure those you know, said *Terillus* to her, that this your new kind of injustice doth not surprize me. Those you say I know are it may be such strangers to themselves (reply'd *Berelisa* to him, her accent expressing her anger) that they have no great reason to accuse me of injustice. After these words the Prince of *Agrigentine* chang'd the Discourse, speaking to all the Ladies which were to accompany the Princess the subsequent day to the Chace; and when night began to veil the sky with its sable mantle, the Prince and *Philonice*, with all the other Ladies return'd to the Palace situate in the middle of the City; *Terillus* follow'd the Prince of *Agrigentine*, and *Berelisa* remain'd at her Father's house, who was named *Aframor*, and who being of the most conspicuous quality next the Prince, had the sole power committed to him when the Prince engaged in any warlike action. In the mean time the Chace next day was perform'd with all imaginable magnificence; the day was usher'd in by a fair morning, not one cloud wrinkling the brow of heaven, and the company were wholly fashioned to delight *Philonice*, who could guide with much dexterity the reins of her horse, and who was dress'd after the most gallant and exquisite mode, had this day all the pleasantness of her humour, and *Berelisa* alone had such disposition to melancholy, that she could not surmount it; *Philonice* had therefore for her a thousand obliging cares; for though she did not passionately love blue, which she had caus'd to be us'd at *Agrigentine*, on purpose to please *Berelisa*, she was at this time clothed in that amiable colour; she had sent to her a kind of Coif with plumes, to shade her from the scorching heat of *Phabus*, and in fine, she forgot nothing which she thought might oblige her to banish this severe melancholy. Nevertheless *Berelisa* could not conceal her dis temper. 'Tis true, that as she did not affect *Terillus*, and that he did this day importune her, she conceiv'd him to be the sole cause of her anxiety; and when *Philonice* having separated her from the company, demanded her the reason of it, she answer'd her 'twas the great concourse of people: But said *Berelisa* to her, who would you banish? I would assuredly banish *Terillus*, replied she, and if I might effect my desires added she smiling, I think I should send him to the place of that valiant Prisoner, to whom I would willingly resigne his, for at least if he did not delight, he would not importune me. Seriously (said *Philonice* to her, shadowing her cheeks with a modest smile) I believe the valour of that Unknown Person

sways your Inclination. 'Tis true, I have a good opinion of him, reply'd *Berelisa*, but above all, that which engages me to desire to serve him, is, a resentment of amity; for (as you know) I have a Brother very dear to me, who hath already compleated above a year in peregrination, and who it may be is expos'd to such adventures; I fancy that there is a certain equity which obligeth the gods to render us all the good we desire; and I am resolv'd to desire all I may for this Unknown, in hope that the gods will cause the like to be retaliated to my Brother, in what place soever he resides; for as you know, *Telisa* is as well my Friend as Brother, and I am both his Sister and Confident; and conceiving my self more oblig'd to love him because he treats me as a Friend, then because he is my Brother, my thoughts continually reflect on him, and 'tis assuredly the precedent motive which hath induc'd me to interest my self in this valiant Unknown. *Telisa* is certainly worthy of your expressive tenderness, reply'd *Philomise*, but I know not (added she) if this Prisoner was deficient in those noble qualities which hath rais'd him to the height of an accomplish'd man, he would as much remember you. There's no doubt of that reply'd *Berelisa*, but I principally interest my self in this Unknown, because there's some resemblance between him and my Brother; for *Telisa* is nigh of his age, he is (as you know) well proportion'd, he hath given some evident testimonies of his courage, he hath spirit, and is in fine (if I dare say it) as gallant as this Prisoner seems to be. As *Berelisa* thus spoke, she was interrupted by the *Agrigentine* Prince, who told her the Chase would not permit a long discourse, and that they should not transpose the pleasures of it; so that *Berelisa* gallantly answering the *Agrigentine* Prince, the rest of the Chase pass'd in an agreeable manner, and at night the Prince made a magnificent Feast to all the Ladies which had enjoy'd the benefit of this Princely sport; *Artemidorus* who was lodg'd in a chamber which look'd upon the garden of the *Agrigentine* Castle, had seen them return from the Chase; for though his chamber was but a foot higher then the Garden, it was built on such a rising ground, that it discover'd all the Country which environ'd the City; the sight of a company where joy seem'd to be so universal, gave some addition to his melancholy; for he imagin'd what would be *Clidimira*'s grief, if she knew he was Prisoner to an enemy of the *Leontine* Prince; he even thought that his absence alone would cause her an incredible affliction, and when he remembered all those demonstrations of affection which had pass'd between them, he doubt'd not but she would employ all the moments of her life to think of him, and regret his absence; and he felt not only his own grief, but he suffered that which he presuppos'd *Clidimira* would endure for his consideration. In the mean time, his Guards reported divers things to *Aframr*, which perswaded him that this Prisoner was of a greater condition then he said; he was kept very exactly, though treated with much Civility, he had the liberty in the day time to be alone in his chamber, and as those which had taken, had not ris'd him, because his Valour claim'd their respect, he had yet divers letters of *Clidimira*, which he often perus'd to console himself; for when he departed from *Messena*, he thought that desiring to pass for a simple Cavalier, 'twas not convenient for him to carry that precious Casket which was the depositary of all the secrets of his heart, but contented himself to take the last letters of *Clidimira*, to give him some consolation during his voyage: *Artemidorus* living in this manner, spent whole days in ruminating on *Clidimira*: and *Berelisa* by a resentment of Inclination, pity, generosity, and tenderness for her absent Brother, was very solicitous to render to this prisoner all those things the conceiv'd might sweeten the rigour of his Imprisonment; But if in the beginning she believ'd her self oblig'd by the prementioned reasons, she found her self afterwards engaged by a more puissant motive: You may remember (as I have already told you) that the chamber of *Artemidorus* was a foot higher then the Garden, from whence the prospect is very delicate, for it had two windows, the one facing the Campagne, the other the end of a Walk, which look'd upon a Garden-knot so enamell'd with the choicest of *Floras* treasure, and beautif'd by Art in such ingenious manner, that Art and Nature did therein contend for mastery. This Walk

being

being very agreeable when the Sun doth not guild it with its radiant beams, *Berelisa* towards the evening often repair'd thither, and there being two seats at the ends and in the middle of this Walk to repose on, commodiously to enjoy the fair prospect, there was a seat against the window of *Artemidorus* so contriv'd, that though the Window was grated, it admitted the conveniency of discourse with those which were seated on this side the Walk. It often hapned that *Artemidorus* which was oblig'd to *Berelisa* for the good opinion she had testified of him, saluted her with much respect when his window was found open; and *Berelisa* who was civil and courteous, and who had a secret unknown reason which rendred her more affable then ordinary, did often entertain discourse with *Artemidorus*; but as 'twas not possible for her to harbour an ill opinion of him; the more she saw, the more she esteem'd him; and seeing melancholy enthron'd in his face, compassion so invaded her heart, that seeing every day the charming Princess of *Agriemine* more usually then before, the Prince her Father being gone to the War, she often spoke to her of her Prisoner, for she sometimes us'd that term, she having such a special care of him; and she did it principally to give *Berelisa* the curiosity to converse with him, to the end that acknowledging his merit, she might at the Prince her Fathers return, endeavour to obtain his liberty, and *Philonice* who is compassionate and generous, and who seeks occasions to render any one any courteous office, told *Berelisa*, that the first fair day she would go to the Castle of *Agriemine*, to see if she had reason to give such encomiums of her Prisoners spirit, as 'twas then the fairest season in the year, the next day being serene and calm, correspondent to the desires of this Princess, and she being willing to perform her promise made to *Berelisa*, went to the Castle with this amiable Virgin, accompany'd with many Ladies, carrying likewise with her one that had relation to her, whom the Prince of *Agriemine* had sent to certifie her of a considerable advantage he had gain'd over his enemies; for as he was one of *Berelisas* friends, and was of a pleasant disposition, she believ'd he would render their recreation more delightful, and it succeeded as she imagined; *Berelisas* humour being at this time run'd to the highest pitch of mirth; but in fine (without trespassing on your patience by relating those things which have no reference to the life of *Artemidorus*) I shall tell you, that the hour being come when they might take a commodious walk in the place I have already mentioned, *Philonice* and all the company went thither; but as *Berelisa* told her, she would not expose her prisoner to speak before so many persons, the Princess only (follow'd by *Berelisa*) went towards the window of *Artemidorus*; who seeing the Princess approach, saluted her with a profound reverence; after which (through respect) he would have withdrawn himself from the window; but *Philonice* recall'd him, Return valiant Unknown said she to him, return, and do not fly those who seek you. I am Madam so unworthy of this honour, reply'd he, that you ought not to think it strange if I would have depriv'd my self of a pleasure that I am incapable to merit: All honest unhappy persons reply'd the generous *Philonice*, merit every ones compassion, and if you should be but what you pretend, you would deserve the protection I offer you, but to speak sincerely to you, I desire you precisely to tell me whence and who you are? If I would Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, I might easily invent a lye, which you cannot presently disprove; but as I profess sincerity, I believe I had better ingeniously confess unto you that I have reasons which depend on none but my self, which both obstruct me from telling you the place of my Birth, and from inventing any fabulous narration. But at least confess reply'd she, that you are of a quality proportionable to your spirit, and that as you have neither the language nor heart, you have not the birth of a simple Soldier; for in fine, I assure you *Berelisa* is very much your friend, and I should be as much, would you have this sincerity for me; you may confide your secret to us, without fearing to be betray'd. The secrets of an unhappy person Madam reply'd he, are so little worthy knowledge, that if I should be what you think I am, I should not acquaint you with mine, for I should appear very ungrateful to recompense your generosity by a long recital of melancholy adventures;

therefore Madam, if it please you, do not command anything that I cannot nor ought not to perform; and be certain that I am so sensible of the honour you have done me, that if my misfortunes were of that nature to admit of any diminution, the honour you vouchsafe me by conversing with me, would give a cessation to my miseries. *Alt Berelisa*, you have reason said the Princess to her, and your Prisoner is not what he would make us believe; I pray Madam (said then *Artemidorus*) acquaint me whether the Prince of *Agrigentine* hath given me to the fair *Berelisa*. No reply'd *Philonice*, but she so much interestes her self in your affairs, that she is insensibly accusom'd to entitle you her Prisoner, and to oblige others to use that denomination; for as you will not discover your name, you ought to be known by some remarkable title. I am very happy in my misfortune (reply'd he) to be the prisoner of so fair and generous a person. In truth said *Berelisa* blushing, you have thereby no great advantage; for though I call you my Prisoner, 'tis not in my power to break your chains. As she had thus said, all the company approach'd, so that *Philonice* being seated, and having commanded all the Ladies to take their seats, and *Clisias* likewise, whom the Prince of *Agrigentine* had sent to bring news of his Victory: The conversation began in this place, *Artemidorus* believing he was exempted, would have retir'd; but as *Philonice* had found the grandeur of his spirit, which had given her much curiosity, and being perswaded he was a person of quality, she commanded him to stay, and at least to give attention to what they said, if he would not have any conference with them: *Artemidorus* return'd thanks to the Princess for the excessive bounty she had demonstrated to him, and remain'd, leaning against the bars of his windows, which lookt upon the seat where this company were; hardly were they seated, but *Clisias* said; 'twas more happier for one to be a Prisoner of War than Love; If one being a Prisoner of War could not be a Prisoner of Love (reply'd *Philonice*) you would have reason to speak as you do, but in my opinion they are not incompatible chains, and one may have them both. In this case (reply'd *Clisias*) a man should be very unhappy. As he thus spoke, *Berelisa* casually looking on *Artemidorus*, saw he changed colour, and presupposing he might be both a Prisoner of War and Love, she had both a desire to say something to him, and to make *Philonice* note the change of his countenance; but a little after repenting her self of this first thought, not knowing wherefore, she blush'd, and held her peace, permitting *Clisias* to continue his discourse; who answered *Philonice* he would ever maintain, that a Prisoner of War without love, was less unhappy then a Prisoner of Love in Liberty. It seems to me agreeable, then said *Philonice*, that as there is no man here but this valiant Unknown which can know the weightiness of those divers chains, 'tis for him to give his opinion; for my part, who have ever had my heart free, who have never been a Prisoner, and who according to all appearances never shall be, I cannot give you a satisfactory answer, therefore I request *Berelisa* to command her Prisoner to answer you. As Love reigns in all Countries (reply'd *Artemidorus*) and that it is found in all sorts of Persons, without any distinction of conditions, I will not say I do not know Love; therefore Madam, without expecting the command of the fair *Berelisa*, I will obey you, and on the contrary maintain, that how unhappy soever a Prisoner of Love is, he had better be so, then a Prisoner of War; 'tis not that the chains of a Lover are less weighty then those the fortune of War imposes on any man, but there are a thousand and a thousand pleasures which accompany the first, and which are not found in the second. But after all said *Clisias*, a Prisoner of War how carefully soever he may be kept, hath his heart and spirit free, and is certain one day to be freed from his restraint; whereas a Prisoner of Love in an apparent liberty, is in a continual slavery; for he not only doth not what he would, but doth not think what seems good to him; he knows not when his Imprisonment will finish, nor can he wish the conclusion of it. That which you say reply'd *Artemidorus*, seems to make against you; for since a Prisoner of War continually desires to recover his liberty, and that a Prisoner of Love doth not desire it, it follows that the chains of Love are more pleasing then the others; in effect, there's

there's no punition in love which hath not been preceded or followed by a pleasure, and desperation often comes after one hath tasted the sweetness of hope, without which there can never be any violent love: for is it not true that the grief of absence comes not and cannot come till after one hath had the pleasure to enjoy the presence of a person one regrets? And fear likewise doth not possess a Lovers heart, till hope hath first led the way; and Jealousie is never altogether violent, if it is not in the heart of a beloved Lover, or who at least believes himself to be so: 'tis not that other Lovers cannot be infected with jealousy, but 'tis not so cruel as that I have before spoken of; moreover those which have the infelicity to find Mistresses whose Inconstancy renders them unhappy, have at least had the satisfaction to be belov'd; and I in fine maintain (as I have already said) that all the punishments of love are either preceded, or follow'd by most great pleasures: I likewise confidently say (added he) that a part of those pains which make so many groan, sigh, and emit forth many dolorous exclamations, have something more pleasing than that liberty you mention'd; when you affirm'd that a Prisoner of War without love, is less miserable than an amorous man in liberty: I subscribe to your opinion (reply'd *Cliffia*) that there no torments in love but are either preceded or followed by some pleasures; but to speak sincerely, those pleasures are dangerous, since they render the privation more sensible, and imprint all the subsequent misfortunes in a more lively character; for 'tis certain that sometimes a favourable regard causes many displeasing hours; because one imagines that if he had continually nigh the person he lov'd, and obtain'd nothing more than the only pleasure to see, and to be seen of her, he should be crown'd with happiness; and nevertheless if often arrives, that after one hath try'd a hundred inventions to attain but a sight of the beloved object, it happens I say she is found to be a humorous temper, and that which he believ'd would have elevated him to the supreme top of felicity, often precipitates him into the gulf of despair; on the contrary, when one finds her affable, he is but a little more happy; for that Lover who thinks he should be content when he should be prostrate on his knees before his Mistress at that time inefficient in many things which should compleat his happiness; likewise instead of praising that favour she accords to him he hath so much desired, he requests art hundred other things, and believes himself as unfortunate as if he had obtained nothing: I even affirm, that 'tis not in the power of the fairest person in the world, to make an amorous man confess (during the space of six moneths) that he is content; so true it is that love is incapable of power to render one happy. I confess (reply'd *Artemidorus*) 'tis difficult to find a Lover which desires nothing, and who always says he is content; but I sustain, that that which frames one part of his pleasure, is, that there's always something wanting to his felicity, that he hath a certain species of an amorous inquietude, which is the most pleasing and agreeable pain imaginable, and that one of the most sensible pleasures is, to hope with an ardent desire. 'Tis true (reply'd *Cliffia*, you have reason to speak so much of the advantage of hope; at least I know (pursued he) that I have noted an hundred and an hundred times in my life, in divers occasions, that not only a Lover without hope hath no great pleasure, but that usually he merits no more to be happy as soon as he is content; no sooner is he assured to be beloved, but the fire of his former love grows extinct, at least he is not so sensible, so solicitous, so exact, so complaisant, and so respectful as before, and the certainty he conceives to have pleas'd his Mistress, taking from him the desire to please, he comes sometimes to please no more. *Artemidorus* reply'd *Berelisa*, I would hate a Lover, if he would not take as much care to preserve my heart, as he hath done to acquire it. You have reason Madam (reply'd *Artemidorus*) for I believe a man which is negligent when belov'd, deserves to be hated, and that it is as just to desert the love of those negligent Lovers, as those which are unfaithful: I know nor (added he) if the procedure of those persons whom good fortune buries in a certain Lethargie of heart, where they lose all the sensibility of love, have not something more outrageous, than that of those inconstant lovers, which are charm'd with novelty; at least I know, that if I

was a Lady in such an adventure, I should be more pleas'd that my own charms destroy love in the heart of a Lover, than if others should deprive me of it. You discourse so well of this passion (reply'd *Philicia*, rising from her seat) that I am for fear you should not be at one time a Prisoner of War and Love. I am very reasonable to you for such an obliging fear (reply'd *Artemidorus*) therefore presuppose I am that it only proceeds from a conceit you have that I have not merit enough to entice me a happy Lover. As Love is as blind as Fortune (reply'd *Philicia*) you know it never favours merit, and I confess to you, my thoughts did not proceed from that cause your modesty disgrac'd to you. In fine, *Philicia* said something more to *Artemidorus*, to incline to him, she did not believe that which he said of himself; and to assure him, that she would serve him in all occasions. After which she began to take a Walk, but whilst it lasted, *Artemidorus* Prisoner was the subject of their conversation: *Philicia* likewise pray'd *Clelia* to entreat the *Syracusan* Prince on her part, that this Prisoner might have liberty to take the Air, his guards accompanying him; and few days were added to the age of time after *Clelia* return to the Camp; but *Artemidorus* had order to permit *Artemidorus* to go forth with his guards, and that they should shew him those things worthy of note in the City, which invite the curiosity of strangers. They presented to his sight the magnificent ruins of a great Palace, called the Palace of the Gyants, where were Columns of such a prodigious immensity, that it evidently appear'd the first Inhabitants in this Isle were of a larger proportion than other men; he likewise saw admirable Aqueducts which are at *Artemidorus*; he visited the Temples of *Esculapius*, of *Vulcan*, of *Hercules*, of *Jupiter*, of *Concord*, of *Pallas*, and of *Palladium*, that stately structure being erected by the Princess *Philicia*, to evidence the immaculate purity of her soul; he saw many magnificent Tombs, built as the mortals for many Horfes; for you must know, that those of the *Syracusan* land in particular, are of such admirable strength and beauty, that they are every where famous, and they are so excellently good, that their masters have rais'd for them several magnificent Tombs, so great hath superfluity been at *Artemidorus* since it increas'd in riches; at first it was a City of small importance, but when *Phalaris* sway'd the Scepter, there was numbred nine hundred thousand Inhabitants: But to return to *Artemidorus*, since he had the permission to walk, he more often saw *Berisfa*; for in the designe he had to acquire her friendship, to the end he might by her assistance more easily recover his liberty: The more he saw her, the more *Berisfa* found him amiable; and this puissant inclination became so predominant, that she could not doubt but Love did insensibly steal her heart; and as her virtue was eminent, she blusht at this weak resistance, and would have made some opposition (thus correcting her self, as she hath since told me) What's become of my reason? I despise *Terillus* who adores me, who is of a proportionate condition to mine; and resigne my heart to an unknown Prisoner, who hath no affection for me, and who it may be hath plac'd his love on another object: But said she, can I doubt of the condition of this Prisoner? His spirit confirms me that his Birth is noble, and all those groundless suspicions which my imagination suggests to me of the pre-engagement of his heart; his civility to me disperses those airy vapours, and confirms me that love hath not yet triumphed over him, and that his heart is at my devotion? No *Berisfa* (added this amiable Virgin) flatter not thy self, and believe if he were in love, he would acquaint thee with it; and perhaps, if thou shouldst disclose thy affection to him, he would not credit it; resolve then to repel this dangerous inclination thou feelest ready to force my heart; resist the merit of this Unknown, and weave not the web of thine own destruction; thou dar'st not commit this secret to the fidelity of any person, though it should crack the organs of thy vital faculties. This was her last resolution, and during some time she believ'd she had eradicated this affection from her heart, there hapning an accident which diverted her spirit from the contemplation of this object; for *Terillus* her Brother return'd from Travel, and as they tenderly joy'd one another, their joy swell'd to such an height by the sight of each other, that all former occurrences were

now buried in oblivion; he related to her all those adventures which hapned in his voyage; he acquainted her with all the achievements of gallantry he had perform'd in those places he had pass'd, and desiring to go to the Camp, though the Trees now began to be periwigg'd with snow, he left with her divers letters, and the portraicture of a person whom he then lov'd, and of whom he made a pleasing relation: *Berelisa* having her spirit thus dusted, felt not for some days her usual inquietude, as her soul was in this tranquillity, the one morning repair'd to the afore-said Walk, where she had hardly taken two turns, but she heard one speak very high in *Artemidorus*'s chamber: *Berelisa* hearing this noise, and not being able to comprehend the occasion of it, approached thither, and heard the Prisoner earnestly entreat his guard to redeliver what he had taken from him; and he answering in insolent terms, he would not, but that he would carry it to *Afrano*, to the end he should transmit it to the *Argentine* Prince: She had scarce heard this, when the Prisoner reiterated his entreaties with so much earnestness, that she conceiv'd what had been taken from him was of too great a concernment to be seen; so that tenderness engaging her heart, and curiosity her spirit, she call'd him by his name who so much contested with *Artemidora*: This man hearing himself call'd by his master's daughter, went to the window, requesting her to inform him what she desired: I would have you tell me (said she to him) why you give such uncivil language to a Prisoner, whom you ought to treat with civility, and from whence proceeds the grounds of this contention? Madam (reply'd this man, his eyes sparkling with anger) This Prisoner hath suborn'd some of my companions, for having taken from him a letter, with intention to carry it to my master, he so much press'd me to render it him, that I was transported with anger, by reason he thought me capable to betray my fidelity. I pray Madam (said then *Artemidorus*, speaking to *Berelisa*) if you repent not of your excessive goodness towards me, do me the favour I conjure you, to use your power over this man, as that Letter I have written may not be seen by any person. You see Madam (said he who had spoken to *Artemidorus*) this Letter must consequently be of importance, and that I should have injured the Trust reposed in me, if I had rendred it to him. I protest unto you, reply'd *Artemidorus*, that it neither concerns the Prince of *Argentine*, nor *Afrano*, but hath only reference to my self. To find a mean to reconcile you (reply'd *Berelisa*) permit me to survey your Letter, and rely on my discretion, and if I find that neither the Prince nor my Father have any Interest in it, I will redeliver it to you, and oblige him who hath taken it from you, not to disclose any thing, neither will I ever speak of it; without this I am assur'd your Keeper will not render it you: but on this condition (added she) I believe I can easily obtain it, sure he imagines I will neither betray the Prince, nor my Father. This man consenting to *Berelisa*'s Proposition, *Artemidorus* was constrain'd to suffer this Virgin to peruse what he had written, imagining after she had perused it, she would permit him the favour to write another, or to send this to *Chamira*, for 'twas to that fair person to whom this Letter was address'd: After he had consented to what she propos'd, and when his Keeper had given the letter to *Berelisa*, she found it contain'd these words,

If I only tell you I am the unhappiest Prince in the world, I should not sufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my Misfortune.

At these words *Berelisa* staid, and a joyful emotion seiz'd her spirits, seeing that secret inclination which had taken possession of her soul, had a more noble foundation than she imagin'd; so that this resentment renewing the tenderness of her heart, she often read these three or four lines, as if she had there desired to satisfy her curiosity, but at last rebeginning the letter, she found the contents fram'd after this manner.

I only tell you I am the Unhappiest Prince in the World, I should not sufficiently inform you of the grandeur of my misfortune; but assuring you I am the unhappiest Lover that ever submitted to the flames of love, my infelicity cannot be parallel'd; for in true my Liberty is restrain'd, I know not whether you are free, nor whether till this time you have retain'd your affection inviolable; I am only as certain'd that I fancy your Idea continually present before my eyes; and all the compassion of two of the most exquisite Beauties Nature ever made for wonder, cannot sweeten the rigour of those miseries I endure: Behold is a Charming

As this letter was not fully finished, *Berelisa* could know no more, but she knew enough to disturb her repose; since if the beginning flatter'd her with joy, the conclusion sadden'd her heart with grief: for if she had learn'd this Prisoner was a Prince, she had likewise learn'd he was a Lover, and that he believ'd he was beloved: and as she learn'd it with some agitation of spirit, her Cheeks were planted with a Roseate tincture, inasmuch that she turn'd her head to conceal her blushing from *Artemidorus*. In this disturbance of her heart, grief produc'd the same effect as joy had done before giving an additional renovation to that allgem the conceiv'd his merits might command; for there is nothing siter to augment a new born inclination in the hearts of most women, then to learn that those they love have already gain'd the affections of others. *Berelisa* was in a strange perplexity, time not permitting her so much leisure as to consult her reason in this occasion, but at last generosity and tenderness being the more prevalent, she told his Keeper, that this letter neither concern'd the Prince of *Agrigentum*, nor *Africus*, expressly commanding him not to speak of it; and being induc'd by a jealous resentment, she commanded his Keeper to endeavour the discovery of him whom *Artemidorus* had suborn'd, to the end he should be dismiss'd his place; afterwards she d. fired him to leave the Prisoner at liberty, to speak with her in the Garden, that she might render his letter to him; and this man obeying her, *Artemidorus* came to render her thanks, and to spend some time in walking with her, whilst two of her attendants spoke to him who commanded *Artemidorus* his guards at the end of this Walk. How shall I methodize my language Madam said he to her, to thank you for your last signal favour, and what may I do to testify unto you my recognition? You will cancel that obligation (said *Berelisa*, the blood leaping into her face) by wholly confiding your self to my discretion, for though your letter acquaints me you are of Royal extraction, that you are amorous, and that your Love is reciprocal, it doth neither inform me of your name, nor hers you love, nor of the place of your nativity; and I desire satisfaction in those things before I re-deliver your Letter. Ah Madam said he to her, if you knew the importance of your demand, you would it may be not persist in requesting it; for you are so generous, that I am confident you would not prejudice me in any thing. On the contrary (reply'd *Berelisa*) 'tis principally to generous persons to whom it appertains to be in power to prejudice, because they have no will to act it, therefore without repenting what I have said, I re-demand satisfaction in those three things. For my Name and Country (reply'd *Artemidorus*) I can tell you, not being ashamed of either, though I cannot do it both without danger and imprudence; but for the name of the person I love, since my Letter hath not declar'd it to you, I suppose I ought not to do it, and you ought less to persevere in that demand, added he, you are so oblig'd to that charming person; for Madam, if she had not enslav'd my heart, and had I been free when I came to *Agrigentum*, I should assuredly have been amorous of you, and doubtless much importun'd you with my complaints; for as I love with an immeasurable ardour, I should have caus'd you more displeasure then *Terillus*; therefore Madam since you have this obligation to the person whom I love, constrain me not to violate my discretion, and remain satisfied that I expose my self to sufficient danger, by telling you that I am brother to the enemy of the *Agrigentum* Prince. What? (reply'd *Berelisa*) Are you *Artemidorus* Brother

Brother to the *Leontine* Prince, who departed from this place about six months since. Yes Madam, I am that *Artemidorus*, who would not it may be have been so civilly treated as he is by the *Agrientine* Prince, and the charming *Philonice*, had they known his true condition; I therefore declare to you Madam (said he) that the only interest of my love hath oblig'd me to fear a long Imprisonment, and hath detain'd me from discovering my quality. Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Berelisa*'s Spirit was much disturb'd; for you must know, that *Telus* her Brother, who had related to her all the adventures of his Voyage, had told her, that he was amorous and belov'd by a *Leontine* Virgin, whom the Prince *Artemidorus* (absent from thence) formerly affected, and that he had left in her custody at his going to the Camp, a Pourtraiture, and many letters; but as she had given but slight attention to his relation, she not imagining to have any particular interest therein, she had forgot the name of that person, and not knowing if it were her to whom *Artemidorus* had begun to write, she had both an extream desire to acquaint him with her Brothers recital, and to peruse those letters he had left with her, to see whether she could gather any satisfaction from them. As her imagination fancy'd divers things, the irresolution of her spirit was visible in her eyes; which *Artemidorus* noting, believed her inquietude proceeded from her not being resolved whether she should discover his quality to her Father, that he might declare it to the *Agrientine* Prince. But this opinion soon vanished; for *Berelisa* devining his thoughts, and not willing he should believe her capable to reveal a secret he had confided to her, thus said, looking attentively on him; Think not I examine whether I ought to discover your Name; I declare to you I am not resolv'd to reveal it, on condition you will promise me two things, the one not to enterprize any thing against the *Agrientine* Prince, the other positively to tell me all your love; for it may be I know many particulars in your Fortune, of which you your self are ignorant. As they were on these terms, and that *Artemidorus* demanded of *Berelisa* the beginning of his Letter, *Philonice* arriv'd; *Berelisa* therefore not being willing neither to answer nor to deliver him his Letter, went to the Prince, who made her a thousand caresses, and told her she came to bring her good news; for in fine said this charming Princess, the Prince my Father will return within four days, having finish'd the war with honour; and having forc'd his enemies to demand peace, and till 'tis concluded, *Clisias* hath obtain'd that your Prisoner should be on his parole; and that he may walk where he pleases without his guards on condition every night he repairs to his Lodging in the Castle; the conversation *Clisias* had with him, having imprint'd such a good opinion of him in his mind, that he thought himself bound to perform this civil curtesie, and if you believe it requisite, he shall accompany us when we go to meet the Prince of *Agrientine* at *Carisalia*, which as you know is about eight miles hence; for it seems just to me you should permit your prisoner to go, to the end he not appears ingrateful. *Berelisa* whose spirit was prepossess'd with many different things, did not give a regular answer to that which *Philonice* propounded; she therefore made a signe to *Artemidorus* who remain'd behind, to approach; telling him he was oblig'd to the Prince of *Agrientine*, and explaining to him of what nature was this obligation. *Artemidorus* receiving much joy at this news, gave many thanks to the Prince. But I pray said she to him, do not thank me yet; for it may be peace may not be readily concluded; and many months may be expir'd ere you recover your liberty; but your guards being dismiss'd (added she) be more cheerful, and expect the end of the War with more tranquillity. *Artemidorus* answer'd to this discourse with much spirit and civility; and *Berelisa* being in a profound Melancholy, *Andry*, *Philonice* jested with her, demanding the cause of it; for said she, you are less subject then any Virgin to those absences of spirit which reproach so many amiable persons; your heart is ever amongst those with whom you art; you divide not your self betwixt your present and absent friends, and it must necessarily be, there's something which pleases, or extraordinarily displeases you: In the mean time, you have need that the gaiety of your humour appears in its greatest luster the day we go to *Carisalia*, since I intend

tend all the Ladies shall go thither on Horse-back, deckt in their most gorgeous attire: *Berulisa* then endeavouring to replant the banish'd joy in her face, told the Princess that she was somewhat indispos'd, but she hoped her indisposition would diminish ere the day she intended to meet the *Agrientine* Prince; but whatsoever she did, 'twas impossible for her to remit in her eyes their ordinary tranquility; and *Philopice* return'd, not being able to penetrate into the secret of her heart. Before her departure, she made known to *Afranus* the order of the Prince of *Agrientine*, whose letter she shew'd him, so that *Artemidorus* was not oblig'd to suffer the incivility of his guards: But though it effectively gave him joy, he could not hinder himself from being afflicted, that this order came not one day sooner, because he should not have been expos'd to that adventure he had been, nor engag'd to discover his secret to *Berulisa*: He infinitely esteem'd, and had much amity for her, but in case of love, he affected not to discover it to any one, if necessity did not thereto compel him. This grief was nothing in comparison of *Berulisa's*, when she was alone in her chamber; for that violent and puissant inclination she had for *Artemidorus*, which she thought she had overcome, suddenly assaulted her soul; and the knowledge of his condition and love, plac'd both a resentment of glory and jealousy in her heart, which augmented her tenderness: As soon as she was in her chamber, she had a desire to look on all those things *Telesto* had left in her custody; but one of her maids who had shut the door, not thinking of it, remaining yet in the garden, she must have patience till she could be call'd; but expecting her coming, What did she not think? What said this amiable Virgin to her self? Have I surmounted my heart when I did not know *Artemidorus*? and can I not be Mistress of it, when I know he is amorous, and is belov'd? But if it chance (reply'd she) that the Person my Brother loves at *Leontine* is the same who hath inclin'd *Artemidorus*, Would it not be possible to banish her from his heart, by displaying her infidelity? for by that means I shall render a curtesie to my Brother, by taking from him such a Rival, and it may be to my self; if I can acquire such a Lover. But what do I say, Fool as I am (reply'd she, as she hath since told me) Have I lost my reason? or am I so inglorious as to desire to love one who doth not affect me? No, no, added she, I have not doubtless such degenerate thoughts as to love *Artemidorus*, but I at least imagine that the desire to gain his love is not criminal whilst it neither makes me say or do any thing repugnant to the exact rules of decency; the desire to please in general is not esteem'd a crime, wherefore then should it be one to desire to please a great Prince in particular, without any other design than to be prefer'd by him before all other persons in the world. As she had thus said, her maid arriv'd and opened her Cabinet, where she presently entred, and visiting all the letters her Brother had left, she was clearly convinc'd that the person who had writ them, was the same of whom *Artemidorus* imagin'd he was faithfully loved; afterwards she look'd on the Pourtraiture; but though her Mirror spoke her Beauty superiour to *Chlidimirus*, she found a certain ayre in the Physiognomy of her Rival, which much displeas'd her, it seeming very agreeable, and she even despair'd, finding so much spirit in *Chlidimirus*'s letters, because she fear'd the sight of this Pourtraiture, and those letters would only introduce jealousy into *Artemidorus*'s heart, without chasing Love from thence, and that she should give an enemy to her Brother, without acquiring a lover, yet had she some pleasure to think she should acquaint him whose heart she would conquer, that his Mistress was unfaithful; for said she, as soon as he shall be inform'd what hath pass'd at *Leontine*, he shall know the very next day after he departed, there arriv'd a stranger who presently gain'd the estimation of *Chlidimirus*; and perhaps if I pre-acquaint him with her Infidelity, he will esteem himself oblig'd to retribute to me any curtesie I desire; But presently suppressing this imagination, she could not resolve to do it, and doubtless she would never have perform'd it, had not she receiv'd the next morning a letter from her Brother, intimating to her that the Prince of *Agrientine* had sent him to *Syracusa*, to negotiate some important affair; and that from thence he would go to *Leontine*, to have some private conference with *Chlidimirus*. *Berulisa* then

then seeing her Brother absent, conceiv'd it the best time to prosecute her intended resolution: Though this thought did seem to scathe the emotion of her spirit, sleep did not this night close the casements of her eyes, and the Sun did no sooner gild the fringes of the Clouds with his luminous radiations, but she took an exact survey of *Clidmir's* Pourtraiture, and reperused her letters: She would have receiv'd some letters from *Artemidorus*, they being nourish'd with too much eloquence, but it happen'd that in those which were most Rhetorical, her affection to *Telusa* was painted in such lively colours, that they conduc'd most to erase *Clidmir's* love from the heart of *Artemidorus*; Pity likewise invaded her heart when she read those affectionate lines this Prince began to write to this *Chast* Virgin, considering to what height his grief would rise, when he learn'd his love was requited with such ingratitude; but when she remembered he had told her, that if his heart had not been pre-engag'd, she should have been the Saint to whom he would have paid his devotions; and the letter he began to write to *Chast* evidencing this verity, her modesty could not hinder her from wishing his love to *Clidmir* was now buried in oblivion, though she was resolv'd not to testify any affection to *Artemidorus*, nor to act any thing which might in the least blemish her reputation, unless he first by his amorous, yet real expressions, confess'd *Clidmir's* inconsistency had stopp'd the progress of his love, and that he made to her a total resignation of his heart; But not knowing how to compass the discovery of this design, *Artemidorus* presented her with an opportunity to effect it; for after he had visited *Africus*, and the Princess *Philicia*, he thought himself oblig'd to *Berelisa*, that she might justly challenge the next visit; he therefore went to her chamber, and found her in her Cabinet, there being nigh her on a little Taper Table, the Pourtraiture of *Clidmir* (the case whereof was shut) her letters were likewise there, he not knowing whose they were, by reason he could not see the writing; Her eye no sooner reach'd him, but *Berelisa* blusht, and would have treated him with more ceremony then ordinary; but *Artemidorus* oppos'd it with much address: I pray Madam said he (in a low voice approaching to her) remember that 'tis but for you I am *Artemidorus* at *Artemide*, and that in what estate forever I may be, I should have more glory by respecting you, then by receiving so many inutile demonstrations of your Bounty. After that the desir'd *Artemidorus* to take a seat, which having done, he earnestly entreated her to render him that letter he had begun to write to the Person whom he loved. That Person reply'd *Berelisa* blushing a so unworthy to receive it, that I believe my self bound not to restore it to you. Ah Madam (cry'd *Artemidorus*) it appears you do not know her, for I can assure you, if you knew her, you would love her. I know not reply'd she (her cheeks being stain'd with blushes) what I should do if I knew her by my self, but I am very well assur'd I hate her for the love of you; for not to vail truth with artificial conceits, you love an unfaithful person, who certainly is very affectionate to them she loves, but who contracts an irreconcilable hatred against those whose affections she hath deserted. But Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, much astonish'd at those words, I have not told you the Person's name whom I love, and I believe it impossible since yesterday you should have notice of it. To demonstrate to you what I know (reply'd she, opening the case where *Clidmir's* Pourtraiture was enclosed) see if you know this Picture. Ah Madam (cry'd *Artemidorus*) I know it but too well if 'tis true *Clidmir* should be unfaithful, but Madam (added he, changing colour) who gave you this Pourtraiture, which was at first intended for me, and which had not received the last hand of the Painter before my departure? Hath not *Clidmir* sent it me to bring me some consolation during my imprisonment? And hath not this charming person having notice of the place of my residence by some way unknown to me, thought by this means to obstruct my death? You will see by this letter (reply'd *Berelisa*) giving him one her brother had sent her; and *Artemidorus* taking that she offer'd to him, suddenly open'd it and knowing the characters were fram'd by *Clidmir's* hand, he read these words,

CLIDIMIRA TO TELESIS.
 I confess to you, Artemidorus hath given me many testimonies of his affection, and likewise assure you this Picture was at first design'd for him; but the mutability of my Fortune intruding many insurmountable obstacles to impede the progression of this love, my reason did at last free me from it; and as I doubt not but absence will be a sufficient remedy to cure the affection of Artemidorus, I freely engage my self to permit yours; and promise you (as you desire) that if his love receives no variation, it will not in the least alter my intent, of having no Commerce with him, and of loving Telesis, whilst he perseveres in his love to Clidimira.

Whilst Artemidorus read this letter, Berelisa attentively fixt her eyes upon him, and noting the change of his countenance, express'd some emotion of joy; which Artemidorus taking notice of, What Madam (said he to her) have you the cruelty (though you exceed in all excellent qualities any person in the world) to acquaint me with such doleful news? For in fine, there's nothing more cruel then to know Clidimira is inconstant, and that my Rival is the brother of the generous Berelisa, to whom my obligations are innumerable: But Madam (added he) How can I so soon deface Clidimira's image engraven in my heart, for whom I have acted those things which deserve a large compensation; for her alone I have contracted the anger of the Prince my brother, for her I have destroy'd my fortune, and rejected glory; can it be then possible that Clidimira from whom I have receiv'd so many amorous testimonies, should resign her love to another? Speak generous Berelisa, speak, for though I have accus'd you of cruelty, you can bind me in no stricter obligation then to discover all you know of Clidimira's infidelity, and to suffer me to peruse all her letters which serve to the confirmation of it. I will voluntarily do as you bid, on condition you promise me not to be my Brother's enemy, who hath not injur'd you, since he knows you not, and that he believes you did not in the least pretend to her, when she engag'd her self to him. Ah Madam reply'd Artemidorus, 'tis not possible for me to promise you not to hate a Rival, crown'd with the Title of happiness; and all that I can promise you is, That your enmity shall retain the effects of my hatred against Telesis: Speak then Madam, speak, but do not speak yet, and let me first see all Clidimira's letters; and she having given him one, he opened it, which contained these words,

CLIDIMIRA TO TELESIS.
 If Joy is a favourable Disposition in Love, you will sometimes find me the pleasantest person alive: I know not whence it proceedeth, whether from the simple effect of my Temperament, or from the Conquest of your heart, and neither you nor Fortune can ruin this serene humour, unless you banish my love from thence.

Ah Clidimira said Artemidorus (casting this letter on the Table) As your gaiety will channel my cheeks with tears, but 'tis requisite for me to know how far your perfidiousness hath transported you: and opening another letter, he was much surpris'd to see 'twas one he had formerly wrote to Clidimira; which he would have sacrific'd to his anger, had not Berelisa hindered him. Ah Artemidorus (said she to him) What intend you to do? I am but the depositary of these things I shew you, I ought to render them to my Brother, with whom I should have great compensation, had I lost that he confided to my care. But Madam said Artemidorus Can I suffer a letter I heretofore wrote to Clidimira, to be in my Rival's hands? Look on another (said she) and let me view that; and Berelisa by an amorous curiosity being dispos'd to read that letter, Artemidorus desir'd to hear it read, conceiving

ceiving it would be a means to heighten his intended hatred against *Clidimira*; and *Berelisa* opening it, it spoke these words.

ARTEMIDORUS to CLIDIMIRA.

I shall leave this day. Madam the honour to visit you, but 'twill be only in Ceremony, and with as much care to smother my passion; as I should have had in the Deprecation of it. Pity me I pray you, and wretch my spirit suffers an Eclipse or not; assure your self that the sole love of the adorable *Clidimira*, can either give or deprive me of it, and that neither my words or silence serve but to evidence your dominion over me.

I spoke this Madam said *Artemidorus*, when I believ'd *Clidimira*'s heart was moulded in the same frame as mine; but alas, her thoughts now stream in another current! After this he opened one of *Clidimira*'s letters, character'd in this manner.

CLIDIMIRA to TELESIS.

I think you ought to be assur'd of my affection, when I tell you I love you; and that I voluntarily resolve (with my Parents consent) to desert my Country, and run your Fortune. But since you require now assurances of my love, I declare to you, that if I ever violate my promise, I willingly consent you should blot me out of your remembrance, as I have *Artemidorus* out of mine.

Ab! 'tis too much cry'd this afflicted Lover, and I should degenerate from all men, if I should still retain the same affection for *Clidimira*: But alas (added he) I cannot hate her when I would! I crave your pardon said *Berelisa* to him, for occasioning this distemper; for I imagin'd my self oblig'd (*Clidimira* being soon to be titled my Sister) to incense you against her; that you might sequester a Passion from your Spirit, which would infallibly rob it of all repose. I am bound to you Madam (reply'd *Artemidorus*) for your good intention; but my obligation would be extrem, if you would so far honour me, to condescend to permit my love; to the end my heart might be imprinted with an indelible hatred against *Clidimira*: *Berelisa* blushed at this discourse, and had not power to shape a reply: 'tis true *Artemidorus* took no notice of it; for his grief did so exceed the limits of moderation, that he scarce knew in what language he had express'd himself to her. And having entreated *Berelisa* to relate to him the commencement of the love of *Telesis* for *Clidimira*, she told him, the same day he departed from *Leontine*, *Telesis* there arriv'd; and seeing *Clidimira* come forth of the Temple of *Ceres*, where she had been enchain'd, lest she should see *Artemidorus*; he at first sight found her so amiable, that he sought her acquaintance; and having the happiness to please her, she had so much joy to find her self free after she had endur'd such a long Imprisonment, that she was resolv'd to deliver her self from a Parricide persecution, by forgetting her first love; and to suffer that of *Telesis*, who engag'd himself to her at his departure, to return to espouse her, as soon as he should have obtain'd *Afranius*'s consent. But said *Artemidorus* to her, Is not this a delusion of *Clidimira*, to acquire some tranquility during my absence? No, reply'd *Berelisa*, my Brother hath told me that what you alledge being suspected, *Clidimira* submitted her self to the proof of that famous and sacred Lake, which (as you know) clears all dubious conjectures. But as we are not acquainted with the operations of it, said *Amilear* interrupting *Zemocrates*, and that the reports which are fram'd thereof do not give us a plenary satisfaction, we entreat you (as far as you know) to content our desires. As I am no *Leontine*, reply'd *Zemocrates*, I cannot give you so full an instruction as others; I only know 'tis a general opinion, that when one assures any

thing as true, and that he swears it on the brink of a Lake, nigh *Leonine*, if he writes his name on a little Table of wood, destin'd to that purpose, and that he casts it into the middle of that Lake, it floats at the top if what he says is true; but if false, it descends to the bottom: It is likewise ascertain'd, that he, which is perjur'd, is at the same time seiz'd with a kind of a slow consuming Fever, which pines him to death. And this opinion is so receiv'd at *Leonine*, that when a person puts himself to the Trial of the Lake of *Dele*, 'tis call'd the verity of his words are unquestionable. *Berelisa* having told *Artemidorus* *Clidimira's* affection to *Telisa*, was experimented in this manner; his affliction was so unconfin'd, that *Berelisa* repeated her self for having reduc'd him to such extremum misfortune; He was not transported with anger against *Telisa*, but complain'd of none but *Clidimira*, all whose letters he severally perus'd; but the more he read, the fuller evidence he had of her Infidelity: At length *Berelisa* smother'd this grief with such obliging words, that it rest'd part of that consolation his affection had put to flight; for said she to him, It grieves me that my Brother should occasion your displeasure; 'Tis not (added she) since *Clidimira* was capable of change, she would not have chang'd if my Brother had never seen her; for I believe Inconstancy doth not so much proceed from one who particularly delights those, which are capable of Infidelity, but because their pleasures are generally sway'd by novelty: therefore generous *Artemidorus*, seek to console your self, till your good fortune presents you with a Person more constant than *Clidimira*, to recompense that fidelity you have wast'd on an unfaithful person. (Ah Madam said he to her, were it possible for me to unchain my heart from *Clidimira's* love, and level it as another object, would you counsel me to expose my self to suffer such unparalleled affliction as I now endure? If I believ'd (reply'd *Berelisa* blushing) that all women were as unfaithful as *Clidimira*, I would not insinuate such dangerous counsel; but Sir, I cannot harbour such an ill opinion of my Sex, as to believe it impossible to find a constant Virgin; I know there are many deserve that Title. Alas Madam said he to her, I fear I shall not be so happy to dis-inchant my self from this passion; I would now act the most difficult thing imaginable to force my hatred against *Clidimira*; I would willingly resign my affection to another, though a thousand dangers attended it; but I feel in my heart such a grand confusion of Jealousie, Grief, Anger, and Love, that I know not which of them will be the most predominant. In the mean time Madam, added he, the friendship and respect you command from me, retains me from expressing any anger against that happy Rival, which triumphs in my miseries; and believe that except the unfaithful *Clidimira*, never any person could claim the like esteem as you; Dispense therefore (Madam) with so much goodness, as to alleviate my affliction, and let me find more stability in your friendship, then the love of that inconstant person hath deny'd me. I assure you (reply'd *Berelisa*) that if it lay in my power, I would soon period your misfortune; but as that depends more on *Artemidorus* then *Berelisa*, disquiet not your thoughts, but yield to reason, which will soon remedy this unjust grief. Ah Madam (reply'd he) this Distaste destroys the cure of reason. After this *Artemidorus* incited by an irresistible motion, would have opened the case of *Clidimira's* Pourtraicture; But *Berelisa*, who fear'd the sight of this Picture, would rather encrease then decrease his Passion; took it from him, and told him, he ought now to contemplate nothing but the infidelity of his Mistress. You have reason Madam, said he to her, I would hate *Clidimira*, and I would have your friendship be my sole consolation. But generous *Berelisa* (added he) why do you not endeavour to heal the passion of *Telisa*? for as *Clidimira* hath left me for him, she will perhaps desert him for another; Do him this courtesy, and by this means you will act my Revenge. For what concern my Brother (reply'd *Berelisa*) I have no desire to blot out his affection, it being not so easie to cure a Belov'd as a Deserted Lover; and for what concerns you, I would rather gain *Clidimira* twenty lovers, then deprive her of one, that your hatred might extend so far as never to permit any reconciliation. After this *Artemidorus* express'd many obliging words to *Berelisa*; but they were so inter-

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weav'd with others which glanc'd on his former affection to *Clitandra*, that she hearkn'd to them with different resentments; when he was return'd to his apartment, he esteem'd himself so unhappy, that he wish'd his death had anticipated that day in which he lost his liberty; for he was at variance with his Brother, he had destroy'd his Fortune, he was a Princes Prisoner enemy to him from whom he deny'd his extraction, he saw himself cashier'd by that person who had wounded his heart, he had a Rival which generosity and gratitude forbid him to destroy being a Virgins brother to whom he ow'd the favourable treatment he receiv'd in his restraint, and who knew him to be the Prince of *Leonia's* Brother; not knowing then how to direct his thoughts, his sole consolation was *Brillissas* friendship. On the other side this amiable Virgin was not exempted from iniquitude; for though her joy exceeded the ordinary limits of moderation, she having introduc'd Anger and Jealousie into a Lovers heart, from whence she would have banish'd love; yet she fear'd his despatch would not ascend to such a degree, as utterly to extirpate this Love, and that if this first should be extinct, his heart would remain incapable of a second Passion: The words of *Philonicus* tending to the conclusion of the War, did in some measure brighten her grief, because she imagin'd Peace should no sooner be compos'd, but *Armenidas* would receive his liberty, and that secret love which had scal'd the Fortress of her heart, even forc'd her to wish the declaration of the true quality of *Armenidas*, to the end his liberty should not be so soon licens'd, she conceiving his life would not thereby be expos'd to any danger: But generosity soon strangled these unjust thoughts which Love would have imprinted in her mind.

In the meantime the charming *Philonicus*, who thought of nothing but how to manage the reception of the *Agrieginus* Prince with most magnificency, sent out her Orders to that purpose, so that all the Ladies were wholly employ'd in providing those things which might most advantage their perfections; the Princess was likewise advertiz'd by a Letter from *Cliffus*, that the day the *Agrieginus* Prince should come to *Caristalis*, she should receive a letter from the *Syracusan* Princess who is a Person embellish'd with all those graces which complete a perfect Beauty: Her Body shap'd with such exact Symetry, that Nature hath here shewn how far she transcends the Art of the most curious Pencil: For the Prince of *Syracusa* having sent me to the *Agrieginus* Prince at that time as he sent *Teleus* to him, the Princess of *Syracusa* entrusted me with a Letter for the Princess *Philonicus*; and having told it *Cliffus* when I arriv'd at the Camp, he gave her notice of it; and when I delivered her the Letter, she parted with so much goodness, as to receive me with an extraordinary civility, bringing a Testimony of the Friendship of such an exquisite Person.

But before I relate to you what pass'd that day the Prince of *Agrieginus* return'd, 'tis expedient for me to acquaint you with three things, to the end the Narration of this Festival might prove more delightful to you: The first, that I had been a long time one of the principal friends of *Armenidas*. The second, that I believ'd he had undertaken a long Voyage, not in the least suspecting he was a Prisoner at *Agrieginus*. The third, That 'tis necessary to describe the Situation of that place the amiable *Philonicus* had selected to receive the Prince her Father; for I ought to render justice to this Beautiful Princess, to demonstrate to you that there appear'd both Spirit and Judgement in all her actions; and there hapned in this place so many things depending on this History, that I believe I shall not traverse my reason by describing a place which hath given me so much delight, both by its natural Beauty, and by the merit of him who resides there: For *Clitandra* to whom *Caristalis* belongs, is a Person of eminent desert, whether one considers the grandezza of his Spirit, or the solidity of his judgement, his capacity, politeness, integrity, gallantry, or generosity; But to execute my Designe, *Caristalis* is a place so fram'd for pleasure, that 'tis impossible to give you a perfect description of it; 'Tis not one of those whose Beauty appears by the opposition of the circumjacent places; for you no sooner come from *Agrieginus*, but fair objects salute your eyes; the way

lies in a direct line, a river with its silver streams travelling a long with you this pleasant voyage, the diversity in all places where you pass, and the only pleasure of the beautiful prospect, seems to cheat the length of the way; 'tis even so singular, and the ascension so imperceptible, that you receive no inconvenience by it, though 'tis situated on a mountain; this mountain is crown'd with a great Plain, it having nothing ordinary but the commodity to discover all the Beauties of the adjoining fields; to Linn out in lively colours this amiable Country in general, 'tis sufficient in particular to character *Carisali*; Imagine as if you were now in a Court of a proportionate grandeur to a Building your eyes at your entrance survey on the left hand, the Symetry whereof fram'd to breed delight; on the Superficies is a Balustrade, beyond which is a kind of a Rustick *Vestibulum*, the Columns whereof are *Cypresses*; This *Vestibulum* is bounded by a row of great Trees, plac'd on purpose there to hinder at first sight the pleasure which doth compose this place; on the top Madam of the prementioned mountain, there is a grand *Pavilion*; like a *Terrace*, along which is contriv'd a Walk, flank'd with fair Trees, you ascend this Walk by two stately steps, between which are two Balconies erected, first to a marble *Balustrade*, from whence one might discover so many different objects, that I fear I shall be tax'd either of equivocation or exaggeration, if I only represent part of them unto you; for in fine, Madam, there is to be seen all those things which frame a delightful prospect, you may see many remote and cacuminous mountains, embroydred with spreading Trees of a famous Forrest, which without constraining the sight, confine it to an agreeable arrest; but before your eyes meet with these Mountains and Forrest, a great and pleasant River for some while detains them, which to shew it self with a better grace, forms a Crescent, whose horns of Silver, (if this term is not in Prose inconsistent) bury themselves in the grass of two delicate Meadows; but as if 'twas not sufficient to see this fair and great River, there's a less, which not daring to appear so nigh the other, presents but a little Rivelet, which divers times shews, and then again hides its self; for sometimes its *Meanders* deludes the eyes, and sometimes one may see its *Argentine* streams shine through the Willows, and run into a little Valley, expressly made for modest Ladies to bathe their naked Limbs; this fair Valley is at the foot of a little hill, so pleasantly seated, that no words can reach the full description of it; For Madam, there is a thousand agreeable inequalities; You may see Groves with little Rustick houses, a small Village where an Hill almost denies the sight of the eye, a little Temple, and several other things which have now slip't my memory; On this side between the great and little River, there's divers Meadows enclos'd with Willows, as if they were several Halls destin'd for Rural sports; this Country is so spacious, directly opposite to the *Pavilion*, that you may see all that which the industry of Agriculture hath taught men for the preservation of life; and Nature hath so stor'd the fields with diversity of Flowers, shaded with such exquisite colours, that all others serve but as foys to set forth the luster of this amiable place; I may likewise very well say, this Country hath all the tranquility of a solitude, though not so dismal as Deserts, for the great River hath Boats of all sorts, the less hath sometimes Shepherdesses, which in their Bathing, sport themselves in this Watry Element; and all these Meadows are as it were sown with flocks of Sheep and Pastures; this is not all the beauty of *Carisali*, for behind this high Alley, from whence you may discover so many things, is an agreeable Wood, the beauty whereof cannot be limited to any praise; 'tis of no great extent, there is eight principal Alleys, in the middle of which is a Statue of *Venus*, they are divided into several little paths, and solitary retirements, which so often cross one another, that one may weary themselves and not find the place where they first entred; there is seven Cabines, every one carv'd a several way, the Trees are so fair, the ground is so plush'd with verdant grass, and the shade so charming, that my eyes never met with a fairer object; the Ayre is so pure, & the sight of two rivers so sweetly seduces the imagination, that it dispels those melancholy cares which oppresses a Lovers breast; the situation of this place doth admit of several prospects, the eight great alleys of the wood have different objects, which

which limit the sight; one faces a Balcony insculpt with divers curiosities of Art; another a pleasant Grove, there's one which looks on the Plain, another from whence your eye cannot reach heaven; in fine, there's such an alluring diversity in this place, that none can come in competition with it. This variety of objects runs through all the parts of the Building, but especially from an high Hall you may take a full survey of this delightful place; there's round about *Carisalis* many Structures which have consum'd inestimable Treasure, and if they are advantag'd by Art and Magnificence, yet Nature is definent, which lively shews it self in *Carisalis*. This Building being then adorn'd with singular advantages, 'twas a fit place to receive a Prince who return'd plum'd with victory.

The Princess *Philonice* forgot nothing which might contribute to the honour of the Prince her Father; *Afranor* went at the head of all the *Agrigentine* men of quality, to meet the Prince six miles beyond *Carisalis*, and from thence to *Agrigentine*; the Inhabitants of the City which us'd to bear Arms, rank'd themselves in a Warlike posture; The Princess follow'd by *Berelisa* and the fairest Beauties of the Court, habited alike, in magnificent Chariots went to *Carisalis*, where *Cleodorus* receiv'd her with his accustomed Civility. But before I acquaint you with the reception of the *Agrigentine* Prince, you must know that every Lady was accompanied by a Person of quality, when she mounted on Horseback to meet the Prince; for *Philonice* had retain'd as many men as Ladies, which in sumptuous apparel should illustrate the glory of this day: She desir'd *Artemidorus* to wait on *Berelisa*, telling him that since he was her Prisoner, 'twas fit he should supply that office; *Artemidorus* whose melancholy had alter'd his disposition, excus'd himself, fearing to be known in such a confluence of people; but *Philonice* and *Berelisa* added to many persuasive entreaties, that he at last comply'd with their desires: As all men ought to be invested in the richest attire in this occasion, *Afranor* offered to supply *Artemidorus* with all things necessary, but he refus'd to accept his curtesie. To return to *Carisalis*. No sooner had *Philonice* notice that the Prince her Father was four miles distant from thence, but she mounted on her Horse, follow'd by twenty Ladies of quality: These Ladies were habited as *Diana* Nymphs are painted, they had a Bowe in one hand, and a Quiver on their shoulder, their heads were shadow'd with Coifs of plumes, mixt with such lively and different colours, that they compos'd the fairest and imaginable object: In this Plain I have before mentioned, which is on the top of the mountain, on the right hand from *Carisalis*, *Philonice* amongst the others, seem'd *Diana* her self, she had such a noble air, and such an innate modesty appear'd in her face; but as a mark of distinction, her Bowe and Quiver were enamell'd with precious stones, the tower of plumes which form'd her Coif, had a knot of Diamonds, which represented that demi-Goddesse plac'd on *Diana*'s head, every Lady was attended by a person of quality, proudly mounted, and richly habited, who seem'd to be there to serve and defend her, and every one had two slaves cloth'd in her colour, with Collars of Silver, who plac'd on both sides her Horse, to stay him if need should require: And to signify the arrival of this gallant Troop, there was an Harmony part *Patrician*, and part *Patrician*, which infinitely pleas'd; and after all these Ladies, came all the Officers of the House of the Princess, and after them two hundred Archers on horse back, which equally divided themselves both before and behinde; the day was fair, and the way so commodious, that every Knight entertain'd his Lady with what he best imagin'd would conduce to her delight: *Artemidorus* being, since *Philonice* the secrets of whose heart lay open to her knowledge, and *Artemidorus* was casting forth a sigh, thus said; I could wish Madam the undivulged secret, and behold me this day, for you are so attractive and amiable, that this day to become you, that certainly she would believe you are the Goddess who always my thoughts, and I am so acquainted with her humour, that I am confident she would be highly pleas'd. Your expressions favour too much of flattery, reply'd *Berelisa*, yet to recompense you, I willingly consent to be the immediate cause of your vengeance, and though I fancy not the reality of your words, I should be extremely, should

of *Dela*, to assure him of her fidelity; therefore if you credit my words, I would advise you, by another love to banish this passion from your heart. Ah *Zemocrates* said he to me, none can renounce love so soon as you. Time would not permit us longer discourse, for one came to advertise the Ladies that Dinner was now prepar'd; they were conducted into the fair Hall I have before mentioned, where they were serv'd with all magnificence befitting persons of their condition; and the Prince of *Agrigentine* Din'd with some of his Nobility in a low Hall, a foot higher then the Garden. The Ladies after this repast entred into a fair chamber, directly opposite against the Hall, with a part of the most accomplish'd Gallants, the rest remaining with the *Agrigentine* Prince, who related to *Clodamas* divers things concerning the last Campagne: But entring there, *Philonice* whose curiosity extended to all delightful objects, cast her eye on a Picture hanging on the way to this chamber, it being design'd by a Virgin ally'd to *Clodamas*; and as this Picture merited some observation, *Philonice* call'd *Berelisa* to see it; This Picture is fram'd with ingenious Art; one may see there a pleasant Country, with a fair Tree, at the foot whereof is a beautiful young person sumptuously attir'd, and behind her three women, she holds a Distaff in her right hand, presenting it to *Hercules*, whom a young *Cupid* holds chain'd in a golden chain, and drawing it with her left hand, she forces him to cast away his Club, and to take the offer'd Distaff; but better to explicate this Picture, the little *Cupid* holds in his right hand a Torch, and with the other retains the Fillet that blinds his eyes, which seems to be fann'd by the gentle Breizes of the Wind; Underneath are some Greek word, which speak thus in our Language,

From my Fire proceeds my Force.

After *Philonice* had consider'd the explication of this Picture, she said (turning her self to *Berelisa*) That for her part she believed the power of Love proceeded not but from the debility of those whom it assaulted. But Madam (reply'd she blushing) do not you see *Hercules* who appears far superiour in strength to that young Child, forc'd by him to embrace what he desires. Ah *Berelisa* reply'd she, there's a certain weakness of heart commonly found in men, which is not incompatible with the force of the Body, nor with the greatest Valour: *Philonice* had hardly pronounc'd these words, but all maintain'd Love's Party: The Prince of *Erice* amongst the rest, said, He could not admit Love to pass for debility, onely in the hearts of those who persevere in loving an unfaithful person. *Artemidorus* who felt himself touch'd with the expressions of the Prince of *Erice*, chang'd colour, and could not frame an answer; whereupon *Terrillus* thus reply'd, that it argu'd not so much weakness to continue to love a person, though she had chang'd affection; as to persist in loving a person, whose affection 'twas almost impossible to acquire; for (added he) 'tis the greatest subject of complaint one can imagine, to Court a Person without hope to attain her love. 'Tis doubtless a great unhappiness (reply'd the Prince of *Erice*) but the inconstancy of a Mistress is far greater. Ah she (reply'd *Terrillus*) 'tis more injurious not to be beloved, then to be desert'd by a Mistress. After this every one took the part either of the *Erice* Prince, or *Terrillus*, except *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*, whose Intrells were engag'd in this question: for if *Artemidorus* yet affected the inconstant *Clodamas*, *Berelisa* treat'd *Terrillus* with so much cruelty, that she saw he spoke against himself, to have occasion to speak against her; but as the conversation seem'd curious to *Philonice*, she seated her self; and caus'd the other Ladies to take their places, the men standing before them; except some, who knelt upon Cushions, more conveniently to entertain their Ladies, whilst the Prince of *Erice* and *Terrillus* disputed high. *Philonice* and *Berelisa* on the precedent subject: For my part reply'd the Prince of *Erice*, I find no comparison between these two things; for as 'tis not impossible that a woman who loves you, should offend you, I find that in ceasing to love her, you are oblig'd to hate her; that 'tis sufficient to render indifference for indifference, that you are even bound to express Civility to her (when you happen to meet her; and if you dis-esteem her, and unchain your heart you sufficiently punish her

her for her injustice and insensibility, without adding hatred and despicable, but for an inconstant person: Ah *Terillus* (pursu'd he) you cannot too much hate, nor too much despise her: I likewise assert, that if a man hath been very amorous, and hath believ'd his affection hath been requited, he cannot limit his hatred to an unfaithfull person; and I believe 'tis very easie to cure his Passion, by ballancing the grandeur of her love and her inconstancy; for by remembering that his anger will be screw'd up to such an heighth, that he will think no punishment sufficient to requite her wavering nature, which should not be express'd to a person which hath contemn'd your affection, either through aversion or indifferency.

Ah Sir, replied *Terillus*, our resentments are different, for I believe 'tis more easie and more just to despise a woman which hath slighted your love, then one from whom you have received many demonstrations of affection, though she retains those testimonies, and varies in her former thoughts; for 'tis the greatest injustice one can offer to an amorous man who is permanent in his love to reject his Passion; 'tis so natural to love them who affect us, that when a man is so happy to persuade his love to any person whom he adores, if this woman doth not correspond in her affection, dis esteems the lover, is averse to his Passion, or hath entertained another; if she loves another, she is criminal for permitting a new lover to ingage to serve her; if she doth but a little esteem him, the lover should be very unjust to esteem her much; and if she is averse to him, he ought to retribute the like to her; and in what manner soever it should be, a generous lover which hath wasted many daies and not gain'd the affection of his Mistress, ought to hate and contemn her who hath with such pertinacity resisted his love, since 'tis certain that ingratitude is a capital crime; and there is nothing more ingratefull then not to love those which love us: For I have already told you 'tis so natural, that love produces love; that if this Passion is not produc'd in a womans heart which is ardently lov'd, it either proceeds from the small desert of the Lover, the capriciousness of the Mistress, or from the abovesaid reasons; nothing seems to me more just, or ought more easily to be done, then not to have any esteem or complacency for an insensible person. I say one ought to requite her with all the incivility a discreet person can be capable of: And if it was possible there should be any matter of indiscretion, between a neglected Lover and his Mistress, I think I should permit him to be indiscreet; for in fine, as he should have no indiscretion, which might make him be suspected of vanity, or which might injure the reputation of an insensible person, it would be a sweet and innocent revenge; if I did not generally hold that persons of quality ought not to revenge themselves of their Ladies in the same manner as they would revenge themselves of their enemies. I am of your opinion, replies the *Erincine Prince*, that an insensible person to whom one hath given many testimonies of love, if she ingratefully requites him, she merits the same ingratitude; but that which I maintain, is, that 'tis more easie to hate an inconstant then an insensible person, and that the revenge appears more just. On the contrary, replied *Terillus*, I assert 'tis more difficult to relinquish the love of an unconstant, then an insensible person, and that if a man hath been once favour'd and affected by a Lady he is indispensably oblig'd, not to be deficient in his discretion to her, though she hath chang'd her thoughts; but one should not so act with an insensible Mistress, of whom he might more innocently revenge himself, because her insultation is greater by beginning not to love her then the other, by deserving the affection of his Lady, nor can he be oblig'd to any discretion. But separately to speak of these two things, I will at first make you to see, that 'tis more easie for an abused Lover to dispel love from his heart, then for a Lover which hath been favoured; there is in the memory of a Lover obstinately despised, nothing which can or ought to retain love in his Soul; since that if he call'd to remembrance the person whom he hath serv'd, he sees her cold, insensible, and alwaies indifferent, if he remembers to have written to her, he will likewise remember that she hath not answered to him; or if she hath, her answers have contain'd no affectionate expressions; if he remembers his eyes have saluted hers, his memory will tell him, that she turn'd

her face from him with contempt; or that she beheld him with a kind of stupid indifferency which is insupportable in love; if he thinks what actions he hath performed to please her, he remembers either she hath slightly receiv'd, or scornfully disdain'd them, perhaps he hath prais'd her beauty, but it often appears he hath thereby betray'd his judgement; for it often happens love intitles those fair which deserve not to be plac'd in that number: Moreover, a Lover hath no obligation to a person whom he loves without the same requital; so that his heart raising no opposition against his resentment, it seems easie to me even by his anger to cure his love; honour likewise might do it with much facility; since there is nothing more fit to banish love, then the remembrance that one hath lavish'd much time in courting a person, which despises him; and who hath distinguish'd him from the rest of men by a secret aversion; but for a woman which hath once lov'd you it is not so, for she hath esteem'd you and preferr'd you before all men; she hath chosen and confided in you; but 'tis not so in the other; for there's nothing in his memory but indifferency which might retain affection; there is a thousand and a thousand thoughts in a Lovers heart which hath been belov'd, which may retain his love in despite of the inconstancy of the beloved person, he may see tender and passionate Letters, not respecting the person who hath wrote them; she being unfaithfull, he may behold her Portrait, no acknowledgement retaining his resentment, and even the possibility to revenge ones self, arrests a part of ones revenge, and every time one remembers so many amorous regards, so many obliging assignations, so many favourable discourses, and so many innocent favours, there's means enough to destroy the desire to reconquer the heart one hath lost, and likewise to destroy the hope thereof; for after he is assur'd he hath done all he can imagine to please her, since he hath pleas'd her; he thinks he is wanting in something, that in demanding pardon, he may recover the treasure he hath lost; and even supposes if he can accuse himself of nothing, but lay the whole accusation on her, 'tis a capricious humour which will soon vanish, and that then he shall receive more affectionate assurances then he did before; therefore hope may subsist in a Lovers heart whose affection hath been entertain'd with a correspondency, though his Mistress hath proved inconstant, and there is much difficulty to disengage his Passion: To speak with sincerity, there's nothing so puissant to retain love, in an heart compos'd of tenderness, then to hope a pleasure he had before enjoy'd; one will sometimes recede from glory to preserve his Conquest, and to hinder his Rival from gaining any profit by it; jealousy which boasts it self to be the most puissant enemy of love, retains it often in a Lovers heart deserted by his Mistress, when he is devoid of hope: Judge then (I pray you) if an indifferent Mistress which gives you neither hope nor jealousy, can or ought to be difficult to forget, for the remembrance of the past cannot render it amiable to you; the present exasperate you, or the future flatter you with success: But if you consent (replied the *Ermine Prince*) that 'tis more easie, and even more just to hate a person of whom one cannot be lov'd, then one of whom one hath been favour'd, though she hath now cancel'd all favours, consent likewise that a Lover is confin'd to a stricter limit with her, which hath always despis'd him, then with her which hath betray'd him; for she which hath never lov'd you, having promis'd you nothing, she hath not injur'd you so much as that person who after she had sworn you an eternal affection violated her word; and I conclude you ought to be more reserv'd to one then to another; I am of your opinion (replied *Tarillau*) but 'tis not according to your Method; for I maintain that a man who hath been uncivilly dealt withall by a woman, owes no more civility to her, then to all women in general; I know not whether hee can dispense with it in some occasions; but for a woman which hath once lov'd, I affirm, that if she at length hates him, he ought to respect her; and is oblig'd to have discretion, though his love seems extinct; and as it is just that an abused Lover perpetually keeps in his heart the resentment of the ingratitude and indifferency of his Mistress, so a deserted Lover should ever preserve a kind of acknowledgement for his Precedent favours; and this recognition must even oblige him not to be so far transported, as to injure the reputation.

tation of his Mistress, from whom he once receiv'd favours, which might still deserve his love: I believe it (replied the Prince of *Ericine*, yielding to *Terillus*) for as all the favours of Ladies stream from pure Fountains; I am of opinion they may retract them when they please, without being term'd indiscreet, principally when they practice no new Gallantry; as I never fathom'd the resentments of a forsaken Lover, and believe that I never shall be expos'd to try those of an injur'd Lover; 'tis not strange I never attain'd to the knowledge of those excellent things you have so judiciously discours'd of; I have (it may be) lesse experience than you, in the estate of a Lover forsaken by his Mistress (repli'd *Terillus*) and have more interest than you imagine (added he, looking on *Berelisa*) in the condition of a Lover whose Mistress slight's all those favours he offers to acquire her esteem; but to take my choice in these two things, I had rather continue in the same resentments I now am, to have been once affected by the person I love, though she should vary in her affection, then to believe I shall never arrive to that happiness: The event is so dubious (repli'd the *Ericine* Prince) that we ought never to admit of despair: we commonly use those expressions to an unhappy person; repli'd *Philonice*, but there is some things we may confidently say will never happen, you have reason, Madam (repli'd *Berelisa*, on purpose to anger *Terillus*) for by example, when one hath a natural aversion against any person; how is it possible to vanquish it; but if it is not possible to surmount a natural aversion (repli'd *Artemidorus*) is there any way to subdue a violent inclination. In truth, answered the *Ericine* Prince, I believe there's much equality in these two things; and that if it is not easie to expel hatred from his heart; 'tis very difficult to banish love from thence. Ah Sir (repli'd *Berelisa* who would not have *Artemidorus* entertain this resentment) I assure you there's divers occasions to which our hatred may not extend, and yet they blot out our love. Who will not say (repli'd *Philonice*) that *Berelisa* hath had many Lovers and many enemies, which have experimentally taught her to frame these distinctions? and how can't be true she hath never yet had either love or hatred. Ah Madam, repli'd she, her cheeks being dy'd with a modest blush, if you had remembered my true sentiments, your language would not have so far exceeded — I pray (said *Terillus*, interrupting her, speaking to her in a low voice) do not give a clearer explication of your thoughts; for the person to whom you speak, too well knows what she hath said: *Berelisa* had answered him, had not the Prince of *Agrigentine* entred, which caused all to rise from their seats; but every one was surpriz'd to see the Prince so soon as he was entred go directly to *Artemidorus*, and looking upon *Berelisa*, know (said he, to her) your Prisoner is a Prisoner of importance, and that if you have profited of the Counsel I heretofore gave you, when I desir'd you to inflame his heart with an amorous affection, you have gain'd an illustrious conquest. As I believe I have not done it, repli'd she blushing, I think, Sir, I may say for my honour I never had any design to effect it; Conquests of this nature being more often perform'd when one hath the least suspicion of them, repli'd the *Agrigentine* Prince, 'tis therefore impossible for me to give any direct answer: but expecting till you resolve my question; let me complain of the diffidence the Prince *Artemidorus* conceiv'd of my generosity, by concealing his true condition; at these words, every one cast their eyes on this illustrious Prisoner, who was plung'd in a deep perplexity; for he knew not whether it was *Berelisa* or I who had made this discovery, *Berelisa* who suspected the thoughts of *Artemidorus*, sought by her eyes to justify her innocency; and I likewise by some private signs evident to him, I was not conscious of this action.

In the mean time, as his heart is great and noble, he did not much study for an answer, for seeing he was known, he did deny not the truth, but ingeniously confess it, and addressing himself to the *Agrigentine* Prince, Sir (said he to him) I intreat you to believe you are not the cause of my disguise, and those who have declared my quality, have perhaps told you that I departed from *Leonine*, but for an interest of State: I know it very well, repli'd the *Agrigentine* Prince, for the Parents of fair *Cleimira*, having sent hither a man express to inform them of *Telefis* who

is to espouse her; it hapned that this man being born at *Aggrigentine*, though he resided at *Leontine*; and coming hither with a desire to see this solemnity, knew you; and being born my subject, he thought himself bound by Allegiance to discover you to me: but when he acquainted me with it (added he) it seem'd he had no Designe but that you should live in a splendour proportionable to your Quality; for he highly exaggerated the injustice of the *Leontine* Prince, and your own merit; neither am I resolv'd to use you otherwise, nor to change any thing of your Fortune, but to give order you should be treated like a Prince: for though the Treaty of *Heraclea* be not concluded, you shall receive your liberty as if your condition was not known; I offer you likewise my Court as an *Asylum*, till the Prince your Brother remits his anger, and resolves to respect you according to your merit. Your expressions are so generous (reply'd *Artemidorus*) that I can frame no language to reach the grandeur of your excessive Favours, immeritedly bestow'd upon me, nor can I requite your generosity, but by assuring you I will unstop the azure Conduits of my veins for your service, whilst honour permits me to expose my life for your Interests.

After these words the Prince of *Aggrigentine* saying 'twas time to depart, the Princess thereto dispos'd her self, but not till she had made an obliging complement to *Artemidorus*, to whom all the Ladies and the rest of the company did the like; *Terillus* did likewise salute him, but with a kind of compulsive civility; for remembering all those curtesies *Berelisa* had performed to this Prisoner, he believ'd it may be she knew him; and had more suspicion of it, because she express'd a great emotion of joy at the generosity of the *Aggrigentine* Prince, when *Clodamas* who came with this Prince approach'd her, she could not restrain her self from testifying her satisfaction. Sage *Clodamas* said she to him, what say you of this adventure? You who can set a just price on heroick actions, how do you esteem this action of the *Aggrigentine* Prince? and how do you like the reception of it by the Prince *Artemidorus*? I find (reply'd *Clodamas*) you have your part in the glory of this day, since *Artemidorus* is your Prisoner, and that you were the first who knew his merit. As *Terillus* had attentively hearkned to the words of *Berelisa*, his heart was enslav'd with such a jealous passion, that swaying all his rational faculties, it retained Love, which was ready to forsake its residence. But not to intrude on your patience by reciting several things not material to this History, I shall retrench them, and only tell you, that the Ladies having re-mounted on their Horses, return'd to *Aggrigentine*; where the Prince was receiv'd with all the Ceremonies usual in such occasions: Before he departed from *Caristia*, he caressed in a singular manner the sage *Clodamas*, highly commending his sumptuous entertainment: for the amiable *Philonice*, she was so pleas'd with the delectable Situation of his House, that she promis'd him to return thither ere *Cynthia* had once repair'd her wained horns, to pass away some few days with more pleasure and delight. I shall not Madam tyre your attention by the recital of the Feast in the Princes Palace, or the Masques and Balls, which lasted the space of eight days; but shall only tell you, that the *Aggrigentine* Prince incited by his natural generosity, forc'd *Artemidorus* to accept an equipage correspondent to his condition; This Prince then appear'd without constraint the most amiable of men, though his Melancholy did somewhat eclipse his humour; and esteeming *Berelisa* in an high degree, 'twas not easie for her to vanquish her puissant inclination: As *Berelisa* was the first Lady in the Court to whom I had spoken, and who favour'd *Artemidorus*, being my particular friend, she testifi'd unto me so much goodness, that I became wholly oblig'd to her; and sometimes I imagin'd if my heart had not been already engag'd, I had dispos'd my self to love her: Judging then *Artemidorus* by my self, I counsell'd him what I could to love *Berelisa*. Alas, said he to me, when I spoke to him of it, my heart is fram'd to love her; there's nothing I would not do to content her; and I esteem her a thousand times more then *Clidimira*: but I cannot raze that unfaithful person from my heart, and in despite of my anger, jealousy, and grief, my soul is disturb'd; when I suddenly hear her name pronounc'd, my imagination represents her.

her to me, and my heart desires her; and if my words may not be construin'd in a degenerate sense, my heart yet affects her; though she is inconstant. I am likewise resolv'd (reply'd he) to re-engage, or cure my passion, to write once more to *Clidimira*, to see if she'll have the confidence to forbid me to love her, and always deny my love. I would have diverted him from his intention, because I fear'd this person would flatter him with uncertain hope; but as his Designe was absolute, I assisted him therein, commanding one of my men to carry his letter, which contain'd these expressions, if my memory prove not treacherous:

**The Faithful ARTEMIDORUS, to the
Inconstant CLIDIMIRA.**

Y Our variable Nature (*Madam*) is the subject of all Disorders; and though the Tale of my Letter doth seem to evidence my Belief, yet I confess to you my doubts are not fully resolv'd, till your own hand clear my suspicion. I know you have given all my Letters to my Rival, that your Lines to him demonstrate the Reality of your Affection, and that you have given him the *Portraiture* design'd for me. Though these things may be convincing, your Writing only renders me happy, or undecyve me. I am perswaded you fancied Love to acquire your repose during my absence. For my part I shall not declare to you what affection sways my heart, before you have resolv'd my question. Inform me then whether your Perfections are still grac'd with a permanent Love, or whether your Inconstancy hath deform'd your Beauty.

Artemidorus somewhat scrupled to send this Letter before he had shew'd it to *Berelisa*; but as she was the Sister of *Telesis*, he thought if he spoke to her of it, she would not permit him to send it; at last he did not insist on this consideration, whereupon I gave it to one of my men who went to *Leontine*; I having other Interests which oblig'd me to send either: I know not (*Madam*) whether you remember I told you, that when *Telesis* departed from the Camp to go to *Syracusa*, where he was sent by the *Agrientine* Prince, he wrote to *Berelisa* he would go privately to *Leontine*, desiring her to tell no person of it. It hapned that when *Clidimira* receiv'd the letter of *Artemidorus*, *Telesis* was there; you may judge then what answer she return'd to oblige the last, and to introduce despair into the first Lover's heart, she wrote to him but these words, which doubtless were fram'd on purpose to banish love from the faithfull Lover Nature ever produc'd:

CLIDIMIRA to ARTEMIDORUS.

*A*S we ought never to engage to Love, without the Hope to be Crown'd with Felicity, I hold we may desert that Love, to the end we should not be plung'd in misery; therefore Sir, knowing the state of your Fortune and mine, hath distanc'd our Happiness, I have chang'd my Affection, to change my Destiny. For as I pray you, let us both which hath pass'd between us, as I am resolv'd to bury it in Oblivion. You may judge *Madam* this letter quickned the anger of *Artemidorus*; for my part I never saw any man more enrag'd after he had perus'd it. What *Zemocrates* said he to me, *Clidimira*! the ingrateful *Clidimira*, hath she wrote unto me a letter of this Nature after she hath buoy'd up my love with Lints both tender and engaging? Can I still preserve an inviolate affection? Ah no, no, added he, I can have her, it will hare her, and I already hare her. I will love another, or expire. Your thoughts were so various (reply'd he) that I fear you can resolve on nothing. Ah! to hate *Clidimira* (reply'd he) I feel my self already dispos'd, and the difficulty is to know whether I shall persevere in this hatred. If I was in your place,

(said I to him) instead of perplexing my self with hatred, which is an unquiet passion. I would assume love, Ah *Zenocrates*! (reply'd he, when one seeks it, 'tis not so easily found, for it commonly steals on you on a sudden; and after this adventure, I fear any more to enter the Lists against it; for I confess I never in the least apprehended that infelicity which hath hapned; I lov'd, I was lov'd: I acted many things to please *Clidimira*, and I receiv'd from her the same demonstrations: In this condition my passion was glorious to me; I alienated my self from her to compass her repose; I never had any suspicion she would change her resentment; yet I was no sooner benighted from her piercing eyes, which had fir'd my soul with a beam of their mingled luster; but she deserted my love, and embraced another, thereby becoming the most unjust and unconstant Person in the World. Cannot you do by reason what she hath done by Inconstancy? reply'd I. Ah *Zenocrates*, said he to me, 'tis easie for you to counsel me, but 'tis not for me to pursue your counsel. Thus you see Madam how the spirit of *Artemidorus* was seated. As for *Berilisa*, her thoughts were divers, her aversion still reigning against *Terillus*, she had a violent inclination to *Artemidorus*, of whose affection she had some expectant glimpse of hope; but her heart was confusedly disturb'd at her involuntary weakness. *Terillus* had both Love and Jealousie; 'tis true, he had heard *Artemidorus* was amorous at *Leornine*, but he saw him daylie pay so many devotions to *Berilisa*, which she accepted with so much satisfaction, that he repented himself for having presented this Prisoner to the *Agrigentine* Prince, and not having left him conceal'd as he desir'd; he repented that he had took him; and though all his actions were noble, yet he repented for not depriving him of his life: *Artemidorus* always civilly acknowledg'd that censure he had receiv'd from him; and since his condition was discover'd, he repay'd him in generous and obliging terms.

In the mean time, the Treaty of peace which appear'd so nigh conclusion, was quite dissolv'd, so that the liberty of *Artemidorus* was as far distant as ever; 'tis true, he was not the more confid'd, for the Prince of *Agrigentum* suffer'd him to go on his Parol, highly esteeming and affecting him, though he was Brother to his enemy; his esteem was augmented by the information he had that the Prince of *Leornine* having notice how *Artemidorus* was treated at *Agrigentum*, was so displeas'd, that he intended to declare him criminal; as if 'twas an effectual crime civilly to use a Prisoner of War; and if the Princess of *Leornine* (his Sister) had not retain'd a part of his violence, he had accus'd *Artemidorus* of conspiring with his enemies; and proceeded against him as a rebellious Prince. But to enlarge his injustice, he fancy'd that *Telefis* being at *Leornine*, and *Artemidorus* in this Court, the love of *Telefis* was but a fictive invention to carry *Clidimira* to the Prince his Brother, that 'twas but a feigned love, and specious Nuptials, and that *Clidimira* did yet affect *Artemidorus*: Being advertis'd *Telefis* was unknown at *Leornine*, he would have arrested him, and would have re-entomb'd *Clidimira* in the Temple of *Ceres*; as for *Telefis*, he could not have him in his power, by reason a faithful friend who controll'd him, gave him notice of it, and advis'd him to return to *Syracusa*, where he had been sent by the *Agrigentine* Prince: For *Clidimira* the alleged her love was now extinct, but he would not credit it, neither would he believe the Tryal of the Lake of *Telefis*; therefore to repose his Spirit, he design'd to espouse *Clidimira* to some other; as she is opulent in riches, he found a person of quality, who not being able to maintain himself in that garb his condition requir'd, resolv'd to espouse her: But *Clidimira* was much afflicted at this new persecution, because she utterly disliked that person which was propos'd to her.

In the mean time as this news was soon known at *Agrigentum*, the joy of *Artemidorus* was extreme, when he had first notice of it. But *Berilisa* breath'd but hard in private; for she fear'd that the persecution this Virgin suffer'd for the consideration of this Prince, would soften his love; her fears prov'd not vaine: This last emotion of joy being pass'd, *Artemidorus* became very compassionate; being much touch'd because she was persecuted for the love of him; so that pity mov'd that design he had conceiv'd to hate her. The Sun had not eight times measur'd

measur'd this terrestrial Globe, when there was an alteration in his thoughts; for we were inform'd at *Agrigentum* *Teliss* had been secretly at *Lemina*, that *Clelia* had invented a way to escape from the place where she was inclos'd; that she was at *Syracusa* with *Teliss*, from whence he had sent to *Agrigentum* to demand permission of his father to espouse this Virgin, and to bring her to his house, representing to him that he had already consented to the marriage, and that the goods of *Clelia* were of such a nature, they might easily be transported thither.

Artemidorus hearing what *Clelia* had done for *Teliss*, form'd a resolution to banish her his heart, appearing somewhat displeas'd at the intended coming of *Clelia* to *Agrigentum*: *Astruc* at first seem'd highly incens'd against *Teliss*; but as the Prince of *Agrigentum* is alwaies favourable to Lovers, he straight allay'd the fury of his anger, for *Berulsa* she could not imagine what to desire, for it import'd her, her brother should espouse *Clelia*, but she with'd not her company at *Agrigentum*, for fear her sight would revive love in the heart of *Artemidorus*; there was no means to obstruct it, because *Clelia* being amiable gain'd the esteem of the *Syracusan* Princes, whilst she resided there, for though this Virgin was stolen away from *Lemina*, it appear'd not so to every one, it being generally conceiv'd her hindred had carried her from thence to free her from an unjust persecution; one of her Aunts coming with her from *Lemina* therefore the Princes of *Syracusa*, who esteem'd and lov'd her, wrote concerning her with so much affection to *Philomena*, that she obtain'd of her father and *Astruc* what *Teliss* desired: *Berulsa* on the other side, durst not openly display the secret thoughts of her heart and *Artemidorus* by the grandeur of his Soul, would not oppose the return of *Teliss*, since he could not solemnize his marriage with *Clelia*; neither did he believe in the estate he was now, he could render with honour any discourteous offices to the brother of *Berulsa*, and *Astruc*'s son, by whom he had been so civilly treated during his imprisonment; he imagin'd how apprehensive his grief would be when he should see *Clelia* in the arms of *Teliss*, who had already contracted his hatred though he had never seen him: *Teliss* in the mean time, knowing his affection for *Clelia*, would not come back to *Agrigentum*, till *Hymen* had ty'd them indissoluble knots, which none but death can dissolve: During this negotiation, *Artemidorus* was continually with *Berulsa*, for he alwaies lodg'd in the Castle, and as she is a most charming person, the more he saw her, the more he esteem'd and lov'd her; he did not imagine his heart was betray'd to her perfections, but conceiv'd his spirit would still retain his love to *Clelia*; *Berulsa* on her part did too well perceive, that if she did not yet affect *Artemidorus*, she might easily thereto dispose her self.

In short, the Spring had so soon cloth'd the Trees in their verdant Liveries, when *Teliss* after he had espous'd *Clelia* at *Syracusa* brought her to *Agrigentum*; the Troops being already ready to begin the Campaign, *Artemidorus* whose grief had impair'd his health, was order'd by the Physicians for change of air to go to a pleasant house in the Forest of *Capitana*, at the same time, as *Teliss* brought *Clelia* to *Agrigentum*, and he himself happened that *Philomena* after the departure of her father, went to the house of *Clelia* to dissipate that melancholy his absence had contriv'd, accompanied by *Berulsa* and four or five other amiable persons, amongst which was one call'd *Erylus*, to whom *Berulsa* confided her most secret thoughts, she had not receiv'd her, her inclination for *Artemidorus*, but she had acquaint'd her with her aversion for *Teliss*, his unhappiness could receive no addition; he being jealous, his affection lighted, and being forc'd to go to his Army; and to see *Artemidorus* with *Berulsa*.

Things were on these terms when *Teliss* and *Clelia* arriv'd at *Agrigentum*; as they had Letters from the Princes of *Syracusa* to *Philomena*, she went the next day to *Capitana*, where she saw her Sister in Law, she having a noble and sprightly air, extremely pleas'd *Philomena* who admitted her into her Chamber, and after some discourse went with her to *Berulsa*, who secretly with'd she might not appear unable to bury but she was constrain'd to alter her desire, and to confess she was in-
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dow'd with some charming features; *Philonice* thinking to please *Berelisa*, increas'd her to stay at *Carisalis*; and *Berelisa* not willing to oppose her was forc'd to thank the Princess for a civility which would conduce to her affliction. *Artemidorus* who was prescrib'd some remedies to disperse his disease went not for some daies to the house of *Clodamus*, and being very melancholy he had rather not see *Berelisa*, who was his sole consolation, then to see so many other persons; so that 'twas his onely divertisement to breath his languishing thoughts; when night began to mantle the skie with a gloomy shade, nigh that little River I have formerly mentioned, which travell'd with its silver streams through a delightfull vale; for as heat did at this time usurp the most part of the day, the evening and morning were onely commodious to invite our recreations; *Artemidorus* then every night repairing to this amiable place, commonly left his men a remote distance from thence, he one time descend'd his melancholy, not permitting him to note his way into a little Grove, ore-spread with close compacted bushes, not far from a place where this little River form'd a Demi-circle between two Meadows; but as he was ready to leave this little Wood, he spy'd through the bushes many women at the brink of this pleasant River, and it seem'd to him his ears were invaded by *Clidimira's* voice; for you must know this night all the Ladies who were with the Princess *Philonice*, amongst whom were *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, had design'd to bath themselves in this delightfull place. When *Artemidorus* first perceiv'd them they began to re-invest themselves with their apparel, 'tis not easie to divine his thoughts when he heard *Clidimira's* voice, since anger and hatred with some interval of pleasure, mixt with curiosity did then surprize him, seeing he might make a nigher approach, he softly stole between those bushes, till he had arriv'd one which might shelter him from the Ladies sight, and from whence he might overhear their discourse, when he was there, he look'd upon the Ladies, who though newly come out of the Bath, were in such a modest manner, they might not fear the sight of the most curious eye, amongst those Ladies *Artemidorus* spy'd *Clidimira*, hardly had he given passage to his regards, when he saw *Berelisa* nigher; but in a different nature, all the Charms of *Clidimira* being Epitomiz'd in her face, her hands lean and squalid, her breast deform'd, and not any part matching the agreement of her eyes, *Berelisa's* hands are shap'd with exact proportion, her breast white as snow, and all her other parts correspondent, the beauty of the one displaying the defects in the other, *Artemidorus* was highly pleas'd at this sight, imagining *Berelisa's* husband would receive a far greater happiness then *Clidimira's*. In fine, Madam these Ideas were so strongly imprinted in his spirit, that when the fear of being seen commanded his retirement, he contemplated the remainder of the night, the ones beauty, and the others defect, remembering the infidelity of *Clidimira*, and all those courtesies *Berelisa* had conferr'd upon him, his person likewise did wholly employ their thoughts, whilst darkness blinds the World, they not imagining themselves the objects which kept unseal'd the unclosure of his eyes, for though *Clidimira* had the confidence to justify her actions, she fled the sight of *Artemidorus*, and 'twas not possible for her to remember so many testimonies of affection she had bestow'd upon him, without being confus'd at her inconstancy. *Berelisa* both fear'd and desir'd this interview, for if *Artemidorus* should never submit his heart to her love, she would have some satisfaction if he deserv'd *Clidimira*, in these thoughts she wish'd the conclusion of this dangerous ostation; fearing there might happen something which might cloud her propitious fortune; fast she had acquir'd so much esteem with *Artemidorus*, that to her his thoughts were no cover; but as she would not be too curious in prying into his Actions, she intreated her dear *Lycurus* to observe with a vigilant eye the Passages betwixt *Clidimira* and the Prince, she did not relate to her the cause of her curiosity, although she was one of her dearest friends, colouring it over with her Brother-in-law's fear for 'twas more difficult for a woman to own'd both without and verus to confess a violent inclination to any person, who doth not excell'd his love to her; then she avow'd the lovers a lovers passion, as the last adventure had arm'd *Artemidorus* against

against the charming force of *Clidimira's* eyes, knowing that if he went not to visit the Princess at *Clodamas* his house, she would prevent him by coming to him, he determin'd to wait on her after dinner, which surpriz'd the company, they not imagining the state of his health had yet licens'd him to leave his Chamber. When *Philonice* was inform'd of his arrival, she was in the great Hall, I have formerly mention'd, no sooner did *Clidimira* and *Berelisa* cast their eyes on this Prince, but their faces were shaded with a crimson colour, which even planted his Cheeks with blushes; he could not conjecture whether this agitation proceeded from his new or ancient love, confusion did at this time so distract his senses. In fine, after he had saluted *Philonice*, she presented *Clidimira* to this Prince, and knowing what accidents had formerly happened between them, she did not ingage them in any long discourse, but spoke to *Artemidorus*, who seeing now only the beauties of *Clidimira*, was glad he had discover'd the dissimilitude of her other parts, she being so discreet that her hands never lay open to the sight of any person, her breast was masqu'd with a pleated scarf, which barr'd the eye from descrying her deformed features, so that if any one had seen her dress'd after this mode, would have judg'd the whole composure of her body proportionable to the splendor of her eyes; but *Artemidorus* contrary'd this opinion, her defects being now as apparent to him, as if they had been visible; for *Berelisa*, he knowing the pure whitenesse of her breast, and the perfect shape of her hands, admir'd her modesty for not disclosing those things, which *Clidimira* conceal'd through affectation; and concluding it an effect of her virtue, began to feel his heart retreating from *Clidimira's* love, to be storm'd with *Berelisa's* perfections: as *Clidimira's* spirit was a little disquieted, it stop'd the Organs of her speech, which incited *Berelisa's* desire to wing away the time in pleasant discourses; 'tis true her spirit was not yet re-stated in its former tranquility; but knowing how far her beauty surpass'd *Clidimira's*, her joy fram'd her to this agreeable humour; *Philonice* after a little stay in this Hall, went into the Wood follow'd by *Clodamas* and all this company; at first they discours'd of the beauty of the place, and clearness of the day, but the company being stray'd into these divers alleys; fortune plac'd *Artemidorus* between *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, all three were surpriz'd to hear no words break from each others lips; the unfaithfull Mistress durst not speak to *Artemidorus* before her sister, to appease the distemper of his spirit, caused by the levity of her former actions; and *Berelisa* willing to see to whom *Artemidorus* would address his speech, did not unlock the silence of her harmonious voice: this Prince not knowing in what language to express himself, in the presence of these two persons, expected one of their tongues to supply its office; in this manner they arriv'd to a Balcony at the end of this Alley, where *Philonice*, *Clodamas*, and *Lysicorus* stay'd his coming; this Princess seeing them walk in this mute posture, scarce taking notice of her, demanded of *Artemidorus* on what subject he entertained the attention of these two amiable persons. I assure you (repl'd *Berelisa* not giving this Prince leisure to shape an answer) my sister and I are not jealous of what *Artemidorus* hath said, for he hath been so sparing of his words, that he hath spoken no more to one then to another. I had more to say to one then another, repl'd he, but I did not think it convenient to declare my thoughts; for my part (added *Clidimira*) being a stranger here, I did not imagine my self oblig'd to begin any discourse; for my particular (added *Berelisa*) I am so pleas'd with my own idle fancies, that my words would have been a penance to me for interrupting my sweet repose: It seems to me (repl'd *Clodamas*) that the fancies of such an excellent person (as *Berelisa*), if she declar'd the subject of them, would produce much delight; for it onely appertains to those who have tender hearts, to be skill'd in the pleasures of a certain pleasing deliberation, which diverts the spirit, and so sweetly seduces reason, that one cannot define its enticing allurements: 'Tis true (repl'd *Berelisa*) all mens humours do not comply with this delightful dotage, and there's many speak of it, who believe it onely consists in licencing their spirits rather to the motions of their hearts, then to the conduct of this imperious reason, to enjoy our pleasant fancies we must

let our spirits wander up and down, confine them nō where, we must have something in our souls which whispers no disturbance, our temper must be inclining to Melancholy, we must think on something which pleaseth us, and we must be capable of a certain Lethargie of the senses, which imprints belief in all our thoughts, and the use of reason must be for some time suspended; I say, we must but confusedly hearken to the singing of the Birds, or the murmuring of the Springs, neither must our eyes distinguish the diversity of colours. Ah *Berelisa*, cry'd *Clodamas*, you describe these fancies too clearly to be ignorant of them. If idle imaginations were a crime (reply'd she) I would not subscribe to your opinion; but as they are the most innocent pleasures, I confess I know them, and that I sometimes prefer them before all company whatsoever. But you do not dream (reply'd *Philonice*) that you have said, to draw these fancies to the life, there must be something in our hearts which doth not displease us. Pardon me Madam (reply'd *Berelisa*) but that something I have nam'd, is not that something you imagine. I assure you (reply'd *Artemidorus*) that if one mention *something* as you have done, it will admit of no other explication then that of the Princes. Whatever it should be (said *Clodamas*) I should think that man happy which should insinuate into *Berelisa's* heart, that she hath call'd *something*, which in a vulgar expression is term'd Love. *Berelisa* blush'd at this discourse, and Fortune conducting *Terillus* to this place, they chang'd the subject of their conversation: on the contrary, *Philonice* finding her self on a square Base of stone on the right hand from the house as one ascends the high alley, *Clodamas* sent for several embroider'd Cushions for the Ladies, who seated themselves in divers ranks on the two sides of this Marble stone, leaving the middle void, lest any person should hinder the sight of the Princess *Philonice*; as a mark of distinction from the rest, *Clodamas* plac'd the Cushions destin'd for this Princess, at the foot of a fair Tree, whose distended branches serv'd as an *Umbrella* to shadow her from the Sun's heat. All the company being seated, 'twas the fortune of *Terillus* to be next *Clidimira*, and of *Artemidorus* to be next *Berelisa*; for *Lysicoris*, she was next *Clodamas*: *Philonice* seeing these two dear friends separated, ask'd *Berelisa* if she was not jealous to see *Lysicoris* leave her for *Clodamas*? Ah Madam (said *Terillus*, whose Jealousie even consum'd his vital spirits) Do not so much injure Jealousie, as to believe it can be found in friendship, and do not deprive love of that thing wherein its power is effectually seen. *Berelisa* who knew what consequence he would draw from his own words, oppos'd him, demanding (in an angry voice) on what reason he built his conjectures, that he durst affirm Jealousie belong'd more to Love then Friendship? For my part said *Artemidorus*, as I never had but the Jealousie of Love, because my friends have always prov'd constant, I cannot give any satisfactory answer to this question. For my particular (added *Clidimira*, not seeming to take notice of what the Prince had said) I believe that as there is not a long love without Jealousie, so there is no Jealousie without Love; and that it cannot be admitted in friendship. For my part, said *Philonice*, I am such an enemy to Jealousie, that I dare not give my judgement of it: I therefore constitute the sage *Clodamas* to be the Sovereign Judge when *Berelisa* and *Terillus* have alledg'd all they can to assert their opinions. I consent to c said *Berelisa*: and I likewise said *Terillus*; whose Jealousie pressing him so speak, and he beginning to attack *Berelisa*, she declar'd she would not be deny'd from interrupting *Terillus* when her fancy prompted her to do it. I consent thereto said he, on condition you will grant me the same liberty; but to speak ingenuously, added he, I think you will have sufficient difficulty to confute my reasons, without desiring that permission. There's none so ignorant said he, but knows Love produces Jealousie, and that they are inseparable concomitants; and that that which is call'd Jealousie in Friendship, resembles not the true Jealousie. Is it not certain that Jealousie is the violentest of Passions? That 'tis more sensible than Love which produces it? 'tis restless, cloudy, and sometimes furious? That 'tis capable to inspire all crimes, that it transports one to revenge, and that it often excites a man to dye his hands in blood? It admitting then this definition, can we believe it may proceed

proceed from Friendship, and that such a tumultuous Passion can spring from such a pleasing and peaceful Mother? To speak truth, Jealousie is an effect so necessary in Love, that one cannot be wounded with the Darts of Love, without being poisoned with the stings of Jealousie. For, if one hath no Rival, it receives production from several other things: By a jealous resentment one envies the glory of the beloved object; one desires alwaies to be with her to entertain her alone, to admire and to adore her, one would have sometimes so much Jealousie essentially attach'd to Love, that the Beloved person should love none of her acquaintance, that she should have no manner of attachment for insensible things; and I know not whether one would have her love her self, unless for the love of another: I know there's some injustice in these fantastick thoughts, but I likewise know that a prudent love is no love; and that the disorders of this passion which are blemish'd by no crime, compose the most sensible pleasures. Judge then if Jealousie which is the greatest irregularity of Love, and from whence proceeds the most various subjects, can be found in Friendship; for if you are not ignorant that this kind of affection is ordinarily produc'd more by reason then inclination; and that if the proper effects of things were ascrib'd to their right causes, Friendship would be term'd a necessary effect of merit and vertue, since Friendship sways men to love all those who deserve esteem, but if it should not be so, 'tis true, there's friendship for many persons, and if one should yeild to your opinion, there would be many jealousies, which would be the terriblest things imaginable; all the world should then be fill'd with crimes; and as there's none but either love many, or one peculiar person, it would follow all the world should be jealous, and every one would seek to destroy or hate each other; and it may be a man would be so unhappy to have resentments of Jealousie mix'd with the friendship of his *Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Kindred, Friends, Wife, Slaves, and Mistress*. You exaggerated this so pleasantly (reply'd *Berelisa*) that I am much pleas'd at it; for when one is constrain'd to insert agreeable things, when solid reasons are necessary, 'tis an infallible signe one maintains a wrong part. What (reply'd *Tenillon*) do you believe that by explaining to you 'tis possible to have many friendships, and many Jealousies, my reasons are more pleasant then solid? If you could prove your words (reply'd *Berelisa*) I would not have said that which I have done, but far from consenting to that opinion, I pretend one cannot love nothing of which one might not be jealous; for without examining, if there's reason to term Jealousie a passion, or if one ought to consider it as a simple effect of the tenderness of our heart; lets look upon it in it's self, Jealousie is not to speak properly, but a violent desire to preserve that we either affect or possess, and to hinder another from the enjoyment of that we would attain the possession; from whence I conclude, we may be jealous of all that we love, and that we cannot love nothing without Jealousie: I know this resentment is sometimes so weak, that those which have it, have no perception of it, but when 'tis so, 'tis doubtless that the attachment we have, which gives such a feeble Jealousie, is not great, and that those which have it, have a confiding spirit, which makes them repose so much trust on their own Fortitude, that they believe no power able to destroy that which they have once gained, but after all, who soever loves any thing, wishes the possession of it, and desires to possess it when he hath acquired it, he hath even an inquietude to preserve it, proportionable to the inclination and reason which hath fixt it in his thoughts; so that Jealousie is stronger or weaker according to the power of the attachment, and 'tis that which without doubt makes the difference between those effects the Jealousie of Love inspires and those which are produc'd by friendship; but the difference which is seen between these two Jealousies, are sometimes found in Jealousies caus'd by the same passion; for Lovers are not equally jealous, the diversity of their Temperament and Fortune altering their resentments; and though they all have Jealousie, yet perhaps in theirs is as much difference as between that of Love and Friendship: there's jealous persons who evaporate their sighs in complaints, and tears in amorous verses; there's some whom Jealousie makes to compose a Song,

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and there's others whom it deprives of reason and virtue, who have recourse to steel and poyson, to carve out their revenge on the person they love; but this diversity doth not hinder that the jealous Lover, who only makes a Song to testify his jealousy, should not be effectively jealous, since 'tis true one cannot otherwise name a certain resentment, which is produc'd in our heart, with the desire to acquire something of what nature soever; but to speak of Friendship, I affirm, that though 'tis prudent, it cannot be tender, unless it be infected with a little jealousy; I know that the jealousy of Friendship doth not take from us the light of our reason; and that it doth not make us act such fantastical things as the jealousy of love; but Friendship is not tender, if we do not desire to be preferr'd before others, if we do not do all things we can imagine to effect it, if we have not some despite when we believe we have not attain'd our desires, if we are not displeas'd at those who we see preferr'd before us, and if we take neither care or inquietude to preserve what we have gain'd; you will it may be tell me we may see a thousand and a thousand friends which have no sensibility of what you have alledg'd: To that I will answer, there are many persons who believe they love, when they have no affection, and who call Friendship a kind of Society, or necessary commerce of life; but when I speak of friendship, I mean an effective friendship, both tender and solid, of a friendship where there is a commutation of hearts and secrets: every one is not jealous, according to the proportion of his friendship, neither doth every one fear it in its right place; but to speak sincerely, these luke-warm friendships do not produce violent jealousies, no more then that love which tunes our spirits to a musical harmony; but that doth not shew that friendship doth not produce jealousy; at least I know I have sustain'd it for *Lyfcoris*, for I remember when she once went into the Country without bidding me adieu, I was extremely griev'd at it; 'tis not but that I am an enemy of all constraint and ceremony, but because she gave her farewell to another of her friends that she ought not to respect so much as me, I was extremely displeas'd; and I complain'd a thousand times of her, and even hated her whom she had visited. But it may be (reply'd *Terillus* looking on her) you have sometimes Love, not thinking you have any. No, reply'd she blushing, for I assure you I know so well how to distinguish Friendship, Hatred and Jealousie, that if I had love, 'twere difficult to deceive me. But is it possible (said *Terillus*) you can call Jealousie all those light despises that a resentment of glory produces in friendship, when that one renders you not the Justice you think to merit? But is it possible (reply'd *Berlisa*) that you doubt friendship hath not its Jealousies as well as Love? That which makes me doubt of it (reply'd *Terillus*) is, that I am perswaded Jealousie is not but an effect of the irregularity of Love; and that Friendship cannot have the same irregularity, neither can it have jealousy. But friendship (reply'd *Berlisa*) hath it not all that which is found in love? It hath little cares, and great services, it contains the desire to please, complacency is always thereto annex'd, there's likewise of the favours of friendship effective confidences, and of trifling secrets: one esteems the letters of his friends absence is not rude, Presence is sweet, and in fine, there is found in a tender friendship all that one can attribute to a tender love. But reply'd *Terillus*, Do not you comprehend that one cannot be jealous but of that one possesses, or may possess? And that being so, one cannot have Jealousie in Friendship; sure 'tis true that our friends cannot be absolutely ours; for take the perfect friend in the world, if he hath a Mistress, he will be sifter with his Mistress then friend; so that Friendship giving nothing which might solely depend on us, it is impossible to be as jealous as if one had a Mistress: but as solid Friendship is too little diverting, Love is robb'd of divers things which have dependance only on it; so that those little cares, and all those things of which you have spoken, are become its mode by Usurpation; but for Jealousie, believe me *Berlisa*, it hath ever appartain'd to Love; neither can it be admitted to any passion but this. But how call you that I felt for *Lyfcoris*, reply'd *Berlisa*? for I would be more loved by her then another; I should be angry if I was less, I would know her thoughts, I would have her, if she

is in love with any one, to declare it to me, and I should never suffer her without much distemper to write to any of her friends, without shewing me the Letter: and I very well know the commotion of my spirit proceeds from Jealousie; I even hold (added she) that the Jealousie of Friendship is more Jealousie, if I may so say, then the Jealousie of Love; for as it retains Reason still entire, the least effects it produceth in a friends heart, ought to be more considered then those it produceth in a Lovers: But in what place may we see jealous Friends (reply'd *Terillus*) who have their eyes wandering, their sincture pale, their humour melancholy, and their spirits disquieted through excess of their Jealousie? But in what place reply'd *Berelisa*, have you seen friends which receive contempts without grief, which patiently suffer tepedity, oblivion, indifferency, and irregularity, when they believe they are neglected by a new Friendship. I confess 'twould be difficult for me (reply'd *Terillus*) to shew you a Friend so patient to suffer all those things you have nam'd without resentment; but I call it despite, and not Jealousie: And for my part (reply'd *Berelisa*) I will call revenge all the resentments of a jealous person after your mode; but to speak rationally, as Love and Friendship derive their original from the heart, and that we know not how to love nothing but by a certain universal cause, which forms all Loves and Friendships in the world, there is likewise in the heart of all men, as well a jealous as an amorous disposition, and this disposition acts doubtless more or less violently (as I have told you) according to the form of the affection which causes it, according to the subjects one hath to entertain Jealousie, and according to the temper of men which are capable of it; to speak truly, Friendship being no other thing then an imperfect Love, it would be strange if the inseparable concomitant of Love doth not follow it, though not with all those torments and punishments it trays often after it in a Lovers heart. Therefore I entreat the sage *Clodamas*, who ought to be our Judge, to condemn you to have on eternal Jealousie in all manners imaginable, and to execute his arrest, I offer my self (added she with a malicious smile) to solícite all the persons you the most love to give you cause to be jealous; *Terillus* would have answer'd *Berelisa*, but the last thing she said, having fram'd the company to laughter, he had an extream despatch, and could not have retain'd himself, if the Princess who noted his grief had not turn'd towards *Clodamas* to tell him he should pronounce his sentence on this question in which so many were interess'd. (As universall as Jealousie should be reply'd) *Clodamas*, it appears Madam that you are not a little Jealous of your authority, by commanding me to speak before you, but at least (added he) do me the honour to give me your advice, and permit me to take the opinion of all the Company; No, no, reply'd *Philonice*, I would know your pure resentments in this occasion, before I declare mine. Since 'tis so, reply'd he, permit me to render exact justice, and to begin by the Elogium of *Terillus*, for he without doubt so ingeniously sustained. Jealousie appertains not but to love, that if *Berelisa* had less spirit and eloquence, I should have been expos'd to have given an unjust arrest; but to speak sincerely, she hath so couragiously defended the part of truth, that 'tis to no purpose I should declare their Jealousie in friendship as well as Jealousie in love, and that if there are found friends without Jealousie when they have cause to have it, there are friends without tenderness, which unjustly usurp a quality they do not merit, since 'tis absolute impossible to have a durable love without some stains of Jealousie. Nevertheless, to clear up the spirits of *Terillus* for asserting a grand error; I believe, as he hath more love then friendship, he knows not but one kind of Jealousie, and judging others by himself, he hath believ'd there would be no jealous friends: on the contrary, *Berelisa*, who knows by her own experience, that friendship gives Jealousie, and who perhaps hath lovers to whom she hath given it, hath been better instructed then *Terillus*, and hath so admirably maintain'd her part, that I am forc'd to pronounce my arrest, and crown her with the victory. In effect, I declare none can better sustain the truth, then *Berelisa*: hath defended hers, she having acquir'd the sole advantage of the dispute. I therefore intreat her (added *Clodamas*) to moderate her resentment,

and not to wish that *Terillus* who knows so ingenuously to defend a bad cause, should have at one time so many different jealousies; for the jealousy of friendship if there's any, reply'd *Terillus*, I do not fear to have it, but for the jealousy of love if I have it, I shall be very much deceiv'd if *Berelisa* takes it from me; she is doubtless more fit to give than to take away reply'd *Philonic*, rising from her seat: I assure you Madam reply'd *Berelisa*, that I know not how to do neither the one nor the other; but in the choice of these two, I had rather give this evil to whom I would, then desire to heal it, for the power to give reply'd *Terillus*, one must have given it another before, and for to cure, one must take the first one hath given.

As I know not how to divine *Enigma*'s reply'd *Berelisa*, I cannot answer to what you say; if you desire said *Terillus*, I will more clearly explain it to you, 'tis better (reply'd *Philonic*, beginning to walk for fear *Berelisa* would give him too severe an answer) at this time any farther to insist on it, for *Berelisa* is now in such an humour, she will not understand what she desires not to hear; after this all the company began to direct their steps towards the house, for *Artemidorus* he was so melancholy, that he scarce knew the subject of their disputation, and his passion for *Berelisa* did so much possess his spirit that his former love for *Clidimira* seem'd almost extinct, his soul was likewise so suspended between love and hatred, that he would not speak to *Clidimira* for to complain of her, nor to *Berelisa* for to tell her he fear'd she had too much cur'd his love for her sister; *Berelisa* and *Clidimira* explain'd his melancholy in the same manner, for *Berelisa* thought *Artemidorus* was buried in this anxiety because he yet lov'd *Clidimira*, and *Clidimira* imagin'd that this Prince yet lov'd her, so that mauler her inconstancy she had some slight compassion; but for *Berelisa*, she had a strange despatch to see *Artemidorus* should be so little sensible of the out-rage he had receiv'd, that he should yet affect *Clidimira*, though her affliction lay not open to the discovery of every person, she could not ore-canopy her grief from *Lysicorus*, who perceiv'd it, and demanded one night from whence it proceeded, as they were leaning over a Balcony at the end of the high Alley, When *Cynthia* with her borrowed light repair'd the essence of her brothers lamp, and silence so reign'd in this fair solitude, not troubled by the agitation of the leaves, that *Lysicorus* and *Berelisa* cast forth two or three sighs, and desiring to know the reason of them, I pray said she to her, tell me what makes you sigh, for I confess I am ignorant of the cause thereof; your fortune is happy, the Princess prefers you before her other attendants, you are beautifull, and in the flower of your age, you have naturally both spirit and virtue, and you command the affection of all: Ah *Lysicorus* reply'd, she a sigh stealing from her heart, you are a flatterer, truly reply'd she, I do not flatter you; 'tis certain, I know men whose affections are chang'd to you, but none who desire not your love, yet you are melancholy, you sile company, and sigh, not willing to declare the subject of them; do not you repent your rigor to *Terillus*, and dare you not through pride publicly confess it; no reply'd *Berelisa*, and I can assure you, the more *Terillus* loves me, the more he becomes insupportable to me; I know he is magnanimous, and is advantag'd by a great spirit, yet he hath many other things which displeaseth me; 'tis true reply'd *Lysicorus*, his body is not of perfect a composure as that of *Artemidorus*, but it seems to me love should not solely submit to beauty; and if I am not deceiv'd, there's other qualities more essential then this; 'tis true added she, if this Prince was the Rivall of *Terillus*, I should think you had reason to prefer him, for he hath not only a more gracefull deportment, but more affability and virtue; but as you know, if he is yet amorous, 'tis certainly of your sister, and *Terillus* being the completest of our Court, you act too much injustice by treating him with such severity: 'tis needless to know whether 'tis justice or injustice reply'd *Berelisa*; but I confess to you, I would have you discover if *Berelisa* loves my sister, and if you desire to be inform'd what thoughts possess my heart when I sigh, they onely spring from my brothers Interest, and from the apprehension I have that *Artemidorus* and *Clid-*

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mira renew their former Gallantry; the face of *Artemidorus* appears mask'd with so much melancholy since the arrivall of my sister, I have noted it as well as you, reply'd *Lyscoris* but other sighs not in such a manner for a brothers Interest, and your words vary'd from true sincerity, when you invented the precedent expressions, what would you have me tell you, reply'd *Berelisa*, I would know reply'd *Lyscoris*, from whence proceeds these sighs, really repli'd she, I think *Artemidorus* hath occasion'd them; if so, you are captive to your Prisoner reply'd *Lyscoris*, for I am assured, when one breaths forth such heart-breaking sighs as yours, they must of necessity proceed from an excess of an amorous tenderness; you are so knowing in sighs reply'd *Berelisa*, that one may imagine your life hath been but a continual suspiration, if I have not sigh'd reply'd she, I have seen many sigh, but the sighs of love differ from others, and if you will speak sincerely, confesse to me those sighs I have heard were not produc'd by domestick affairs or ordinary accidents; if they they were sighs of jealousy reply'd *Berelisa*, what would you say of them? I should much murmur reply'd she, for they must then proceed from a concealed passion which precedes it, murmur then answered *Berelisa*, turning her head, since 'tis too true for my misfortune, that my heart is infected with a terrible jealousy, though I have no violent affection: Ah *Berelisa*, reply'd *Lyscoris*, that cannot be, and if you are very jealous, you must doubtless have much love; in truth reply'd she, I feel nothing but jealousy, if so reply'd *Lyscoris*, you feel more grief then pleasure; 'tis not so reply'd *Berelisa*, but 'tis that I dare not tell you, for the confusion of it hath almost prescrib'd limits to my life; but it may be there's something more contemptuous reply'd *Lyscoris*, then to confesse one hath jealousy; yes reply'd *Berelisa*, and if 'twas not that I conceive it expedient for me, you should know the secret of my heart; to endeavour to know that of an others, and the more easily to conceal mine from the rest of the world, I should never tell it you, though you have ever been the confident of all my secrets; you have then a strange secret reply'd *Lyscoris*, more strange then you can imagine reply'd *Berelisa*, since in word my dear *Lyscoris*, I swear I have a simple desire in my heart to be affected by *Artemidorus*, in the meantime it gives me such a violent jealousy, that I fear I cannot conceal it, for since my sister-in-law came hither, such melancholy cogitations so benight his pleasing humour, that I doubt not but he yet loves her; believe me *Berelisa*, reply'd *Lyscoris*, when one ardently desires the love of any person, there must needs be a strong affection to the desired party, In truth reply'd she, I do not believe I love *Artemidorus*, but I would not have him love *Clidimira*; he hath so much friendship for you reply'd *Lyscoris*, that I believe if he loves her, and you demand satisfaction in that point, he will not deny it; if I was not the sister of *Telefis* answer'd she, I should ere this have demanded it: 'Tis not added this fair Virgin rather then to remain in this incertitude; I resolve in the end to speak to him of it, but as I fear he'll divine 'tis not the interest of *Telefis* which frames my curiosity; I shall be much perplexed to execute my design, though hitherto I have had sufficient power over my self not to perform any action, or speak any word, which might give any occasion to *Artemidorus* to suspect I had any particular inclination for him, for in fine I love glory, and I so much with the estimation of this Prince, that if I should not be severe by my own virtue, I should be cruell for the love of him; those Madam were the resentments of *Berelisa*, those of *Clidimira* were of another nature, for when she thought *Artemidorus* yet affected her, she was more confus'd at her infidelity, then ever she had been before; 'tis not that she would renovate her affection with this Prince, for she hath virtue, but she at least would not have been displeas'd if she could have excus'd her self to him. As she considered she could not easily effect it, she avoided him as much as possibly she could; for *Artemidorus* he fled every one, his griefe was so extream to finde himself amorous of *Berelisa*; 'tis not but he wish'd he might be in love with *Berelisa* in the first transports of his anger, but he wish'd it when he did not think it would arrive, so that now feeling himself in a different estate, he contrary'd his former wishes, but they prov'd infectuall, for the defects of *Clidimira* and her infidelity

infidelities were so recent in his memory, that they banish'd from his heart his precedent love; on the contrary, *Berelisa* appear'd to him both amiable and charming. The great care *Clidimira* us'd to hide her deformity, and the little care of *Berelisa* to shew her excelling features, did produce such a strange operation in his thoughts, that *Artemidorus* despis'd the one, and esteem'd the other; but after all, he saw he had better not engage himself to love *Berelisa*: if there had been no other reason but that this fair Virgin was a Princess, whose Father was enemy to the *Leontine* Prince his Brother, who would doubtless say when he had notice of it, that he sought onely to love his enemies. As his reason was already accustomed to yield to his love, his greatest grief was, to think that perhaps he might not be loved, for *Terillus* seem'd to him a discreet man, and he fear'd to share his fortune, he knew *Berelisa* had more friendship for him than *Terillus*, but this friendship ever disquieted him, and he thought 'twas an easie matter to compass the love of any person which had but indifferency for him, then a Virgin who was already of his intimate acquaintance; for *Terillus* he was altogether unhappy, he was a lover, his love was rejected, he was Jealous, and not without cause, he must go to the Camp and leave his Rivall with his Mitris, but mauer so many melancholy thoughts; the charming *Philonice* made the society at *Carisalis* appear very agreeable; the sage *Clodemas* likewise desirous to ever use the memory of her residence there; parted all the Alleys and Cabinets of the wood, between ten or twelve persons who compos'd the pleasure of this illustrious Princess, and fixt inscriptions at the end of every Alley, consonant to the humours of those persons from whom they deriv'd their names; he gave likewise names to the little paths which cross'd this amiable wood, and he call'd one the Alley of sighs, because it seem'd a fit place to cast forth a secret sigh: 'twas in this that *Berelisa* not thinking him to be there, having found *Artemidorus* alone whilst the rest of the company were in the great Alleys, heard this Prince sigh; he had not yet any design to tell her he lov'd her, neither had she any intention to speak to him in particular, but a casuall accident making them meet in this Alley, presented them with an opportunity; they little expected; as they both sought this place of the wood, to flee all discourse; they blush'd when they saw one another, they explain'd not the change of they colour as they ought; for *Artemidorus* believ'd the modesty of *Berelisa* made her blush, and *Berelisa* imagin'd the alteration of his countenance proceeded from his being surpriz'd in an amorous delirium for *Clidimira*, whom he ought to blot out of his remembrance, she having stain'd her vertue by her unfaithfull levity, and the curiosity she had in her soul becoming more strong; 'confess the truth said she to him, her cheeks being replanted with blushes. You are not so vindictive as you imagine, and you yet permitted the inconsistent *Clidimira* a firmer seat in your heart than her mutable affection might claim: Nevertheless added she, I will believe you constrain your self for the love of me, for I presuppose it's because *Clidimira* is my sister that you flee her, that you do not speak to her, and that you seek not the occasion to essay to revenge your self of her infidelity. I ingeniously confess reply'd *Artemidorus*, (looking on her with an amorous eye) you are the cause that I flee *Clidimira*, but charming *Berelisa*, 'tis not by the reason you imagine; No, no, reply'd *Berelisa*, invent not a deluding sincerity to punish me for my vallery; for in fine, since the first instant you have review'd *Clidimira*, you are not the same as before, and the change of your humour is so great, every one takes notice of it. I confess to you I am surpriz'd at it, for 'tis true, *Clidimira* hath perform'd such unworthy actions, that I conceive not how you should yet retain your love: ah if I have any for *Clidimira* cry'd he; I intreat the Gods *Berelisa* should never have any for *Artemidorus*, though he cannot hope to be happy unless he is once honoured with *Berelisa*'s affection. I pray reply'd this Virgin with much astonishment, do not answer in this manner, a person who speaks to you seriously as a faithfull friend. I pray Madam reply'd he, do not thus answer a person who speaks to you with sincerity, and as a faithfull lover, restrain me from the sentiments of *Terillus*; and do not crucifie me more by your rigor, then *Clidimira* hath done by her inconstancy.

For

Whilst *Artemidorus* thus spoke, *Berelisa's* spirit was in a deep disquietude; for she knew not with what temper to receive these expressions of the Prince; she saw doubtless in his eyes and visage all the signs of an ardent love; and the tone of his voice justifi'd his sincerity; but fearing *Artemidorus* would deceive her; to have a pretext more easily to see *Clidimira*, her spirit was enrag'd, and not to expose her self to such an adventure, she thus spoke to him; Sir said she, a serious gravity being seated in her face, though 'tis not my custom to remember any persons of those curtesies they have received from me, yet I entreat you to recal into your memory the intention I ever had to render your restraint more pleasing. I pray Madam said he, interrupting her, Change not your thoughts I conjure you, and act as favourably for a Prince, who will be always fetter'd in your chains, as you have acted for your unknown Prisoner; but to begin to do it (added he) believe (if you please) I am sincere, that I love you a thousand times more than I ever lov'd *Clidimira*; Yes, charming *Berelisa* I have learn'd to love, by serving her, and you alone have taught me to hate her; for I confess unto you my imbecility and stupidity, if you had not chas'd her from my heart, she would have maugre her inconstancy, still triumph'd in my misfortune; Commiserate then a Lover, who is so well skill'd in the tenderness of love; for if you do not, I know not what will become of me. That which you say is so surprizing (reply'd *Berelisa*) that I know not what to think of it; for in fine Sir, if I could believe you lov'd me if I should desire it, how should I be perswaded your affection is real? is it not true that the day which preceded *Clidimira's* arrival, you yet lov'd her? I very well know (said he) that I would not have lov'd her more, and that I wish'd my heart was submitted to your Love; but as I am sincere, I confess if I am not deceiv'd, I had then some love for *Clidimira*; and admiration and friendship only for the charming *Berelisa*; but alas things have now assum'd a new face; for I love *Berelisa*, and so contemn *Clidimira*, that I resolve to upbraid her with her infidelity: Let *Telestis* peaceably possess her, added he, I will not emulate him; and if he bestows on me his amiable Sister, I will voluntarily resigne to him my ancient Mistress. But Sir (reply'd *Berelisa*) how can Love so suddenly die, and so soon revive? Do you desire Madam I should tell you, said he to her, that it may be I am as unfaithful as *Clidimira*? And that I did not love you, when I believe I lov'd her? But I know I love you more then ever I did any, and there's nothing I should not be capable to do to convince you of it, I know (pursued he) you use to give love without receiving any, and that *Terillus* hath a cruel experience of it: But Madam, since he hath the unhappiness of your hatred, and that it seems you sport your self with his misfortune, use the occasion I offer you, to torment him, and love me by a cruel resentment for him; if you will not love me by a resentment of tenderness for my self. But yet reply'd *Berelisa*, How shall I know how this pretended Love hath entred into your heart? By the trecherous windows of my Body, reply'd he. But you do not consider what you say, reply'd she, for I am not grac'd with more perfections then I was three moneths since; and *Clidimira* (as my Brother hath said) is more beautiful then ever. 'Tis true said *Artemidorus*, but *Clidimira's* beauty is lessen'd in my esteem, and yours is heightened by the opposition of her defects, Demand therefore (Madam) no more satisfaction of me, and rest satisfied, that I love both your spirit and person with an equal ardour, and that I am perswaded whosoever takes from *Clidimira* the splendour of her eyes, the freshness of her tincture, the carnation of her lips, and a certain gallant aer in her face, will deplume her of her attractive features; for her Spirit as 'tis inconstant, it admits of no praise. *Berelisa* hearing *Artemidorus* speak in this manner, was surpriz'd at it, for as the imperfections of a Rival picture a strong impression in the spirit, she remembered *Clidimira* had no charms to allure the eye but her visage, and the proportion of her body, and she was not ignorant that she was imbelish'd with all those graces which are requir'd in the composure of a perfect Beauty; and this imagination spreading her face with a scarlet colour, she shadow'd it with her veil to conceal her blushes: But as she was shaping an answer, she saw *Terillus*

and *Clidimira* appear, who not seeking them, accidentally found them in this place, this sight confus'd all parties, but as there was no way to fly their company, they joynd them in the middle of this alley, regarding one another with a different aspect; for *Artemidorus* who desir'd to perswade *Berelisa* *Clidimira* was now banish'd his heart, look'd only on his new mistress: *Terillus* being jealous, look'd both on *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; *Clidimira* who thought she might yet chalenge some affection in this Prince, blush'd at her infidelity, looking on the curious weaving of the leavie branches; for *Berelisa* she sometimes look'd on *Artemidorus*, and sometimes on her Sister, to the end to discover what imaginations sway'd their souls: The conversation of these four persons was very reserv'd, and I assure you, their words did not countervail their thoughts, and what they said, dissented from their resentments; in fine, after they had shar'd an hour in discourse, other persons coming thither parting this company, *Artemidorus* was necessitated to joyne with *Clidimira* or *Terillus*: In the choice of these two, he had rather speak to his Rival then his inconstant Mistress, since he could not entertain *Berelisa*, with whom a Lady had some private conference: As *Terillus* was jealous, and prepar'd for his martial expedition, and that he knew *Artemidorus* was generous, he resolv'd to speak to him of his love; and singling him from the rest, Sir, said he to him, you will perhaps tax me of audacity and injustice, for demanding of you if you are but a Prisoner of War, and for entreating you to call to mind, that if I had not retain'd those whom your valour had incens'd, your death only could have ransom'd the rashness of your courage; I say not this Sir, added he, to reproach you, you are indebted to me for your life, but only to demand of you whether you are but a Prisoner of War, or whether you are become Prisoner of Love; for in fine, if you are amorous, your heart is chain'd to *Berelisa's* Beauty. Before I give a precise resposion to your demand, reply'd *Artemidorus*, I confess to you your generosity hath preserv'd my life; but *Terillus*, I sell my liberty dear enough, if I tell you I should have dy'd without shame in that occasion, and as I was not too happy, but am yet very miserable in giving me life, you have not given me so much as you imagine; and it belongs only to me to accuse you of all the misfortunes of my captivity: But *Terillus*, I am more just, and too generous for to tell you, your preservation of my life reflected more from the Prince of *Agrigentine's* interest then mine; I look on you as my Conquerour, but *Terillus* added he, you must know *Mars* and *Love* are not at variance, and that I am now oblig'd to tell you whether I do or do not love *Berelisa*; if I should be amorous, I should not be conscious of any injustice to you, for your love is disesteem'd, and I should deprive you of nothing, if I should be so happy to gain her love; but *Terillus*, things are not yet come to this point, and if I love *Berelisa*, she hath yet no knowledge of it. Ah Sir, reply'd *Terillus*, if 'tis so, let her never know it, and disengage your self from the service of that person; I know your quality hath seated you above me, but since the fortune of Arms licenses me a freer liberty of speech then another, resist the charms of her tempting Beauty, and let not my Prisoner become my Rival. I pray *Terillus* (reply'd *Artemidorus*) if you well understand your Interests, press me no more; for Love is such a capricious passion, that difficulties augment it; and to consider it in a rational manner, as love is not a voluntary thing, they are ever unjust which would constrain it; act then what you can to compels *Berelisa's* love, and if I love, permit me likewise to conquer an heart; she hath refus'd you, and for the life I owe you (pursu'd he) I will put my self in estate to render it you when you require it. *Terillus* who is fierce by nature, gave a sharp answer to *Artemidorus*; and if some men had not interpos'd, seeing them heated with anger, some misfortune would have put a period to their incens'd minds; but as the agitation of their spirits was visible in their faces, *Philonice* was advertis'd of it, who following the counsel of the sage *Clodamas*, made them seeming friends, not diving into their secret thoughts: Since this time both *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* cancell'd their former obligations, he after a little time returning to the Camp; for *Artemidorus*, he accompany'd the Princess to *Agrigentine*, where

where he perform'd so many things, that *Berelisa* was perswaded he lov'd her; but though she had a strong inclination for him, and that she wish'd his love, yet her actions were so reserv'd, that he was a long time ignorant of his felicity; and they so prudently manag'd their affections, that their loves was not yet divulg'd: 'tis true, *Telesis* declar'd them; but as he was known to be jealous, none made reflection on his words; and *Clidimira* believing *Artemidorus* yet lov'd her, though he did not speak to her of it, acquainted several of her friends with her resentments, so that his love for *Berelisa* was not in the least suspected. But in fine, not to disoblige your patience, in the time that *Artemidorus* was favour'd by *Berelisa*, news came that the Fates had exil'd the life of *Telesis*, which much afflicted both *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*; but grief reign'd with a fuller power over *Berelisa* than *Clidimira*, she having a spirit which easily admits of consolation; on the other side, *Berelisa* seeing her Sister at her own dispose to make a free election, fear'd, that after her tears were banish'd, she would re-conquer the Princes heart, who was oblig'd to share his visits betwixt these two fair afflicted persons; 'tis true, when he repair'd to *Clidimira's* chamber, he always chose a time when others were there, to the end he should not be engag'd to make a long complement, entertaining her with some consolatory discourses, according to the custome of such visits. In fine, when time had calm'd the displeasure of this fair Widow, and that she believ'd her self in a capacity to make an innocent conquest, she perceiv'd *Artemidorus* lov'd her Sister, so that jealousy remitting in her heart her former love for *Artemidorus*, she repented her inconstancy, and design'd by all enticing allurements to gain what she had lost: Being return'd to *Agrigentina*, my eyes presented her to me with such an accessional luster of perfections, that knowing *Artemidorus* had renounc'd her love, I was caught in those snares laid to re-entrap his heart; I gave her assiduous visits, and some amorous expressions slip't from my tongue; but as soon as she perceiv'd I was engag'd in her service, she us'd this occasion to justify her self to *Artemidorus*, with whom she had had no particular discourse since she came to *Agrigentina*; for knowing the intimate familiarity between us, she did not doubt but what she declar'd to me, I would make to him a full declaration of it; and I ingenuously confess, she over-reach'd me with the subtilty of her wit: As I then one day spoke to her of my pretended passion, being alone in her chamber, she cut me off very short, but in an obliging manner: I pray *Zenocrates* (said she to me) silence your passion; and to testify unto you how infinitely I esteem you, I will not treat you as I ordinarily treat those who are so prided with their imaginary fancies, as to declare their affections to me; if you will therefore disclaim your love, I will embrace your friendship, and confide to you the whole secret of my life: You know (pursued she) we have been of long acquaintance, and I know that when you went to *Leontine*, you were link'd to *Artemidorus* in such a strict bond of amity, that you cannot be ignorant of what passages happen'd between us; but *Zenocrates* I will discover that to you, which neither you nor *Artemidorus* knows, and which perhaps he may never know. But Madam said I to her, *Artemidorus* doth not now love you, and you ought to have no more affection for him, which is the reason hath engag'd me to serve you. I know reply'd she, *Artemidorus* hath wound himself out of the labyrinth of his love; but *Zenocrates* (added this artificeous person, seeming to have some confusion) *Artemidorus* is unjust, for he hath believ'd me more inconstant then I have been; and if I dare say it, I have been more unfaithful to *Telesis* then *Artemidorus*. I say not this to you (pursued she) that you should declare it to him, but only to the end to unlock to you the secret Cabinet of my heart, and to merit your esteem and friendship, since I am not in estate to receive your love: Know that when *Artemidorus* departed from *Leontine*, my Parents perswaded me that this Prince estranged himself, to the end that during his absence, the Prince his Brother might marry me by his authority to whom he pleas'd, so that despite possessing my spirit, I resolv'd to obey those who propos'd *Telesis* to me, seeing I could not be free but in marrying my self, and I thought I could not better revenge my self of *Artemidorus*, then to engage my self to *Telesis*.

sis, whom I chose rather than another, because he was no *Leontine*, and that if I could not forget the love of *Artemidorus*, I at least hop'd I should never see him: for I did not foresee any likelihood I should find him at *Agrigentum*; but for my misfortune Fortune hath dispos'd it otherwise, and I see my self expos'd to the most cruel adventure in the world; every one knows I have liv'd so well with *Telissis*, that I have not spoken to *Artemidorus*, that I am neither justifi'd nor excus'd to him: and that I have acted as a person which cares not to be esteem'd unfaithful; but *Zenocrates* mangle all this, I have preserv'd in my heart such a great esteem for *Artemidorus*, and such an obliging tenderness, that I should be sorry if he knew it. Tell you this, lest you should accuse me of ingratitude; for as you see me young, and (if I dare say it without ostentation) fit to produce love, it may be you think I do not refuse your affection but to accept anothers; but not to tell you a lye, I will not engage my self in all my life to suffer the constraint in which I have liv'd, and since I cannot destroy the remembrance of *Artemidorus*, I will at least in not pretending more to his love, never suffer any others; 'tis not that he merits the tenderness I have for him, for he hath receiv'd my infidelity in such a manner, which makes me see it had been difficult for him to have been unfaithful: he hath not only done me the favour to hate both *Telissis* and me, but is resolv'd to destroy me with so much tranquillity, that I am not astonish'd to see him engag'd in a new affection: But in fine *Zenocrates*, I esteem you a too discreet man to receive you in a divided heart; content your self to be my Friend, never speak to him of what I have told you, and believe I could not have given you a greater testimony of esteem, then to lay open to you the secrets of my heart. *Clidimira* fram'd this Discourse with such ingenuity, that I believ'd it; and though at first Love was the Theme on which I discours'd, I at last was contented to be her Confident; as I knew the engagement of *Artemidorus*, I told her, that I would not counsel her to think of reconquering his heart; for said I to her, if one hath at any time committed any infidelity, I do not believe one ought to renew love with him who hath done it, because I believe confidence can never be re established; all other subjects of complaints which may be between two persons which love, are nothing, which may be presently reconcil'd; but for infidelity, Madam (replied I) it is not so; and 'tis much better to make a new affection with me who am not so scrupulous. No no *Zenocrates* (reply'd she) I will not follow your counsel, for I will love nothing; I do not think to regain the love of *Artemidorus*, who hath blotted me out of his thoughts; but *Zenocrates* added she, I conjure you never to speak to me of your pretended love, if you will not agrandize my affliction. Can I hearken to that you tell me, without thinking you tell it me, if 'twas not that you know by an infallible certainty that I am absolutely indifferent to *Artemidorus*? I entreat you do not multiply my grief; and be certain that if I was dispos'd to a new engagement, I would prefer you before all my acquaintance. *Clidimira* had doubtless stretch'd her discourse to a further length, had not some Ladies interrupted us. In the mean time I was so astonish'd at her words, that I knew not where I was, and as I was assur'd *Artemidorus* did no more think of *Clidimira*, and that she was already expell'd his thoughts, I did not fear he would re-entertain her love; I went therefore to seek him, to tell him he had compleated his revenge on *Clidimira*, since she yet lov'd him: My expressions did so surpise him, that he believ'd I did but jest with him; but I at last spoke to him so seriously, that he knew I invented not any fiction; and though he lov'd *Berelisa* with an extream passion, that which I told him of *Clidimira* made him change colour; for he then remembered divers things which made him imagine this person had a designe to recal him; Anger was tolely seated in his breast, and if *Berelisa* had seen that which pass'd in his heart in this occasion, she would have had no subject of jealousy: He did not believe he ought to make known to her this adventure, because he held that a wise man ought never to tell (without an absolute necessity) that a woman loves him, nor whether he loves her, or loves her not; he did not tellise to me that he believ'd he was loved; on the contrary he counsell'd me not to shake off my Love,

and

and I follow'd his directions, but I found such a strong resistance, that ere the Sun had fifteen times run its diurnal course, my passion was buried in its own ruins. Though *Artemidorus* had defend'd me from telling *Clidimira*, I had acquainted him with what she had told me; and though he constrain'd himself as much as possibly he could, yet she saw by his eyes he knew it; hoping then that in continuance of time there might happen some slight quarrel between *Berelisa* and him, which might tend to her advantage, she acted many things to effect her design; for when she was with any friends of *Artemidorus*, she would be lavish in his praise, she always frequented those places where he went, she oppress'd *Berelisa* with visits and testimonies of friendship, and when she encountered the eyes of this Prince, she made as if she would shun them, though she carefully sought them, likewise making him see in her a certain emotion accompany'd with confusion and modesty, she excited some kind of trouble in the heart of *Artemidorus*, which oblig'd him to fly her; 'tis not that he did not feel himself faithful to *Berelisa*, that he should always be so, and that the infidelity of *Clidimira* would yet much anger him; but after all, *Clidimira* acted in such a manner, which both grieved and perplexed him: This fair person therefore to attain her desires, contracted a particular friendship with *Terillus*, she told him she was touch'd with his merit, that she would protect him nigh her sister, and she effectively become the confident of his love, and his jealousy of *Artemidorus*; she even gain'd one of the maids which waited on *Berelisa*, she entertain'd likewise some commerce with me, and in this manner, whether by *Terillus*, by the maid which she had gain'd, or by me, she knew all which pass'd between *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus*; 'tis not that I told her any thing in particular, only as I well knew *Artemidorus* desir'd she should believe he would love her no more, and that he desir'd not her affection; I would confess to her that he was very amorous of *Berelisa*; but to tell you the truth, she knew all things both by jealous *Terillus*, and the aforesaid person: so that a furious anger possessing her spirit, she plotted all her designs to sow division between these two persons. As she hath a subtle spirit, she judg'd that 'twould not be easie for her at first to put any difference between *Artemidorus* and *Berelisa*; for 'tis a person who hath a tender heart, a regulated spirit, who thinks not but of that she loves, who believes there ought to be as much probity in love as in any other thing, and who doth not give the least subject of jealousy to *Artemidorus*; but she thought 'twould not be so difficult to put distrust in *Berelisa's* spirit; therefore after she had been acquainted by the pre-mentioned ways in several particulars, reflecting on the affection of *Berelisa* for *Artemidorus*, she wrote a letter to her Sister by an unknown hand, and another to *Artemidorus* under the name of one of his friends, who was in the Army; she put them both in one Packet, and by a secret way sent it to *Artemidorus*, he knowing not from whence it came, and unripping the Seal, he found a little Note directed to him, which contain'd these words.

I Demand your Pardon for writing to you my self, but having receiv'd a slight hurt in my right hand, I have employ'd an others, to entreat you to deliver this enclosed Letter to *Berelisa*; I assure you it comes from a Person who hath much interest in her affairs, and who so far engag'd me to render it safe to her hands, that I believe I could not better cancel my Engagement, then delivering it to you: I shall not excuse my self for the trouble I impose upon you, since you will be fully recompens'd by the sight of that beautiful person.

Artemidorus having read this Note, did not suspect there was any deception in it, for he knew the name they had subscrib'd to this letter, whose name I cannot at this time remember, and 'twas true that this man had been hurt in the right hand, so that *Artemidorus* being impatient to perform this service to *Berelisa*, went to carry the letter to her; and as *Clidimira* had a design to be an ocular witness of the effect of this decree, she went to *Berelisa's* chamber, where *Artemidorus* came; and imagining this letter was not of much consequence, he gave it her before *Clidimira*, tel-

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ling her in what manner he had receiv'd it. Though *Berelisa* curiosity incited her to peruse it, principally because she could not imagine who writ it, she would have by a resentment of Civility put it in her pocket; but *Clidimira* who saw *Artemidorus* take no notice of it, said to him: Do not you think my Sister renders you a respect which is the most difficult in the world, for for my part I know nothing so weighty to carry as a sealed Letter, when one dares not open it by reason of Ceremony? *Artemidorus* being now rous'd from that Lethargick Slumber in which he was bury'd by *Clidimira's* sight, told her, he would dismis himself from her company, if she would not read the Letter; so that being constrain'd to open it, she found it poyson'd with these dangerous words.

I Madam receive with a favourable eye the advice I intend to give you, and do not think strange if the person subscribes not her name; for your Friends ship is so dear to her, that not knowing how you will receive this advice, she dares not expose her self to your hatred. Know then Madam, he which renders you my Letter, doth not possess your affection without the knowledge of divers persons; I know not whether 'tis his fault or yours, but many know you lov'd him first, and may yet love him last, for as he hath not been too strongly touch'd with *Clidimira's* change, he is not perhaps so faithful to you as he ought to be; every one knows you love him, that you receive his Letters, and return him affectionate answers, that he wholly sways your soul, and that you vouchsafe him many favours, which he doth not receive with such transport of love as *Terillus* would, did you please so far to honour him: Every one knows *Clidimira* doth not hate him, that he hath nigh seal'd her justification, and that his exulting flames may be re-ascended, if they are not already: You would therefore award much more glory, to recompense the constancy of *Terillus*, to leave *Artemidorus* to *Clidimira*, and by this means you will free your self from that obloquy which doubtless will blemish your Reputation, if you do not Regularize your self by my Counsel.

As soon as *Berelisa* began to read this Letter, she blush'd, and blush'd with so many signs of anger imprinted in her face, that *Artemidorus* who look'd attentively on her, knew it contain'd something which displeas'd her, and had much vexation because he had deliv'red it to her: *Clidimira* on the contrary had an extream joy to see the inquietude of *Berelisa*; she testifi'd her notice of it, to the end to give more curiosity to *Artemidorus*, for she believ'd *Berelisa* would not shew it him. She had no sooner perus'd the Letter, but she said to her, I entreat you Sister to tell me if the news you have from the Army, acquaints you with the death of any of your friends, for I see so many marks of grief in your countenance, that I already seek to divine who we have lost. For my part added *Artemidorus*, looking on *Berelisa*, I shall esteem my self very unhappy, if I have brought unto you any doleful news: but if so, I can at least assure you, I know not who writ it, *Berelisa* seeing her self prest to shew this Letter, told them, that there was nothing considerable in it, and that it contain'd certain domestick affairs. You have not a soul so interest'd (reply'd *Clidimira* with much confidence) to be sensible of things of this nature. I blush sometimes so easily (reply'd *Berelisa* cloystring this Letter in her pocket) that one must never judge of the resentments of my heart by the emotion of my face; but though *Berelisa* made a great effort to constrain her self, *Artemidorus* knew some disturbance had enter'd her spirit; in effect, so soon as *Clidimira* was gone, she thought on nothing but this cruel Letter, and she imagin'd it had been wrote by the contrivance of *Terillus*; but though her spirit was inclin'd, she did not believe she ought to shew this letter to *Artemidorus*, for fear he did not credit what she believ'd, and lest he should be transported against *Terillus*, to whom they had both obligations; and her ancient jealousie beating an alarm to her heart in this instant, she had intention for some time to observe *Clidimira* and *Artemidorus*. In the meantime *Clidimira* who secretly triumph'd at this deceit, was in hope this letter would prove effectual; for if *Berelisa* did not shew

shew it to *Artemidorus*, 'twas an evident signe this Artifice had made some impression in her heart, which might in some time breed a difference between them; and if she shew'd it him, *Clidimira* drew from thence at least this advantage, to make known to *Artemidorus* she yet lov'd him; for though she imagin'd I had told him, she was not certain of it. So soon as she was departed, *Artemidorus* press'd *Berelisa* to shew him this letter; but as *Clidimira* when she went away saluted this Prince in a manner which augmented her suspicions, she confirm'd her self in her intended resolution not to shew it him. *Artemidorus* who could not suffer she should conceal any secrets from him, thus complain'd of her injustice; Do you then believe Madam said he to her, that 'tis permitted you to hide any secret from me, who have made an entire resignation of my heart to you, and who tells you without any reservation, all you desire? Is it thus Madam you requite my Tenderness, my Fidelity, and my Respect? You know (added he) that you have refus'd me a thousand and a thousand favours, and that I have promis'd never to breath forth any dislike of your actions, whilst I am assur'd to possess your heart; speak then Madam I entreat you, and tell me if this is to be the master of it, not to know what passes there? Do you think Madam that one cannot be unfaithful but in ceasing to love any person? Or that one cannot love others then *Clidimira*? And believe you not that it should be a kind of Infidelity to trust more to ones self, then to the person one loves, and to conceal any thing from him. I believe at least (reply'd *Berelisa* blushing) that when one faithfully loves a person, one ought never to mention a woman one hath lov'd, if he is not constrain'd to it; but you do not so: for I am assur'd you speak an hundred and an hundred times of *Clidimira*, without necessity; I have even heard you mention her name for an others, there being no resemblance betwixt them; if you would speak of some quarter of *Agri-gen-tine*, the street where *Clidimira* remains; if one asks you the time when you were freed from close restraint, you say 'twas a little before *Clidimira* came to *Agri-gen-tine*; and *Clidimira* is yet so strong in your memory, that you speak not so much of me to others, as you do of *Clidimira* to me. But Madam, replied he, I have mention'd her an hundred times to you, to declare her unworthy actions. You would have done me more pleasure never to speak to me of her (replied she) so disaccustom your mouth from pronouncing her name; for in fine, 'tis a general maxime, not to mention the first Mistress to the second, unless (as I have formerly said) one is constrain'd; and I had rather hear you call *Clidimira* *Berelisa*, then *Lysicris* *Clidimira*: But Madam said *Artemidorus* to her, Do not you think hated presents persons one hates to the memory, as well as Love those which one loves? And do you think it should be possible I might ever love *Clidimira* if I should not love you? No, no Madam, added he, I cannot love an unfaithful Mistress; 'Tis true, I am not so much transported as another, but 'tis because I believe discretion ought to reside in the hearts both of happy and unhappy Lovers, and that they should retain a kind of civility for the Female sex: But after all, I hate and despise *Clidimira*, and I despise her it may be more then you can imagine. Time will demonstrate it to us reply'd she. What? Madam, replied he, Do you believe time is necessary to assure the fidelity of a man to whom you have promis'd your affection? And can you conceal a secret from me? Ah Madam, if 'tis so, *Terrillus* is less unfortunate then I am, for at least he can ground his happiness on no future hope; but for my part Madam, who think to be happy, I find my self plung'd in misery. In the mean time added he, there is it may be several things within these few days happen'd to me which merit a more favourable treatment. But if there's happen'd things I know not (reply'd she with precipitation) you ought not to think it strange if I declare nos a secret to you, since you have one I know not. *Artemidorus* seeing his own words had betray'd him, and not willing by generosity to acquaint *Berelisa* that her Sister yet lov'd him, would have explain'd it otherwise then he had said; but as he is naturally very sincere, he could not frame himself to tell a lye. *Berelisa* then knowing by the manner of his speech he had something he would not tell her, had such a strong curiosity, that she ear-

nessly press'd him to tell her what had happen'd to him, which made him desist from desiring to know the contents of the Letter; so that both having a strong curiosity, and this curiosity augmenting by their resistance, in the end *Berelisa* being the stronger, it oblig'd her to tell *Artemidorus*; that if he promised her not to be transported with any resentment against the party (whom she imagin'd) had wrote the Letter she receiv'd, she would shew it him. And he likewise told her, that if she engag'd her self not to speak of what he said to her, she should see that she had much injur'd him in speaking to him of *Clidimira* in that manner as she had done. In fine, *Berelisa* gave to *Artemidorus* the Letter he had given her, which so surpriz'd him, that the fountain of his utterance was a long time seal'd, before he could perform his Word to *Berelisa*, for they at first so sympathiz'd in their thoughts, that there was doubtless a transmigration of their souls; for he likewise believing *Terillus* had invented this fallacy, he then began to exaggerate his misfortune, for having a Rival to whom he had many obligations, and to seek by what way *Terillus* had known what he had wrote in his Letter. For said he to *Berelisa*, if there was nothing there but my Love for you, and your goodness for me, I should say Jealousie had dictated into him; since there is no better spy than the spirit of a jealous Lover. But Madam, I am surpriz'd of what he relates concerning *Clidimira*; since that (in fine) if I must tell you all things, 'tis true, that this unfaithful person would without doubt once more deceive me. *Berelisa* hearing *Artemidorus* speak in this manner, press'd him to retail to her that which he had said; and this Prince willing to obey her, recounted unto her that which I had told him: But though she might remain satisfied, yet she was angry had he conceal'd that from her so long time. Nevertheless (added she by a motion of Jealousie) do not you imagine *Clidimira* would reconquer your heart by a resentment of Love for you; for I am assur'd 'tis not but by a resentment of hatred for me; and if another had depriv'd you of your Love, she would have resign'd to her a peaceable possession; but as I am unhappy, I would not swear you will not become unfaithful. Ah Madam (interrupted *Artemidorus*) you are the injustest person in the world to use those words. As they were on these terms, the amiable *Philonice* entered, accompany'd by the Prince of *Messena*, who came to *Agrigentinus* during a suspension of Arms: I came likewise to *Berelisa*'s house a little after; and as I was tapt of Inconstancy, *Lyseoris* who was come with the Princess *Philonice*, having something to tell me, call'd me, whilst *Philonice* spoke to *Berelisa* towards the windows: But as I answer'd not, I pray said she to a Lady which was nigh me, Tell that unfaithful person who is by you, that I would entertain him. Hardly had *Lyseoris* said this, but turning towards her, I pray said he to her, call me not unfaithful; yet for Inconstant (pursu'd I) I endure it; but for unfaithful, I cannot suffer it. I have not such a delicate spirit as you (reply'd *Lyseoris*), and I know not too well between Inconstancy and Infidelity. As *Lyseoris* said that, the Princess *Philonice* who had heard her, turn'd, and seated her self; and making one in this discourse, she demanded who could doubt there was no distinction to be made between a faithful and inconstant person. In truth (reply'd *Lyseoris*) I think in case of Love, these two things very much resemble. For my part, reply'd I, I am not of that opinion; that one cannot sometimes be inconstant without shame, and that one cannot be unfaithful without baseness. *Berelisa* seeing then such a fair occasion to insult over *Clidimira*, and to darken her esteem with *Artemidorus*, engag'd so directly this conversation, that she saw her self oblig'd to make the distinction; and she did it more easily than any part of the Company; and the Prince of *Messena*, as others, without exact examination said, that Inconstancy and Infidelity might easily be confounded. For my part said then the Princess *Philonice*, I am of the opinion of *Berelisa* and *Zenocrates*; for I believe one cannot say there is a kind of Inconstancy without Infidelity; or Fidelity without Inconstancy; and if 'twas not that I am now in a melancholy humour, I might very well bring my thoughts to trial; but since *Zenocrates* and *Berelisa* are of my opinion, I give them Commission to declare my resentments; for I imagine they know them: But said then *Lyseoris*,

curis smiling, Is he not an unfaithful man which changeth love? and an Inconstant Lover is he not likewise who changes his Mistress? A liberal man who makes a Present without choice (reply'd *Berelisa*) gives something which is to him, and a prodigal man which casts without choice, gives likewise that which appertains to him; the one practiseth a vertue, and the other makes to see he hath a vice; this which is well more estrang'd the one from the other, then Inconstancy and Infidelity: for I say not that Inconstancy should be a vertue, but I say that an honest man when he is young, may sometimes be inconstant, without dishonouring himself, and that in some times, in some age, and in pretext that this should be, no person can be unfaithful without baseness and infamy; I sustain likewise that Infidelity and Inconstancy are yet more horrible in women then men. *Berelisa* said this with so much emotion, that I knew well that I might do her the greatest pleasure in the world to remit my cause in her hands, and that she was not sorry to speak on this subject, finding likewise much more fit to oblige her to defend me, then to defend my self; I left her at least to begin this innocent War. But then said the Prince of *Messena*, I would know precisely what is that delicate distinction you make of Inconstancy and Infidelity? I call Inconstancy (reply'd *Berelisa*) a certain incertitude of heart and spirit, where young men are more subject then others, since there is without doubt two or three years of life; where those which are naturally of an inconstant inclination, find nothing which pleases them, which attaches them not successively; for by example, if *Zenocrates* would say the truth, he will confess that a great number of women have pleased him, that he hath fair brown, and fair yellow, he hath many times felt in his heart enough disposition to have love, he will even confess I assure you that he hath began to tell it to many fair Persons; and that there is likewise some others for whom he hath chang'd thoughts before he had occasion to speak to him of his passion. I ingeniously confess, reply'd he, but above all I believe not to be unfaithful. You have reason reply'd *Berelisa*, and one cannot without doubt accuse you but of a simple Inconstancy which hath even nothing which resembles infidelity; for as I have already said it, to speak of this kind of inconstancy in general, it comes from this, that those which are capable of it, are sensible to all that which appears fair to them, of all which is new to their eyes, and to their spirits, of that which they seek to please without difficulty, of that which they have any irresolution in the spirit, which hinders them from chusing of that that the first youth of Inconstancy have some resemblance; but after all, those men there which see pleasures from quarter to quarter, from street to street, and from house to house, do not assuredly betray the person, because no person trusts to them; and to speak truly, the Inconstants of this kind only vex themselves, since they have pain to attaque an hundred hearts without gaining one, one hearken to their pleasures without believing them, one receives their incense without vanity, one leaves them without pain, one destroys them without regret, and they come through the world, as Butterflies on flowers, without resting on any thing, and without leaving any signe of their passage, likewise not doing any disservice to a person, there would be much injustice to confound those Inconstants with the unfaithful I have spoken of; sure their inconstancy is without perfidiousness and superchery; 'tis not but to say the truth it should be desired this Inconstancy was banished from the heart of young persons; for if it is not very criminal, it is not at least laudable; I will likewise confess with sincerity is not yet altogether a true Inconstant, and he hath only a simple disposition to be so. I am oblig'd to you (reply'd I) for enrolling me in the number of the inconstant persons, and not placing me among those which are unfaithful, for 'tis certain I cannot suffer it. But said the Prince of *Messena*, I comprehend not wherefore those which vary in their thoughts have not Infidelity. You will easily be satisfied therein (reply'd *Berelisa*) if you consider that to make a Lover truly merit the quality of unfaithful, one must suffer his affection, one must bearken to him, one must give him hope, one must love him; if a man on the contrary loves a woman without being beloved, and that he hath serv'd a long time

time without attaining her love, he leaves her; one loves another; one cannot in this case place him in the number of the unfaithful, nor that of the inconstant; for as one loves not, but for to be loved, as soon as one destroys the hope, love may die in a lover's heart, without being culpable of any crime; and to speak truth, it is not even possible that it dies not there; 'tis therefore not doing that but which one might hinder themselves from doing; one leaves love without inconstancy, and one cannot love otherwise, without infidelity; but the most odious and the most degenerate crime in the World is, when there's a concatenation of affection between two persons, and that it happens one breaks the Chain; for in this case, there 'tis not a simple inconstancy, 'tis an infidelity, where inconstancy, perfidiousness, and baseness are found; and 'tis in fine, as I have said, the greatest of all crimes in this point, before you engage your self, you consider not what you do, you examine not your thoughts, and do not well know the heart you give, nor the heart you receive: 'Tis true, said *Philomele*, I find something very strange to see men of spirit suddenly change their thoughts: But, said then *Ulysseus*, when one hath this misfortune what shall one do? I will, reply'd *Berelisa*, one should continue to love by generosity, when one cannot by inclination; that in fine, when one is promis'd an eternal affection, no reason can dispense with it, but the infidelity of the person one loves; and in this case, we must not only love her no more, but hate her, despise her, flee from her as from a Monster, and revenge our selves though ne'er thereby prejudic'd; for if it's a man which is unfaithful, no person should force him to go to say to a woman he loves her, and to tell her it often, to make her love him; therefore when he changes, he hath no excuse in effect: probity, sincerity, and fidelity ought to be in love, as all other things, and more than in other things, because the consequences are more dangerous, being certain'd there's no exchange more important than the hearts of two persons which love one another. But if a man is criminal of being unfaithful, at least confesse, reply'd the Prince of *Messina*, that a woman hath the same injury as a man. I say, reply'd *Berelisa*, and I'll maintain she hath more, for as cruelty befits women in love, they might take him to examine themselves, ere they engage to love any one; but after you have consider'd of it, a woman accepts the heart is offered to her, and that she gives her's, she cannot change without infamy; and truly a woman at least in my opinion, cannot innocently love but once in her life; besides baseness and perfidiousness, which is common to her with an unfaithful man, neither can one yet accuse her of imprudence or little modesty; for, for my part, I conceive not how a woman who hath virtue and good judgement to resolve her, should voluntarily renounce the love of a man, to whom she hath given many testimonies of affection, when she feels her love decay.

Nevertheless reply'd *Philomele*, one sees they make no difficult to do it. I am of your opinion, reply'd *Berelisa*, but if I was a man, I should have an horrible aversion for those women; But I pray said the Prince of *Messina*, in what rank do you place those men who make a seeming love, when they love not, and sometimes obtain love? I put them in the rank of deceivers, reply'd she. But amongst the unfaithful, reply'd I, it seems to me there are many sorts; for there are some which become so, because they find defects in the person they love, that they hated not before; and there's others which cease to love, because their own good fortune destroys their love; For the first (said *Berelisa*) I sustain that when one hath solidly contracted an affection with some one, there is but one onely defect of love, which might be a legitimate cause to break it, and the loss of beauty, youth, change of fortune and health, ought to change nothing in the hearts of two persons which have promis'd an eternal love; but for those whose love destroys it self, I find them so criminal and so odious, that I boldly say 'tis impossible their spirits are Reason'd with any good qualities, or that their heart is noble, and the change of thoughts without any strange cause, is the greatest sign of imbecility and defiling of judgement, and that in the end, the infidelity in love from whence soever it proceeds, is the basest and criminallest thing in the World; all other duties of life approach

not the engagement of this; because one is born subject to all the others, and this is by a voluntary subjection one makes it a law to himself, which ought to be as much more inviolable as one imposes it; and one cannot infringe it without condemning himself, without destroying his own pleasures; without blemishing his honour, without trampling Justice and Vertue under his feet. All that which you say, is admirably well said, repli'd the Prince of *Messena*; but above all, if in despite one hath of it one feels one loves no more, what shall one do then? I will, as I have already told you, that one loves by generosity; when one cannot love more by inclination; and I will if one can no more love, that one constrains himself therefore to act, as if one loves not; yet since that it is in this occasion only that it is, permit to deceive innocently, and that it is even good to do it; at least I know well, that if one acts otherwise, one must resolve to be hated and despised of all persons, which have vertue and reason; for I confess to you, that I know not how one hath boldnesse to shew himself in the World after a perfidiousness of this nature; Nevertheless there is found women which shew themselves, repli'd I. And there is likewise found men, added *Philonicæ*, which leaves not to love them. Ah for these men there, said then *Berelisa*, it is assuredly they should not be too delicate in love, nor in generosity; for, for my part, if I was a man, it would be impossible for me to love a person which should act any infidelity. But yet, said the Prince of *Messena*, without knowing the Interest she had in this question; which excuse you more sooner, whether a man who should love a woman, which should have made an infidelity to an other, or of a Lover a Lady should have betray'd, and which would renew affection with her? In my opinion, repli'd *Berelisa* blushing, I cannot balance these two things, for he which should have suffer'd infidelity, would be more condemnable then another, that at least might flatter himself with the opinion to have more merit, then he which should have been abandoned. Nevertheless, added she, to make *Artemidorus* speak, I should be glad but for this Article, one demands that he seemeth of it to all men in the company. You are so equitable in all things, said then *Artemidorus*, who had not yet spoken, that your thoughts should be those of all honest persons; and for my part, I declare, I approve all that you have said, and even all that which you think.

For my part, repli'd I, I am not so complaisant, for I find both have an equal wrong: And I, added the Prince of *Messena*, I think that a Lover who hath conquered the heart of a woman, ought (if he can) reconquer it, when he hath lost it; for what knows he, but he will find it better: But, it may be, he may find it worse, said *Berelisa*. Thought it should be so repli'd *Philonicæ*, I find *Berelisa* hath very well made the distinction between Inconstancy and Infidelity: I confess to you Madam, (repli'd she) I have not said the third part of what I think, for better to understand it, one must after to have separated the inconstant from the faithfull; one must I say divide the unfaithfull between them and the inconstant, there are unfaithfull persons by weaknesse, by interest, by capriciousnesse, and by impiety, and there is likewise inconstant persons of temperament, of occasion, of vanity, of little judgement, of debility, of wantonnesse, and of idlenesse. If you will examine these divers things, said I to her, 'twould require doubtlesse much time. As one accuses to be a demy-inconstant, repli'd *Philonicæ*, I see well you fear that one puts you not in the rank of those, of which *Berelisa* would speak; but since you take no interest to infidelity, and that you have never lov'd long enough to be unfaithfull, I would willingly demand of you, which of the two a woman should love best, in the necessity to suffer infidelity? or that love should insensibly distil into the heart of her Lover, without loving any other person after her; or that his infidelity was caus'd by a new love? Ah Madam, interrupted *Berelisa*, alwaies thinking on *Artemidorus*, I put no comparison between these two things? for a man which leaves one woman to love another; or a woman which breaks with a lover for a new engagement, commits a more outrageous action, then if a lover diminishes by little and little. For my part, repli'd *Lysicoris*, I am not of your opinion, and I know nothing more cruel or more outrageous, then when without any strange cause, one

cess the fire extinct; for in this estate, one knows not what to do to retain such a
 Lover: I have had a friend to whom this adventure was hapned, who told me the
 fantastical things in the World to exaggerate to me her grief; for, said she one day
 to me, I am the same I was, when he of whom I complain, was deeply in love with
 me; my mirror and my eyes speak the same, and all those who approach me, con-
 firm me by their flatteries; I am not deceiv'd, I am likewise pleasant and as faith-
 full as ever, I have no less spirit, and he is not the same he was; yes, added she, if
 any unchangeable person hath depriv'd me of him, I should have the consolation to hate
 her; I should find an hundred inventions to displease her; I should ever think her
 adulation had attracted him, that novelty had charm'd him; and in continuance
 of time he would repent himself of his infidelity, and return to me; but ye think
 being as it is, one would say he hath forgot to love, and that he remembers not to
 have loved: I know not likewise what to do, neither to remit love in his heart, nor
 to hate him, though I know there's nothing more outrageous, then to cease to
 love in this manner, because it must of necessity be supposed I have no puissant
 charms, since I cannot keep an heart I had conquer'd, that no person deprives me
 of it. After this (pass'd *Zyscoris*) I have nothing more to tell you to affect my
 opinion, since the complaints of my friend I have reported, sum up all my reasons.
 If you have no better (reply'd *Berelisa*) it will be easie to vanquish you, since 'tis
 certain there's no comparison to make between these two sorts of Infidelities; one
 cannot imagine but he which ceases to love without making any new love, doth it
 not but because a certain scrupulous sagacity persuades him this passion is a weak-
 ness; or that being of those men who can stay long in any place, he is troubled
 at his own conquest; so that to reason well one may say, that a Lover of this na-
 ture renders himself worthy of the desposal of her whom he abandons, without one
 may positively say that he despises her; for in ceasing to love a person without lov-
 ing another, one sees he despises love in general, and not in particular, the person
 whom he deserts; but for a Lover who makes a new Love, there's nothing more
 injurious, more cruel, nor more sensible; the tenderness of the heart is thereby
 wounded, honour is thereby engag'd, and in fine, one suffers all that one can suf-
 fer. I am of your opinion that this other kind of Infidelity is rude; that one sees
 no remedy, and that it's very just and very natural to hate whosoever denies his
 love, I boldly confess that one ought more to hate one of those Lovers then a true
 enemy, who hates you as you hate him, and who not having never lov'd you, hath
 not at least betray'd you; but after all you may not have in your heart in this occa-
 sion, hatred against him, and against your self; on the contrary, an infidelity
 of the other manner, seats in your heart not onely hatred against your self, and
 against your Lover; but that which is the most cruel of jealousy, of fury, and even
 sometimes of injustice and cruelty; for the means to see ones self to attain between
 the hands and heart which is very dear, without hating not onely him which gives
 it to another, but her to whom it is given; at least, I know I have seen women,
 who have hated all the brown beauties, because that some Lady who had black eyes
 and brown hairs, had rob'd them of their Lovers; and in effect it is altogether
 hard to see that one prefers another person before you, and that one leaves assured
 for uncertain favours. Moreover, what grief is it to think this Lover sacrifices you
 to his last Mistress, and that he tells what obliging courtesies you have bestow'd upon
 him, to the end to oblige to bestow more; for my part, I believe that this kind of
 grief so much troubles reason, that though it would be more shame in appearance
 that one prefers another person without merit before you, on therefore had rather
 the thing should be so; to the end that at least one hath the consolation, that if
 this adventure is known every one blames her; which hath made such a bad choice.
 But, repli'd *Zyscoris*, can you yet hope that this unfaithfull, which is not become
 insensible to love, will recover reason, and will return to you; instead that if 'tis
 one of those Lovers whereof the fire is extinct, what do you, and what can you do
 to revive him. Nothing, repli'd *Berelisa*, for I declare to you, that whosoever
 should cease to love me, should never be lov'd of me; but had you rather love

an unfaithfull which becomes so by ambition, repli'd *Philonicæ*. In truth, repli'd *Berelisa*, it is of infidelity as of death; for in any manner that one dies, its very rigorous to die. I think nevertheless that I should rather forget an ambitious unfaithfull, then an unfaithfull as I have spoken of, I would therefore despise him very much; added she, but as I should not fear so much, that he would go to recount my favours to fortune, then another to his Mistress, I should have at least less grief: But, repli'd I, do you think it fit one should leave you for glory? By no means, repli'd she, for the love of glory is not inconsistent with that of a virtuous person, and not to trouble you further with any frivolous discourse concerning infidelity, assure your self I should never think well of him that should forsake me, though it were even to save his own life. The fair *Berelisa* saies right, repli'd *Artemildorus*, for when all's done, there can be no excuse for infidelity. You speak but lightly of it, for one that hath experienc'd it, repli'd she blushing: for, for my part, I declare, that I cannot imagine any thing, more unjust, more base, more ungratefull, more unworthy, a gallant Soul, nor more incompatible with virtue. However, said I to her, smiling, give not so cruel a verdict, against such as are inconstant without any evil design, whom you ere-while so pertinently compared to Butterflies. I acknowledge it, said she, but that I may neither flatter nor surprize you, I think that if people do not in time recover themselves out of that harmlesse inconstancy which you speak of, it may prove a disposition which may arrive to the habit of Infidelity. I therefore think it much concerns any one, to shake hands with it as soon as may be; for to be plain with you, inconstancy, though never so little, is a crime. But, I pray, repli'd *Philonicæ*, of the inconstant, what kind are you most displac'd with? Those which are such out of affectation, repli'd *Berelisa*. But are there any such, repli'd I? For my part, I assure you, if I am guilty of any inconstancy, I mean no hurt by it, I think not of it, even when I am seiz'd by it; and if there happen a change in my Love, the true reason is, that, that which did please me, pleases me no more, or that there is something else, I am more taken with.

The whole company having laught at this extravagant sally of mine; *Berelisa* maintain'd against me, that there were some that were inconstant out of affectation, who onely to shew themselves *Gallants*, Wits, and Sparks, pretended one while to love such a one, another some other, without any other design, then in a short time to beat a many bushes, and to raise talk of themselves in divers places: But take it from me, added she, very pleasantly; that as there are some young Gallants who conceive themselves oblig'd in reputation, to pick up the little news that are sown up and down; to sing tolerably well, the songs that are most new, and most in vogue; and to treasure up in their Pockets such compositions in Verse or Prose (good or bad it matters not) as are new, there are also others so vain as to make it their business to complement all those, whose perfections may indeed challenge it; and though neither guilty of inconstancy, nor love, perpetually wander into those places, where they have nothing to do, nay where indeed they are as slightly entertain'd. And whereas such people would seem to be what they are not, I abhor them beyond the inconstant, and can afford them no other predicament then that of the faithlesse. But, repli'd I, if all manner of inconstancy were banish'd the World, it would follow, that a man must never speak to above one woman in all his life, and must commend none but her, which in my opinion, would to a many people be a thing insupportable. Ah *Zemirans*, repli'd *Berelisa*, you screw up the Peg too high; for there is a certain complemental civility allowed in conversation, which permits you to commend all beauties, which keeps you from being savage or brutish; and you may sometimes celebrate the Brown, sometimes the Fair, in as much as beauty is every where commendable, what dress soever it be in. But there is a great distance between a general civility and inconstancy; for a person generally civil begets in all hearts an inclination of love and esteem for him; but a man profess'dly inconstant, such as I know some, spends his whole life, in saying what is never believ'd, in

praising those which dispraise him; in snatching at every thing, though he fasten on nothing; to fight without victory, and to love without any return: Thus it happens at length, that men of this humour, feel all the afflictions of love, and never come to be acquainted with the pleasures, and after they have shifted their hearts from hand to hand, they are forc'd to take them home wither'd, because they can meet with none that will be troubled with them. This expression of *Berelisa* causing a general laughter in the company, I publicly declared, I would reform that careless inconstancy whereof I stood accus'd, and made a vow either to become a constant Lover, or insensible. Whereupon *Philonica*, said pleasantly, that she believ'd I should rather prove the latter then the former, and that she should be as glad of it as my self; which said, she rose up, and the company being dissolv'd, *Berelisa* was extreamly troubled. For though she had said many things handsomly, yet came they from her, rather out of that conceal'd interest which she had in what was discours'd of, then any freedom of humour, insomuch that being left alone, she was excessively melancholly. She read over the cruel Letter she had receiv'd, and found in it so much matter of grief, that she could not sleep all night. That which disturb'd her most in all this adventure, was, that *Artemidorus* had told her, as a secret, of the recommencement of *Clidimira's* love to him; for as to what was said, of the affection which she her self had for that Prince, as it was very innocent, so was she not much troubled at it. She was also much incens'd against *Terillus*, as believing it was he who had directed the packet which *Artemidorus* had received: nor could she but fear the business might have some unhappy consequence; but all considered, she fear'd nothing so much, as that *Clidimira* might recover the heart she had lost. On the other side, *Clidimira* was in doubt whether she should gain her ancient servant from *Berelisa*; but withal, had this considerable satisfaction, to think that she caus'd a disturbance in her Rival. As for *Artemidorus*, he was extremely perplex'd and out of tune; for in the imagination he had that *Terillus* had sent him the terrible Letter he had delivered to *Berelisa*, he was almost out of himself that he was in his debt for it, and that he was withal oblig'd in point of generosity, to pretend not to believe it was he had put that trick upon him. Besides, the jealousy he observ'd in *Berelisa*, made him fear the consequences of it; nor was he less disorder'd by the affection of *Clidimira*. Yet was he not without some intervals wherein he was not much displeas'd, to think that it was now her turn to feel what punishment it is to love, and not to be lov'd again.

But to hasten as much as I can to an end of this long relation, *Artemidorus* return'd the next day to *Berelisa*, to ask her what she would him to do. In the first place, said she to him, I would have you not pretend to believe that it was *Terillus* who directed that Packet to you; in the next, I would have you without doing her any violence, put some publike affront upon *Clidimira*, which may serve you as a pretense never to go to her house more, nor speak to her any where else. That I should never more see her at home (reply'd he) nor speak to her again, I gladly submit to you, but to do her any affront publicly, is a command you cannot justly lay upon me, insomuch that common Civility will not allow a virtuous man to do any such thing. I know not (reply'd *Berelisa*) whether Civility will permit it, but I am certain Love will, since I would have it so; for in fine, what confidence can I have in your affection, if you obey me not in this business? You know (added she) that it is with much reluctance you have resolv'd to hate the unfaithful *Clidimira*, how then can I be assur'd that you will persist in this disaffection, since she still behaves her self as if she lov'd you? But Madam, answer'd *Artemidorus*, if I have been so much troubled to cease loving the faithless *Clidimira*, how do you conceive I can possibly cease to love the faithful *Berelisa*? However it be (said she) I must have this expression of your affection. But Madam, reply'd he, I do not absolutely deny you, but entreat you to take some days to consider, whether you do not your self an injury by engaging me upon such a business; for *Terillus* and *Clidimira*, who have of late seem'd very kind together, will be sure to lay it at your

your door, if I do what you would have me : If therefore you will take my advice, you will be satisfied with that security I give you, never to see *Clidimira* at her house, to avoid her elsewhere, never to speak to her, and to love you eternally. Ah ! *Artemidorus*, reply'd *Berelisa*, blushing with vexation, you are too discreet to be a Lover ; and if the humour takes me to be discreet also in my turn, you shall find that Love and Discretion hold not so good correspondence, and that they are more likely to destroy than support one another in the same heart. But Madam, reply'd this Prince, what have I said which might incense you ? What have I done which might deserve your indignation ? You husband your self too much between *Clidimira* and Me, reply'd she ; and that I am not able to endure : whereas if I were as cautious not to displease *Terillus* as you are *Clidimira*, either you would renounce all love for me, or be very angry. But Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, are you not confident of my affection ? And can you suspect that I still love the faithless *Clidimira* ? I do absolutely believe you love her, reply'd she ; but if there should happen some little difference between you and I, I should not think it impossible you might love her again : My desire therefore is, that you were at such a distance with her, that you should never be reconcil'd, and consequently never give me the grief to see you in your ancient fetters : Not (added she) but that if I were to hate you, I should wish you that misfortune ; for I know nothing more unhappy, more poor, nor more unworthy a man of a great and noble soul, then to be match'd with a faithless one, and put himself into a condition to be over-reach'd the second time. I assure you Madam, reply'd *Artemidorus*, that I am not likely to meet with this sad misfortune, and that I cannot be unhappy by the means of any faithless person, if you do not become such. But why then (reply'd she) do you not raise me out of the weakness you see I am in, since that while you restore me, you should withal be reveng'd of *Clidimira* ? If I could do it without your being concern'd therein as well as my self, reply'd he, I should gladly obey you ; But Madam, I beseech you consider what commands you lay on me, and assure your self I shall ever love you, *Clidimira* never, even though she should have a greater affection for me then ever I had for her. *Artemidorus* (reply'd she) you are too tedious in debating a thing pleases me not.

While she said this, *Clidimira* comes into the room, which caus'd a fatal interruption of the conference. In the mean time *Artemidorus* thinking to oblige *Berelisa*, took his leave ; but not being able to quit the room without passing by *Clidimira*, he had not the power to do it without a civil salute, which *Berelisa* took very hainously : Not but that she knew well enough that he could not avoid saluting her ; but she conceiv'd it but just, after the discourse she had entertain'd him with, he should have acquitted himself with more neglect, and less Civility. Nor was it in her power to dissemble the disturbance of her mind ; which *Clidimira* perceiving, and looking on it as a consequence of the Letter she had caus'd to be written to her, began maliciously to press her to tell the reason of it. When you shall have told me that of the joy I see in your countenance, reply'd *Berelisa* coldly, I shall haply give you that of the melancholy which seems to be in mine. Truly, reply'd *Clidimira*, if my eyes do discover any joy, they betray me ; for since the loss of *Telefis*, I have had no great reason to be joyful. To deal as truly with you, reply'd *Berelisa*, I also assure you, that if mine express any melancholy, they are Impostors, and deceive you. But Sister, reply'd *Clidimira*, it were more unlikely that I should arrive to any joy, after the loss of *Telefis*, then it is that you should be sad. There are so many things likely to be true which are not true, reply'd *Berelisa*, and so many true things which seem not to be so, that I think it not fit to measure your joy by the account you give me of it : Not but that (added she) after the loss of such a Husband as you had, it would be thought very strange that you should so soon have overcome all grief ; but it seems youth, and a greatness of mind, and beauty, will not suffer affliction to be long liv'd. If it be so, reply'd *Clidimira*, since you have so great a Wit, since you are so Young and Handsome, and have only lost a Brother, where I have lost a Husband, it is likely you should

be much more light-hearted then I. As I have not lost a Brother, but I have withal lost a Friend, reply'd *Berelisa*, I have haply thought my self more concern'd in this loss then you have: for to speak generally, when one loses a Husband, one loses a Master, who many times disturbs our pleasures; and therefore it is not impossible but that the loss of *Telefis* may cause me a greater affliction then it does you. Not to examine whether it be impossible or not, reply'd *Clidamira* blushing for madness, I am certain *Telefis* is nothing concern'd in the melancholy which is now legible in your eyes. And not to examine, reply'd *Berelisa*, whether you have reason to speak as you do; I am as certain, that the gladness which may be read in yours, ought not to be there, there being no great reason it should. You may be satisfied, replied she, that if I am glad, I have reason to be so. And I for my part tell you, reply'd *Berelisa*, that if I am troubled, I will be reveng'd on those that are the causes of my trouble. As angry as you are, reply'd *Clidamira*, I should willingly contribute to your revenge. And so you shall, reply'd *Berelisa* in a malicious tone; for being related as we are, our Interest cannot be without some relation, and so not to be divided. Tell me then, who are your enemies of either Sex, reply'd *Clidamira*? You see them every day, reply'd *Berelisa*, I need not name them to you; and it shall go very hard but —

As *Berelisa* would have continued what she was saying, *Aphranor* comes into her Chamber, to acquaint her that the valiant Prince of *Agrigenum*, who had defeated his enemies, had at length forc'd them to Petition for Peace, which was signed; adding withall, and directing his speech to both her and *Clidamira*, that they must needs go immediately to the Princess *Philonica's*. Which said, he acquainted them with some of the Articles of the Treaty, they not offering to interrupt him, as having their several expectations, that he would not forget that which concern'd the Prisoners. But *Aphranor* conceiv'd they were not to learn, that in all Treaties of Peace, the prisoners of War are set at liberty, and therefore said nothing to them as to that point. Insomuch that having both an equal curiosity as to one Article, wherein yet they were not equally concern'd, they spoke both at the same time, to ask the same thing. But having receiv'd their answer, they blush'd, they became more jealous one of another, they hated one another more then before; and to consummate their affliction, *Aphranor* told them that all the Prisoners were set at liberty; 'Tis true (he added) that the Prince of *Agrigenum* had order'd him who had brought him this news, to tell Prince *Artemidorus*, that his Court should be his Sanctuary, as he had offer'd it sometime before, and conjur'd him to remain there, till such time as he had made his peace with the Prince of *Leontum*. But when he had quieted them a little with this weak hope, he added, that it was thought this Prince would not accept of the proffer, because of the mis-intelligence which was between the Princes of *Agrigenum* and *Leontum*. So that *Berelisa* and *Clidamira* perceiving that *Artemidorus* would be obliged to remove, were both extreamly troubled, which trouble yet had a mixture of some reflections of joy, which either of them rais'd from this consideration, that this absence of his would afflict her Rival. But to speak truly, it was a joy was neither serene, nor of long continuance.

In the mean time, *Aphranor* pressing them to go immediately to *Philonica*, and they not thinking it civil to discover they were not so loving one to another, as to make a visit together, were forc'd to obey him. But all the way as they went to this Princess, they spoke not one to another, till they were come near her Palace. *Clidamira*, purposely to vex *Berelisa*, and to sift out her thoughts, ask'd her whether she thought it not fit that she sent to congratulate *Artemidorus*: For, added she, with a seeming simplicity, since he was pleas'd to give me a visit in my affliction, I conceive it but fitting I should return his civility. If there be a necessity that he depart and leave us, it were fit you did what you say; but if he remain, I should conceive you did well, if you had no more to do with him, considering what hath pass'd between you. I assure you, reply'd *Clidamira* maliciously, that were it not that I found him constantly in your Chamber, I should be very indiffe-

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rent whether I return'd him this civility or not; but since there is a *decorum*, obliges me not to refrain visiting you, there is no great fear I should receive any incivility from such a Prince as *Artemidorus*. I know not whether I advise you well or not, repli'd *Berelisa*; but I conceive it were better you receiv'd an incivility, then expose your self to Calumny. As for Calumny, repli'd *Clidimira*, I fear it not much; for when one is conscious that he deserves it not, he need not trouble his thought with it. You are very happy, repli'd *Berelisa*, to have such a serenity in your thoughts; which said, they entred into *Philonica's* where all was fill'd with joy. But they had not been there an hour, ere *Artemidorus* came to that illustrious Princess, to express his gladness of the satisfaction, which the so glorious success of the Prince of *Agrigentum* had caused to her; and withall, to acknowledge how much he conceiv'd himself oblig'd to the generosity of that Prince. *Philonica* answer'd *Artemidorus* with her ordinary Prudence and Civility; which done, the sage *Cleodamus* being come in, began to whisper something to *Philonica*. For being a man of the most ancient and most honourable House of any in *Agrigentum*, and had withall the recommendation of a great Understanding, Vertue and Honesty, he was more then any other concern'd in the Peace which his Country was now to enjoy; so that having acquainted *Philonica* with many things, which it concern'd her to know, he began openly to commend the Prince of *Agrigentum*, who had now finish'd the World, that he had not rais'd a War but to settle Peace, and not out of any Sally of Ambition; adding, that he was truly a Father to his Subjects, since he prefer'd their quiet before the carrying on of a War, which it had been more to his glory to have continued, had he not prefer'd the publick good before his particular advantages. It is true, continued *Cleodamus*, that to speak rationally, it is much more glorious for a Prince to have preserv'd Plenty in his Dominions then to have ruin'd his neighbours; and it is more noble out of a consideration of Justice and Humanity to be thrifty of the blood of his Subjects, then out of a *Pamphilo* of glory and ambition, to be Prodigal of his enemies. All approving what *Cleodamus* said, and acknowledging the praises he gave the Prince of *Agrigentum* to be just, they congratulated *Philonica*, and afterwards, *Artemidorus*. For there being some or other continually, coming in, and going out of *Philonica's* Chamber, the company stood, and every one was at liberty to go from one place to another. So that there was not any either man or woman, which did not complement *Artemidorus*, except *Berelisa* and *Clidimira*, who had not the courage to go and tell him that they were glad of a thing which indeed caused all their affliction. But *Berelisa*, desirous to conceal her trouble from her sister-in-law, and being withall, almost out of her self to put her into some disturbance, came to her, and speaking softly, for one who thought her self so much concern'd to send congratulations to *Artemidorus*, said she to her, methinks you make not much hast to tell him that you are glad he is at liberty. I expected you should have shewn me the way, repli'd *Clidimira*; for I believe you think your self as deep in the concerns of that Prince, as I do; but since haply you conceive, that, by reason of the relation I have to you, I ought to speak first, I shal do it. Whereupon *Clidimira*, without expecting any answer from *Berelisa* drew neare to *Artemidorus*, who was not far from her, and made a very handsome and obliging complement to him *Artemidorus* thinking it in a manner barbarous not to return a civil answer before so many people, gave her thanks for her good wishes. But persisting in the desire of tormenting her sister, she behav'd her self so, that though he had for a good while indeavour'd to avoid discourse with her, yet she forc'd him to answer her divers times. Whereat *Berelisa*, who heard not what pass'd between them, was extremely vex'd. *Artemidorus* who was not ignorant of the ticklishness of her humour, would have gone to her as soon as he was dis-engag'd from *Clidimira*, but she avoided all discourse with him, and gave him such a lesson of vexation to read in her eyes, that he was infinitely troubled at it. He nevertheless continued following her, and pursu'd her from place to place, insomuch that at last taking her leaning on a Window which look'd into the garden, he went to that next it, and taking hold of a corner of her garment to stay her from going away:

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Well, cruel *Berelisa*, said he to her, will you eternally avoid me? And when all the World congratulates me though for a thing which afflicts me, do you think it a trouble to comfort me? You are then already resolv'd, reply'd she roundly, to take *Clidamira* along with you to *Leontum*? I am resolv'd to die, cruel *Berelisa*, if you prove not more favourable to me; and I am resolv'd to hate and be reveng'd of you, repli'd *Berelisa*, if you prove unfaithfull. I am content you shall do both, repli'd he, if I do prove such; but if I am both constant and unfortunate, pity me, and love me at least as much as you have promis'd. *Philonica* hereupon, calling *Berelisa* to her, *Artemidorus* had not the opportunity to speak to her any more all that day; nor could he sleep all the night following, such a distraction did the humourousnesse of *Berelisa*, and the insinuations of *Clidamira* raise in his thoughts. Not as I have already acquainted you, that he had any design to ingage himself any further to *Clidamira*, and had an excessive affection for *Berelisa*; but he had a conceit that it were a kind of aspersion to a person of honour, uncivilly to shake off the love of a woman, whether she had forsaken him or not; so that not finding any mean between these two things, he was in a strange perplexity. His liberty, which he now was Master of, contributed to his disturbance, for if it favour'd him to be rid of *Clidamira*, it also remov'd him from *Berelisa*, without whom it was impossible for him to be happy. On the other side, as to what concern'd his fortunes, he easily fore-saw that if he remain'd at *Agrirentum*, now that he had obtain'd his liberty, he should be proclaim'd Traytor at *Leontum*. So that which way soever he look'd, whether on what concern'd *Berelisa*, or *Clidamira*, or himself, his spirit was still in the same disturbance. That which further augmented his disquiet, was the arrival of *Terillus*; for being perswaded it was he had sent him the cruel Letter which he delivered to *Berelisa*, he was no longer able to indure the affront; and if *Berelisa* had not charg'd him to keep the business secret, he could not have forbore expressing the resentments he had of it.

In the mean time, *Clidamira* having understood by the Gentleman whom she had corrupted, that *Berelisa* and *Artemidorus* had had some little contestation, fail'd not to make her advantage of it, and was so diligent in finding an opportunity to talk with him as *Philonica*, that indeed he could not with civility avoid her. To acquaint you, Madam, with what discourse pass'd between them, were no easie task for me; for neither *Artemidorus* nor *Clidamira* could yet be perswaded to give an exact account of it. Yet thus much hath been gotten out of *Clidamira*, that *Artemidorus* entertain'd her with the bitterest reproaches, which, without a visible affront, and an abjuration of that civility which is due from man to woman-kind, he could imagine; and *Artemidorus* hath discover'd so much, as that *Clidamira* without telling him plainly, *I love thee*, had entertain'd him with the greatest tenderness and passion, in the excuses she made, that she had married *Terillus*. To be short, the very same day I saw this Prince, but so clouded with sadness, as I had never seen him before. Nor but that he lov'd *Berelisa* with the greatest affection imaginable; but believing withall, that *Clidamira* lov'd him as much, he look'd on it, as what would raise a Tempest between him and *Berelisa*. Nor indeed was it unlikely, for there cannot happen a greater disturbance to a virtuous man, when to be lov'd by two women that hate one another, and yet are oblig'd to be almost perpetually together.

But *Berelisa* having understood what discourse had pass'd between *Artemidorus* and *Clidamira*, by one of *Philonica*'s women, who had overheard some part of it, was so troubled that *Artemidorus* had said nothing to her, that without discovering her affliction either to *Lyfiscus* or me, or yet to *Artemidorus*, she (to be reveng'd of the disloyalty of this Prince, as she interpreted it) resolv'd to be more kind then ordinary to *Terillus*. But to tell you the truth, these two Lovers were equally surpris'd at her carriage; for if it was matter of wonder to *Artemidorus* to see a transgression of her affection to him; it was no less to *Terillus*, to find from her that little kindness she was pleas'd to shew him. He at first imagin'd, that she foreseeing that *Artemidorus* was shortly to leave *Agrirentum*, thought fit to make

make sure of him; and having a subtle and a piercing wit, and that sharpened by his jealousy, he soon discover'd that this kindness and compliance of *Berelisa* was but personated and artificial, such as wherein her heart was nothing concern'd; so that it caus'd him to be more jealous then ever. As for *Artemidorus*, though he doubted not but that *Berelisa* still lov'd him, and that it was only for his sake that she was so kind to *Terillus*; yet all consider'd, he could not avoid some reflections of jealousy, which oblig'd him to hate this Rival. For *Berelisa*, though she was satisfied that *Artemidorus* had a tender affection for her, yet being not assur'd but that the flatteries of *Clidamira* might have some influence on him, she was seiz'd by a jealousy, which distract'd her beyond all imagination: and as concerning *Clidamira*, though she then could without any return of love, and in a manner without hope of any, yet was she subject to jealousy: So that it may be said, that jealousy never had such an Empire in any amorous transaction, and was withal so ill grounded, as in this. For *Terillus* was jealous, though he could never hope for any love from *Berelisa*. *Artemidorus* was jealous of *Terillus*, whom *Berelisa* hated: *Berelisa* was jealous of *Clidamira*, whom *Artemidorus* lov'd not; and *Clidamira* was jealous, though there was not any rational likelihood she should ever regain the heart she had once lost. Nor could it otherwise be, but that the consequences of these several scenes of jealousy must be sad and tragical, and such as hinder'd these persons from those enjoyments of Peace which the Prince of *Agri-genum* brought along with him, who was now come burthen'd with glory to receive the acclamations of his people. But I should tyre you with a second relation of the honours were done him, and withal I must remember, it is the historie of *Artemidorus*, and not his, which I relate to you. I shall therefore only tell you, that things being in this posture, there happen'd to be a consort of Musick in the Gardens of the Palace of *Cyaneus*, whereof I told you the ruines were so magnificent. For though this Palace be ruin'd, yet the Gardens remain, and they are so well order'd, that it is the general Walk of all persons of quality, of either Sex, especially in the Summer, when we court the fresh Ayre, to avoid the inconveniences of the heat. The Prince of *Agri-genum* therefore desirous to hear some Musick in this Garden, wherein there are a many Walks with Trees on both sides, which cross one another, had it after an excellent manner: For the Moon not shining that night, and that it is neither pleasant nor handsome to be in the dark, especially in a place where so many people meet, he caus'd Lamps of Chrystal to be fastned to all the Trees of the principal Walk; as for the rest, they were only at the places where they cross'd, to the end that those might be humour'd who delight to walk in dark shady places, and are desirous of recollection, or would suffer of something which cannot be spoken without a change of colour: So that it being now'd abroad that there would be a Consort in the Garden, which is called the *Cyclops Garden*, abundance of people came thither that evening. Among others came *Artemidorus*, *Berelisa*, *Clidamira*, *Lyseorus*, and *Terillus*. For my part, I was never taken with any thing so much as that Nights walk: For those lights made a strange shew through the thickness of the Trees and the darkness, and that multitude of excellent persons, whereof one had but a glimpse, made a delightful confusion, and caus'd a many adventures. Some walk'd one way, some another; some walk'd up and down, as those that look'd for what they were not likely to find; others having met those they look'd for, possess'd themselves of those seats which are in divers places of the Garden, and without any regard to the Musick, nor those that pass'd to and fro, they discours'd freely, having their minds so far disburthen'd of all things, as if there had been no other people in the world. There were others on the contrary who continually remov'd from one place to another, pretending they had much to do in every place, where indeed they had not any. There were also some who having quite forgotten the company, hearkned only to the Musick, and were wholly taken up with that: on the contrary there were others, who not minding the Musick at all, acted the parts of publick spies, and seem'd to have no other business there, then to observe what was done, that

that so they might have something to discourse of the next day. There wanted not those, who pretending they had some designe in hand, and some business to do, seem'd to be much troubled, which made them quit the company they were engag'd in, to go into the Walks, as if they had appointed to meet some body there, though they knew there was nothing to entertain them but obscurity. There were also some, who, neither discoursing with any body, nor hearing the Musick, nor giving themselves to any recollection, walk'd up and down, singing as if they had been alone in some solitary place. In fine, I saw so many pleasant spectacles that night, that I never spent any with greater delight. 'Tis true, it was the mother of one unhappy accident; for you are to know that *Lysicorus* having observ'd *Berelisa* to be very melancholy, and that she minded not the musick, took her aside, and conducting her to a seat which is neer the *Cypresse Labyrinth* importun'd her to tell her the reason of her sadness. *Berelisa* who felt her self almost over-burthen'd with it, told her all her mind, heightning and aggravating the affliction; it was to her to be more favourable then ordinary to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*. But (added she, her soul being dissolv'd into tenderness and passion) if this Prince depart, as I believe he will, I will be reveng'd upon *Terillus*, both for the disloyalty of *Artemidorus*, and the Letter he caus'd to be sent me; as also for the jealousy which *Clidamira* causes me, and the correspondence that is between him and her; for I am confident it is he hath instill'd into her those inclinations which she hath or pretends to have for *Artemidorus*.

Lysicorus hearing her speak so violently, told her she was very much too blame in all things; that for *Terillus* he was unfortunate enough in that he was not lov'd, abating the cruelty she had us'd in abusing him for some time; that as for *Artemidorus*, she might assure her self of his affection; and therefore should not entertain a jealousy that he would be so unworthy, as ever to return into the fetters of the faith-less *Clidamira*: So that there remain'd onely her Sister-in-law, for whom she might have any just aversion. And therefore said she to her, you need not think it strange now that *Telephus* is dead, that she should endeavour to repair her disloyalty past, by a future fidelity. Ah *Lysicorus*, repli'd *Berelisa*, she would not certainly have renew'd her love to *Artemidorus*, were it not to rob me of him, and indeed it is onely envy that hath let love into her heart. It happens in the mean time, that I who had resolv'd not to love any thing, have broken my resolution, to oblige a Prince whose affection I thought I might innocently entertain, and of whose heart I thought to have been possess'd for my life; whereas now I am in a strange disturbance, and a fear he should be guilty of an infidelity to me, to satisfy the most faithless, and consequently the most detestable person in the world. But, said *Lysicorus* to her, you torment your self without any reason; for I am confident that *Artemidorus* loves you, that you love him, and that *Clidamira* will love without any return of her love. To what end then do you trouble your thoughts, to hate *Clidamira*, to entertain jealousy, and to pretend kindness to *Terillus*, since you hate him? I hate *Clidamira*, repli'd she, because I cannot help it; I am jealous to the same reason, and I am kind to *Terillus*, purposely to vex *Artemidorus*, to put a worm of jealousy into his brain, and to make him quit all thoughts of *Clidamira*, and oblige him to love me better. Alas, tis too much, cruel *Berelisa*, crieth out *Terillus*, who stood behind a great *Cypresse* neer *Lysicorus*, and I should be the basest of man-kind, if having heard all this, I revenge not my self on you in all the waies and circumstances that a person of honour may be reveng'd of a woman. Now, Madam, to represent unto you the amazement of *Berelisa* were not easie for me, for she had not so much as suspected, when she left the company with her dear *Lysicorus*, that *Terillus* had follow'd them. Nevertheless how angry soever she might then be with *Artemidorus*, her first reflection on this accident was, a fear that *Terillus* might attempt something against him. Whereupon, doing her imitations the greatest violence could be, she earnestly intreated him, to give her the hearing out of a consideration of generosity. But the more she intreated, the further was he from satisfying her, and suddenly fleeing away she soon,

soon, by reason of the thicknesse of the Trees, and the obscurity, lost sight of him. However, she imagin'd not that *Terillus* should take such a violent resolution as he did, or that it should be taken and executed in so short a space. She and *Lysimachus* thought to find me out, to acquaint me how things stood, that without interressing her in the adventure, I might have a care of *Artemidorus*. But there being an infinite number of people in the place, and that women cannot stir places so easily as men, they saw me not. Besides that, the Princess *Philonica*, seeing them passe by, call'd to them, and oblig'd them to stay with her, which they did, but with little ease, as being extremely troubled at what had happened. For *Berelisa* thought not fit to acquaint *Philonica* with the disturbance she was in, since she could not do it without discovering the mutual love which was between her and *Artemidorus*. That which yet increas'd her disquiet, was, that this Prince was neither with *Philonica*, nor with the Prince of *Agrigentum*; however, hoping to meet with me before the night were pass'd, she said not a word, and onely charg'd divers people, in case they saw me, to tell me, that she would gladly speak with me about a businesse that requir'd great haste. So that in fine one of *Berelisa's* friends having found me among some women, told me of it, but it happening to be just at the time that the musick gave over, and that all people were departing, I could not by reason of the throng get from among those Ladies with whom I was in discourse, nor yet come near *Berelisa*. Besides that, not able to conceive what she was so hasty to acquaint me with, I resolv'd to put it off till betimes the next day. By this means she went away without seeing me, and I went my waies, without any thought of *Artemidorus*, to whom there had happen'd what is indeed to be admir'd. For you are to know, Madam, that *Terillus* having over-heard what *Berelisa* had said, took a resolution in the first transport of his indignation, either to destroy himself or *Artemidorus*. To which end, it being ordinary for men to take their swords with them, in such evening walks as these, because it is very late ere they retire, and that in regard they are oblig'd to convey the Ladies, it seems fit they should be in posture to defend themselves; *Terillus* found it an easie matter to execute his design, yet so, as that it might not be discover'd. He had no sooner therefore left *Berelisa* and *Lysimachus*, but he went to find out *Artemidorus*, whom he soon found; for as a jealous Lover is very observant of what his Rival does, he knew the place where he had left him. Finding him accordingly, and taking him aside unperceiv'd by any, he led him into one of those cross walks, which I told you had onely Lamps at the places where they cross'd. He was no sooner in it, but *Terillus* broke forth thus, My Lord, said he to him, you will haply think me very bold, if I presume to ask you whether you remember not a certain thing you said to me in the Wood of *Carisalus*; further, if I desire to know whether you will make good your word; for since you cannot bestow *Berelisa* on me, though you would, there is a necessity you should deprive him of his life, who once saved yours, or according to your promise, so dispose of your self, that you may return me the life which I have preserv'd for you. *Terillus* at these words having drawn, *Artemidorus* saw it was no time to consider what he had to do, he retreated two or three steps to put himself into a posture of defence, and mov'd by a resentment of generosity and gratitude, I beseech you, cry'd he to him, force me not to your ruine, since it is no fault of mine that you are not lov'd by *Berelisa*. But *Terillus* instead of returning any answer to *Artemidorus*, made such a thrust at him, that this Prince was satisfi'd, that if he did not look to himself, he who sometime had saved his life, would now take it away. However, for some time he stood onely upon the defensive; but at length, finding himself hurt on the left side, he became more prodigal of his Valour. And now looking on *Terillus* as a furious Rival, there hapned between these two Lovers, a most terrible Combat; for being at a good distance from those Lamps which were in the cross walks, all they could do was to see the glittering of their swords, not perceiving one another distinctly. But in fine, not to trouble you with the description of a Combate, which was not seen by any body, I shall onely tell you, that it prov'd so bloody and so obstinate, that

Terillus fell dead at *Artemidorus's* feet, after he had receiv'd four great wounds. 'Tis true, *Artemidorus* had receiv'd three, whereby he was disabled to walk; his having one of them in his thigh; and being got into one of the most remote Walks, they had not haply been found out, if by chance *Berelisa*, who was gone with *Lysicoris* that night, so to avoid the opening of the Castle gate of *Agri-genum* at an unreasonable hour, had not slunk away from *Philonica*, to go out at a back gate of the Garden which was neereſt to that Quarter where her friend liv'd. *Berelisa* therefore following her, and being conducted by a Brother of *Lysicoris*, and some others, they paſſed through that Walk where *Artemidorus* and *Terillus* had fought, and where they yet were in a moſt ſad condition. The ſlaves who went before them, with a kind of Torch made of the Bark of Pine trees, which they uſe in that Iſle, to light them in the night, ſpy'd *Terillus* laid along on the ground all bloody, and *Artemidorus* leaning againſt a Tree, as hardly able to keep on his feet, and having his own Sword in his right hand, held that of his adverſary in his left, to help to bear himſelf up. Theſe ſlaves making a great exclamation at it, *Lysicoris*, *Berelisa*, and the Gentlemen who waited on them, came neer, and found theſe Rivals bloody all over. To tell you what impreſſion it made in *Berelisa*, were a thing would trouble me much. As for *Artemidorus*, he ſpoke ſo, as that it was ſoon ſeen his wiſdom and diſcretion had not left him; for he bemoan'd his miſfortune, in that he had been forc'd to fight with a man to whom he was oblig'd; and concealing the occaſion of their quarrel, to preſerve the reputation of *Berelisa*, he only acquainted them that he was not the beginner. But while *Lysicoris*, her Brother, and the other Gentlemen went to find out Chyrurgions and people, to have a care of, and remove the perſons hurt, *Artemidorus* turning to *Berelisa*, All the ſuit I make to you, Madam, is, that if I die, you would believe I die with all fidelity to you, and that if I live, you aſſure your ſelf it ſhall be only for your ſake. Theſe words having ſoftned the heart of this great Beauty, it ſoon diſſolv'd into tears in her eyes, ſo that ſhe was not able to return him any other answer, then theſe three words, *I wiſh it*; as being partly hindred by the arrival of a multitude of people in an inſtant, which oblig'd them to provide for the wounded, whom for the preſent they carry'd to *Lysicoris's* houſe, as being the neereſt.

They were no ſooner gotten thither, but the Prince of *Agri-genum*, who had been acquainted with this accident before he had reach'd his own Palace, was there alſo; where he had not been long ere *Terillus* dies in the hands of the Chyrurgions who dreſſed him. Whereupon the Prince of *Agri-genum*, who knew how powerful the Family of *Terillus* was, cauſ'd the corps of this unhappy Lover to be immediately carry'd to his own Palace, ſo to divert his friends from coming where *Artemidorus* was, whoſe wounds were very dangerous. But that *Berelisa* might not grieve for this miſfortune, with that freedom ſhe wiſh'd, *Clidamira* going homewards in her Chariot, paſſed by *Lysicoris's* houſe, and ſo came to underſtand what had hapn'd; and pretending a tendernels for the health of her Siſter in Law, by reaſon of the fright ſhe had receiv'd, ſhe would needs ſee what condition that Prince was in, for whom ſhe had ſo infinite an affection: I leave you to imagine what reſentments theſe two Rivals might have, as alſo what might be thoſe of *Artemidorus*, who when he had been dreſſ'd, ſaw all people came freely into the chamber where *Lysicoris* had diſpos'd him, and found theſe two women about him. 'Tis true, this diſturbance laſted not long; for *Lysicoris* having obſerv'd what trouble he was in, as alſo what *Berelisa* ſuffer'd, cauſ'd the Chyrurgions to give order that the Company ſhould quit the Prince's chamber. By this means *Clidamira* was forc'd to depart, and to allow *Berelisa* the liberty of bemoaning this unfortunate adventure, which ſhe was more ſenſible of then can be well imagin'd; for ſhe was not only troubled for him whom ſhe lov'd, but was alſo afflicted for his death whom ſhe loved not. This done, the Prince of *Agri-genum* ſearing the friends of *Terillus*, who was deſcended of a Houſe to which courage and boldneſs was hereditary, ſhould commit ſome violence, left part of his Guard at *Lysicoris's*, and return'd to his Palace. For my part, I heard nothing of this accident till the next morning,

no more did *Philonica*, but at the first noise of it, I was more surpris'd then ever I was at any thing in my life. This day the friends of *Terillus* making a great stir about his death, *Artemidorus* was secretly brought into the Castle of *Agrirentum*; for the Illustrious Prince who is the Master of it, would not, out of considerations as much of Generosity as Policy, expose *Artemidorus* to the violence of his enemies; so that now it was *Berelisa*'s charge to have a care of this Illustrious wounded person. 'Tis true *Clidamira* kept her company much; for it having hapn'd that a house which stood next to hers, falling down, had brought with it part of the walls of her Lodgings; Upon this pretence she desired to be entertain'd at her Father-Laws, who not considering the consequence of it, receiv'd her; so that *Artemidorus*, notwithstanding his aversion, was oblig'd to see her, and *Berelisa* could not blame him for it, nor indeed durst take it ill. Now *Clidamira* being very subtle, behav'd her self so, as that she really perswaded *Artemidorus* that she had never lov'd him with that tenderness as she did then. On the other side *Berelisa*, notwithstanding all the secret discontents which she had gone through, and those she then struggl'd with, assur'd him, that never any woman was inspir'd with a more violent, and withal a more vertuous passion, then that she then had for him; and what was most remarkable, was, that these two Rivals, out of a fear of disturbing the Illustrious Patient, as also to conceal their loves from the world, and lastly, for fear of losing the happiness which it was to them, to see what they lov'd, seem'd to live in an absolute Peace, though they really hated one the other as much as might be.

But *Artemidorus* beginning to recover, and having past all danger, fell into an incredible disquiet. For though he faithfully and fervently lov'd *Berelisa*, yet could he not without incivility reject the applications of *Clidamira*: So that it was a perpetual trouble to him for to entertain them but coldly, he could not without some violence to his own inclinations; if he receiv'd them with any satisfaction, he must expect to find in the eyes of *Berelisa*, those characters of affliction which brought him infinite trouble. But in fine, to put a period to my relation, you are to know that this private combat prov'd of publick concernment. For *Artemidorus*, being Brother to the Prince of *Leonum*, and there being no probable account given of this quarrel, the friends of *Terillus* were so ill satisfi'd with the Prince of *Agrirentum*, for giving Sanctuary to him who had killed him, that the people being engag'd in it, and the Magistrates taking notice of it, he was forced to acquaint *Artemidorus*, that, though he were quite recover'd of his wounds, it were hard for him to carry the business so; as that he might promise himself safety in his Court, as he had hop'd he might, by reason of the difference that then was between the Prince of *Leonum* and himself. But at length that the business might be carry'd on with as much generosity as might be, the Prince of *Agrirentum* assur'd him of a safe Retreat with the Prince of *Syracuse*, and withal forc'd him to submit to be put into an equipage suitable to his condition, and that he might continue it to him at *Syracuse*, till such time as he had made his peace with the Prince his Brother; assuring him, that if the friends of *Terillus* might be reduced to hear any reason, he would send for him back to *Agrirentum*. *Philonica*, for her part, express'd a thousand Civilities to him; and it may be said, that never man had so much cause both to commend and complain of his Fortune as *Artemidorus* then had: For as he was infinitely oblig'd to the Prince of *Agrirentum*, so was he equally unhappy in that he was forc'd to leave *Berelisa*. It added some grains to his unhappiness, that he was lov'd by *Clidamira*; these three Persons suffering no mean afflictions, yet such as were not alike in all. For *Berelisa* was excessively afflicted at the absence of a Prince whom she lov'd, and of whose affection she was assur'd, though she was not without some jealousies he might prove false to her. *Clidamira* was for her part as highly troubled, in that she lost both the hope of regaining him, and that of seeing him of a long time. They had accordingly each of them to express their several passions, a conference in private with this Prince the night before his departure. Although it be the most terrible thing in the world to a woman to love

and not be lov'd again (said *Clidamira* to him) yet (my Lord) I am of opinion, that rule ought not to be so general, and that a person whom only the malice of her Fortune hath made seem unfaithfull, may and ought to repair the Crime where of she stands accus'd, and persist in her affection, even though she be not lov'd any longer. And therefore (my Lord, added she) permit the unfortunate *Clidamira* to assure you, that into what part soever of the earth Fortune shall dispose you; she shall have those sentiments of affection for you, which she shall never for any other. I quarrel not with you (continued she) that you have quitted the affection you had for me, and have directed it to *Berelisa*; for when you began to love her, it was because you believ'd me unconstant; I was then at the disposal of a Husband, and could not love you any longer with innocence. But be you with all so favourable, as not to accuse me of a Crime, which my ill fortune forced me to commit: I do not certainly deserve you should have that consideration of my love, as to make you disengage your self from *Berelisa*, but you may haply think me worthy to look on the heart, that she possesses as a jewel, which it is possible I may enjoy, in case she either neglect or lose it. All then that I crave, is, that if by some accident, yet unforeseen, you should withdraw your affection from her, you would promise to bestow it on me, and forget my weakness past. Ah (Madam, said *Artemidorus* to her) you propose to me things impossible, for *Berelisa* will not lose me, and though she should, I shall be thought certainly at a loss of all reason, if I should ever be induc'd to resign my self to a person who had so unmercifully forsaken me before. All therefore I can say to you, is, that as I have induc'd your infidelity without any disturbance or revenge, so I shall without indiscretion admit those obligations you shall lay upon me, and shal so entertain them, as not to be deceived by them a second time.

This conference had certainly put *Artemidorus* into some disorder, had I not interrupted it; but as to the discourse this Prince had with *Berelisa*, it was longer and fuller of passion; for the tenderness of it was reciprocal. However, *Artemidorus* could not absolutely force all jealousy out of *Berelisa's* heart, though in those things he said to her, he discovered the greatest passion in the World. I am easily periwaded (said she to him) to believe that you love me; nay further, I am confident you love not *Clidamira*; but I am withall certain, that you are satisfy'd she loves you, and I doubt not but that if there should happen any difference between us, you would renew your affection to her.

In the mean time, this consideration is no small torment to me, and if you desire I should not die of grief, you must promise me in case absence should consume the affection you bear me, or that some other unhappy accident divorce me from your heart, or that my death make an eternal separation between us, that you will never love *Clidamira*; for I perceive that when you shall be return'd to *Leontium*, there may happen such a turn of Fortune, as may bring her thither also. But can I give you a greater assurance of my affection, answer'd *Artemidorus*, then by promising to love you eternally, and to love none but you? You may, my Lord, repli'd this powerfull Beauty, for amidst those fantastick apprehensions I am now engag'd with, I should be more satisfy'd to hear you once say, that you will never love *Clidamira*, then that you should swear you will ever love *Berelisa*. But when I protest that I shal love you as long as I live, repli'd he, does it not signifie as much as if I said I shall never love her? No (my Lord) it does not (repli'd she) and if you were sufficiently read in love, you would not think this distinction so extravagant, nor would make so much difficulty to humour my affection. Hereupon *Artemidorus* was oblig'd to promise her all she desir'd; and moreover, assur'd her, that as soon as he could, he would return to *Agri-genium*, that it should be onely for her sake that he did return; and that if *Apranor* would but give his consent, he would marry her. He had once intended to have propos'd it to *Apranor*, before his departure, but in regard it would have prov'd very unreasonable, *Berelisa* would not permit him. She also made him promise he would not write to *Clidamira*, though shee should write to him; to bee short, she made all the

the *prudence* which the nicest jealousy could suggest against this dangerous Rival.

21 This posture were affairs in when *Artemidorus* left *Agri-genum*. He lov'd *Berelisa*, and she him: He had renounc'd all love to *Clidamira*, yet she still lov'd him, and though he could not guess what might be his fortune, he immediately went to *Syracuse*, whither I accompanied him. He was no sooner gone from *Agri-genum*, but *Clidamira* did two things, one was, she entered into Combination with one of the friends of *Terillus*, purposely to oblige him to use all means to oppose the return of *Artemidorus*; the other was, that she got leave to return to *Leontum*, where she hath manag'd her affairs with so much policy, that she is so powerful in that Court, that *Artemidorus* cannot hope ever to come into his Country but through her means.

22 On the other side, *Berelisa* left no stone unmov'd to hasten his return to *Agri-genum*; but those with whom *Clidamira* held correspondence oppos'd so hardy, that the Prince of *Agri-genum* thought himself oblig'd, out of consideration of his own interest, not to send for him. But there fell out another accident in the Court of *Syracuse*, which oblig'd *Artemidorus*, and me, to leave it. There happen'd also other alterations at *Leontum*, which forc'd thence a Princess, who is at the present at *Clussum*, and we were by divers motives induc'd to come into *Italy* with *Amilcar*, with whom we took shipping together in *Sicily*, after we had enter'd into a solemn friendship. But I forgot to tell you, that since *Clidamira's* coming to *Leontum*, and that she hath gain'd a great reputation there: *Artemidorus* is much more unfortunate then ever he was; for being still passionately devoted to *Berelisa*, and standing upon a *punctilio* of fidelity, he was so far from intreating his former Mistress to continue her favours and good offices, that he vouchsafes not to answer the obliging Letters which she writes to him. On the other side, he understands that the Prince of *Ericium*, is fallen deeply in love with *Berelisa*, and that he is joined with the friends of *Terillus* to hinder his return to *Agri-genum*, and that he might be absolutely unhappy, he durst not have any correspondence with the Princess his Sister, lest he might offend the Prince his Brother. But when all is done, the afflictions of *Artemidorus*, proceeding from no other cause then the excessive affection towards him, of two of the greatest Beauties in the World. I cannot retract what I said in the beginning of this relation, but on the contrary maintain that this Prince is too blame for taking so much trouble upon him, since what occasions his trouble might felicitise any two the greatest persons in the World.

For my part (said *Amilcar*, perceiving *Zenocrates* had ended his relation) I think you are in the right, and that it is properly of such things, that it may be said a man cannot have too much. I assure you (repl'd *Hermilia*) I am not of your mind; for I believe a virtuous man thinks it a great affliction, to be lov'd by one woman, of merit and quality, having bestow'd his affections on another. For what concerns me, said *Valeria*, I think a woman who is so unhappy as to love, and not be lov'd again, deserves more pity than a virtuous man who is lov'd, and yet cannot himself love. However it be, said *Artemidorus*, I think *Artemidorus's* condition very sad; for he hath lov'd a faithful woman, whom it is certain he will ever hate, since she hath such an infinite affection for him, that he knows not a person whom he cannot come near; he hath a powerful Rival, and that Rival is himself; his love is an obstacle to his Ambition; he can neither be happy in himself, nor yet among his enemies, and he knows he never happy. All which certainly is the greatest punishment that *Artemidorus* and I can put together can inflict on him. It is but too certain, said *Hermilia*, and I am of opinion that a Lover who is lov'd, when he is forc'd to be at a distance from the person he loves, and is subject to a fear of losing her, is in a far greater torment, then a Lover who simply fears that he may not be lov'd. I do believe indeed it is the greater torment, said *Zenocrates*; but yet there is a great pleasure in the very thought of being lov'd, and it is as great an affliction to be assur'd that one is not. I agree with you (repl'd

more miserable, for the over-vertuous *Lucretia*, would not so much as that I should know she hath not forgotten me: so that I am forc'd to suffer all the malice of a cross fortune, without the least diversion of comfort. Instead of one, I am fear'd by a many passions: since I am oblig'd to entertain Hatred, Jealousie, and Ambition as well as Love: and besides all these extremities, I must chain up my reason, and make it all serve to the execution of my passions.

Brutus said thus to himself, as he went to *Valerius*, and that *Brutus* seem'd to be a dispopulated City, the inhabitants of it being carried in their rage, the insatiable *Tullia* whose heart was upon the Rack of an ambitious jealousy, which is much more cruel then that which ordinary Love inspires, had secretly sent for him who was *Clitus* Keeper, out of a design to corrupt him if she could. You know said she to him, all that I have done for *Tarquin*, as also what he hath done to raise himself above all others; and after all, he is not ashamed to submit himself to a Slave, the Daughter of his Enemy. Nor are you ignorant how often he hath endavour'd to take away *Clelius* wife; consider then what an torbittance of passion this Prince is hurried into, to descend to love *Clelia*, who hates him above all things; who yet might in time happily pretend to love him, than her Father may be restor'd, and put into a condition to revenge himself, and, in his turn, banish those by whom he was banish'd. You may assure your self, added she, that if *Clelius* were once in power, you would not be one of the last banish'd; and you may easily conjecture by what is past, that he would never be quiet till *Tarquin* were turn'd out of the Throne, and all I were possess'd of my grave. Serve me then courageously in the Design I have to take away *Clitus* from *Tarquin*, and doubt not of a reward proportionable to so great a service; for into what place soever you would repair for Sanctuary till *Tarquin* were appeas'd, I will take order you shall have no cause to complain of your Fortune. Besides that, all the employments which *Tarquin* hath put you upon, have rais'd you so many enemies here, that it were not amiss if you remov'd; and that *Tarquin* hath so poorly rewarded all those confident executions you have done for him, that you cannot expect any future advantage by them. Let me then by my entreaties, by my reasons, and by the hopes I give you of making you happy in what place of the World you please, persuade you to do what I would have you. You know that I can do almost any thing that I desire to do; submit therefore to my will, if you would not rather disoblige the woman of all the world, who hates to extremity what she is once pleas'd with, and can most easily destroy what opposes her; but withal, who most magnificently rewards those who serve her with cheerfulness and confidence.

The fellow whom she spoke to being simple, and standing in fear of her, and knowing her to be the most revengeful woman in the world, saw it was no time to contest with her; for he consider'd, that having discover'd her self so far to him as she had, he were a lost man if he deny'd her. Besides, reflecting how ill he had been rewarded for all the crimes he had committed in executing the unjust Orders of *Tarquin*, he concluded that in the dangerous conjuncture he was in, he could not do better then entertain the Proposition which *Tullia* made to him. He therefore answer'd her as one absolutely engag'd in his Intestate, and only desir'd some few days to dispose of his affairs, that he might with safety obey her. *Tullia* then said he to her, I must first make sure of some of the Guard which I command, I must give other Orders to those that are upon the Guard at present, and I must put all things into such a posture, as that nothing may hinder the execution of this noble design of yours, of delivering the King from a person which ought really to induce you, and haply prove his ruine. *Tullia* agreeing to what he said, dismiss'd him, and slept the rest of the night with more quiet, then a person so cruel deserv'd to find.

According to this designe, *Amilcar* having been with her the next morning, she told him that within eight days at furthest, she would put *Clitus* into his disposal; so that burthen'd with this great news, he came to acquaint *Stonces* with it, who certainly receiv'd it with no small joy; though he was not so sensible of it as he

he thought he ought to have been. 'Tis to be fear'd (said he to *Anilcar*, I am so accustom'd to misfortunes, that I cannot be otherwise then unfortunate. But however it be (saies *Anilcar*) you are too blame not to give Hope a place in your heart; for if *Tullia* do not what she intends, we shall execute our other resolutions, and you shall find that the same persons who are employ'd to restore *Rome* to her liberty, are also engaged to restore *Clelia* to hers. You have moreover this advantage that your Rival is one whom all true Romans with destroy'd, and all vertuous people abhor. You speak reason indeed (reply'd *Aronces*) but when all is done, *Clelia* is still in captivity under an unmerciful Tyrant who is in love with her: I live conceal'd in *Rome*, not being able to do any thing but bemoan my self & give orders; *Clelia's* liberty is uncertain; the effect of the conspiracy is very doubtful; and supposing *Clelia* were out of *Rome*, we were still equally miserable, for what part of the Earth would afford us sanctuary, since we neither know where *Clelia* is, nor yet where *Sulpicius* may be; and that the Prince of *Numidia* who could inform us, continues still in his madness? But all things consider'd might it please the Gods, I could but see *Clelia* once out of *Tarquins* power; for could I but see her at liberty, and might but once more cast my self at her feet, and protest that I die for love of her, I should render Fortune thanks and acknowledge my self more oblig'd to you then ever I was to any man.

But while *Aronces* was thus distracted between hope and fear; while *Anilcar* employ'd all his wits to serve him; while the Prince of *Numidia* was in some danger of death; while *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Valerius*, and their friends plotted secretly in *Rome* to make some insurrection which might usher in the liberty of their Country; while *Artemidorus*, *Zenocratus*, and *Celerus* were ready to hazard their persons in any thing wherein they might serve *Aronces*; while *Musius* who still continued his addresses to *Valeria*, divided his heart between the love of her, and that of glory; *Porcius* was in an incredible disturbance at *Ardea*, having understood by some spies, that *Clelia* was in *Tarquins* power, that this Tyrant was fallen in love with her, that the Prince of *Numidia* had endeavour'd to deliver her, and that it was not known where *Aronces* was. If he had durst he would have come disguis'd out of *Ardea* as *Herminius* did, to see if he could have deliver'd *Clelia*; but he knew he was so much look'd on by the besieged, that there was no possibility to do any thing of that nature; and all he could do, was to carry things so as to oblige the *Ardeans* to persist in demanding the liberty of the *Captives*. But being withall a person of conduct and experience, he easily conceiv'd it was not very likely *Tarquins* should deliver them up, as being one that was obstinate in all his resolutions. He therefore could do no more then what he did, unless it were to bemoan his Fortune, whose pleasure it was, that at the same time he should be in exile, in love, ill-treated, and oblig'd to his Rival.

As for *Tarquins*, he was astonish'd to hear that it was the Prince of *Numidia* who had attempted the delivery of *Clelia*; for it was easie to infer thence that this African Prince must needs have a considerable party in *Rome*, to carry on such a design as that. However he doubted not when the Siege were over to discover the truth of the business; and so for the present spent not his thoughts on any thing so much, as how to gain the place by some Treaty, or if that could not be done, take it in by storm, which way they had not yet attempted. For *Titus* and the Prince of *Pometia*, their minds were rather employ'd in Love then War; and *Hermisia* and *Collatina*, were yet absolute Empresses over their Souls. But as concerning *Sexsus*, *Lucretia* was the continual object of his imagination. He alwaies saw her, even when he saw her not; he thought of nothing but her, he talk'd of nothing else, he conceiv'd a hope though he knew not what should oblige him to it; and his apprehensions were so violent and so distracted, that never since it was loves employment to put the senses into rebellion against the mind, did he inspire into any one a Passion more exorbitant, more tyrannical, and more fit to overturn all reason then that which had seiz'd his Soul. Thence it proceeded, that he trou-

bled himself not much, either at what was done in *Rome*, or pass'd in the Camp; and it took up all his wits to find out means to see *Lucretia* again. While these things were in agitation, the Envoy of the King of *Clasium*, said in expectation though to no purpose, to hear some news of *Aronces*; for though there were many persons, who could, if they had so pleas'd, have acquainted *Tarquin* where that Prince was, as also with the true worth of *Brutus*, and all the Plots that were a foot in *Rome*; nay though there were two women who understood this whole secret, and two maids that knew the greatest part of it, yet did it not take the least air that could be. For the Interest of the Country being thought at *Rome* of equal concernment with that Religion, there was a greater observance of faith and secrecy in such emergencies then there is elsewhere. And for the women who were trusted with the knowledge of a business of so great importance, they were not ordinary persons; for *Racilia*, *Brutus's* Aunt, she carried about her that Generosity which was (as it were) hereditary to the Family, whence she was descended; and *Stella* doubtless wanted not those perfections, and that greatness of Courage as were requisite to qualify her for the trust of a thing of such consequence. Nor could it otherwise be, but that the illustrious *Herminius* was so well acquainted with her worth, that had she not been his Mother, he would have made her his friend. For *Valeria* there need be no more said to give her the greatest commendation that may be, then that she was *Valerius's* daughter, *Lucretia's* friend, and *Herminius's* Mistress; and for *Herminius* there needed no more to distinguish her from the Commonality of women who can keep nothing secret, then to say she was *Brutus's* Sister, *Racilia's* Niece, and *Valeria's* intimate friend. 'Tis true, she was as yet very young, and for that reason was she not acquainted with all that was design'd against *Tarquin*; and for what she knew besides, there was no fear she might discover any thing, since she could not have done it without hazarding the life of her Brother.

Thus was this great business carried on To secretly amongst these illustrious persons, that there was not any thing discover'd that might prejudice either *Aronces*, *Brutus*, or *Herminius*; nor was there any thing suspected abroad of the great design wherein the illustrious Lover of *Lucretia* had been engag'd ever since his coming from *Metapont*; nay, this year he had two sons were receiv'd into the service, who were so far from knowing any thing of the design of their generous father, that they were sufficiently engag'd in his sons Interests, whom *Brutus* was design'd to ruine; and besides were entred into a Cabal opposite to that of those young men, with whom the subtle *Amilcar* held a secret correspondence against, if there were occasion to make use of them. Besides all this, there pass'd neither day nor night, but there were secret meetings in *Rome*, either at *Racilia's*, or at *Valeria's*, or at *Stella's*. The *Salij* and the *Pestals* wanted not their concernment in these negotiations, all which related onely to the liberty of *Rome*. They caus'd divers reports to be scatter'd among the people, prejudicial to *Tarquin*, either relating to the Siege, or of his refusal to deliver up the prisoners, or of the loss of his Army, which grew weaker every day; or his past Crimes, his present Tyranny, or his future exorbitance. Care was also taken to possess the multitude that if *Tarquin* took in *Volturnus*, *Rome* would be reduc'd under a more cruell subjection then ever; thus to infuse into the minds of the inhabitants of that famous City, a general inclination which might engage them to a Rising, when there should be occasion. It is certain there needed no more then the violences of *Tarquin* and crimes of *Amilcar*, to dispose the Romans into a desire of shaking off the yoke of so unjust a Tyranny; for there were none but knew, that *Tarquin* was no lawfull King of *Rome*; and that instead of having been chosen according to the fundamental Laws of that State, he had caus'd to be murdered one of the most vertuous Kings in the World, so to possess himself of the power he enjoy'd, so that it may be said he acquired it through the blackest of all crimes, and conserv'd it through the most insupportable tyranny that ever was. But though this Prince understood by some of his creatures that the people was discontented, yet contrary to his custome, he fled

slighted the information; as having his heart at that time wholly taken up by love and detestation. *Clelia's* resistance had fill'd his soul with those two passions; after so strange a manner, that they afforded him not the least quiet, and his mind was hurried by such violent agitations, that it was perpetually taken up with one of these two thoughts; either that he should enjoy *Clelia* or destroy her. Troubled therefore with a perpetual imagination either of forcing her to love him, or putting her to death, his mind could not admit much quiet; nay, *Arances* and *Clelia*, as unfortunate as they were, were less disquieted then he, it being the property of vertue to fill with serenity those hearts it is possess'd of. Not but that even the most virtuous people are sometimes most unfortunate, and most sensible of their being such; but it never happens that their hearts are toss'd with those importunate disturbances whereby the souls of wicked persons are shaken through the conscience of their crimes; and if those are forc'd to complain of some other, they have withall the happinesse to have no cause of complaint against themselves, which is no small advantage. For as it would trouble a man more to have any thing to object against a neighbour, then against a stranger; against a kinsman then against a neighbour, against a friend then a kinsman; against a mistress then a friend, so it must be most troublesome for a man to have any thing to object against himself above all others. But there being nothing that *Arances* and *Clelia* could reproach to themselves, they indur'd their misfortunes with an admirable constancy, though the fence they had of them were as deep as their affection was great.

There hapned, in the mean time, a very strange accident which might in all likelihood have proved the mother of a world of mischief. *Valerius* being come one night to *Racilia*, to confer with *Herminius*, who was within three daies to return to *Ardea*, the Slave whose charge it was to open the gate, having over-watch'd himself before, forgot to put out a Lamp, which set the house on fire, at a time when all in it were so securely asleep, that the first notice they had of it, was by the cries of those that pass'd by the next morning, who perceiving great flakes and eruptions of fire, soon nois'd it all about by knocking at the adjoining houses, and making horrible out-cries. Of all those that were lodg'd at *Racilia's*, *Arances* was the first took the Alarm, and could not be much surpris'd at such a confused noise, but must needs be much more, when having gotten hastily out of his bed, he found his Chamber full of smoke, and whole roof opposit to his windows, so all of a fire, that it was not imaginable how it could be quenched. Awaking hereupon the slave that attended him, he sent him to doe the like to all those of that side where the fire had not yet taken, and went himself and knock'd at the several Chambers of *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and *Herminius*, the Stairs being as yet free, in regard the Slave who had heard the occasion of this disaster, lying in the highest room in the house, the fire began at the roof. That which was most sad in this accident, was that it was broad day; by which means an infinite multitude of people being gotten about the house, were pressing to get in, to endeavour to keep the fire from spreading to the next houses. This put *Arances* and *Herminius* into a strange disturbance, for it was impossible but that among such a crowd of people, there might be some one that knew them, and consequently might cause them to be taken. *Arances* whose thoughts were wholly taken up with the deliverance of *Clelia*, was now in danger to be taken himself, and *Herminius* was now within the reach of *Tarquins* cruelty, and not unlikely to lose his life; so much that those two illustrious but unfortunate persons were in some doubt whether it were better for them to expose themselves to the flames then fall into the hands of such an enemy, were it not that in hazarding their lives in that manner, they had also brought *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, *Brutus* and divers other persons that were in the house into imminent danger. When therefore they understood that it was absolutely impossible to stop the violence of the fire without assistance from without, they were the first who opened the Gares to the multitude of people, who demanded entrance, telling *Racilia* and *Hermilia*, that they chose rather to be the Victims of the Tyrant, then expose the lives of two such considerable persons to the cruelty of the flames.

But that there might be a combination of generosity and prudence, and that whilst they endeavour'd the preservation of others, they might not be thought absolutely negligent of their own, they disguised themselves as much as they could, and their design was, as they opened the gates, to follow *Racilia* and *Hermilia*, with burthens of Purple, Tapistry, and other things of that nature, pretending they were employ'd to carry them to *Sivellus*, whose house was not very far thence. But to the end they might also defend themselves if occasion were, they took every man a sword. As for *Brutus*, it was his business to conduct his Aunt and Sister, who had left in the house such as they thought able to hinder the disorders which are done upon such occasions. For *Brutus* not daring to make any discovery of his understanding, it was not thought fitting he should give any directions in an accident, wherein it is but requisite a man had his judgement at liberty, to act as he ought; Besides that desiring to be in a condition to serve his friends in case they were set upon, he chose rather to go out of the house with them. To be short, this unfortunate company had fortunately made a shift to break through that throng of people which was knotted together before *Racilia's* door, and was gotten within twenty paces of that of the virtuous mother of *Herminius*, when this illustrious Roman was discovered by the Captain of *Tarquin's* Guard, who was going to visit a friend of his in that quarter. The man thinking it a fair occasion to gain a considerable reward from the Tyrant and *Tullia*, by putting into their power a person whose destruction they had so long endeavour'd to bring about, cry'd out to the people, charging them in the King's name to secure a traitor who was there present, whom he shew'd to those whom he spoke to: And that they might take heart by his example, he immediately drew his Sword, and was seconded by two of his companions who did the like.

Herminius had scarce perceiv'd that they made at him, but casting away the Purple Tapistry he had on his back, he put himself into a posture of defence, and indeed behav'd himself so valiantly, that he made his way through the croud that was about him. *Aronces* who went before him, had almost reach'd *Sivellus*, where he doubt'd not to have found Sanctuary, but turning about, he finds his friend engaged; Disburthening himself therefore of what he carried, instead of providing for his own safety, he came to relieve *Herminius*, *Brutus* seconded him, having conducted *Racilia* and *Hermilia* into *Sivellus*. The danger they were in was more than ordinary, for what was most remarkable in this adventure was, that though *Tarquin* were infinitely hated, yet the charge that man made for the securing of *Herminius* prov'd effectual. It is true, that as that infinite conflux of people which throng to such unfortunate disasters, brings along with it a many persons apt enough to commit any disorders, so is it not much to be wonder'd at, that there were those that promoted this unjust designe. But *Herminius* seeing *Aronces* and *Brutus* engag'd in his relief, was so far from being encourag'd at it, that it very much displeas'd him, and he made a shift to tell them so much as might acquaint them, that they should not have hazarded themselves for him. But they were deaf to such advice, on the contrary they were more eager in his defence than they had been in their own, though they were set upon and kept in by abundance of people. Those who were spectators of this action, were astonish'd to see *Brutus* fight as he did, for the Captain of the Guard spoke to much purpose when he told him that the business now was to take an enemy of *Tarquin's*, the other heard him not. 'Tis true, that having gain'd among the people the reputation of one out of his senses, the people look'd on his valour in this encounter as an effect of his madness, and therefore consign'd their respect to him as Nephew to *Tarquin*. For *Aronces*, his valour made him be observ'd, though not discover'd, for he who would have taken *Herminius*, would fain have had him alive, and have dispatch'd *Aronces*, who defended with such a courage, that never was there seen any thing like it. On the other side *Herminius*, to reward his generosity by another worthy eternal memory, knowing him who would have taken him to be the same who had promis'd *Clelia* within a few days, would not by any means kill him, and was content only to ward off

off his blows, lest he might ruine that designe. But by unhappy accident, *Arantes* not knowing that to be the man who should have deliver'd *Clelia*, plaid upon him so effectually, that having dispatch'd three or four of those that seconded him, he run him with his sword quite through the body, so that he fell dead at his feet. *Hermianus* who saw the beginning of the business, cryed out purposely to hinder *Arantes* from making that thrust, yet his generosity prov'd ineffectual, for his voice was not heard till after the blow was past. But if it came not soon enough to hinder his death who was to give *Clelia* liberty, yet came it time enough to discover to *Arantes* what he had done, for in the instant the man fell, he remembered his Phyloguomy, and perceiv'd that he took away his life who was to deliver his Mistress, which prov'd the greatest affliction of any that ever had hapned to him. The horrid apprehension of despair which in that instant seiz'd his spirits, yet could not suspend his valour; on the contrary it enflam'd it, and desirous at least to save his friend's life, he did things so prodigious, that he astonish'd the multitude that encompass'd him: *Brutus* and *Hermianus* for their parts did what (truly represented) would exceed probability, inasmuch that the Captain, and two of his Guard being dispatch'd, they were not so much press'd upon as before.

Nevertheless, they must needs have fallen at last, had they not been reliev'd by the prudence of the generous *Servilia*; for as soon as *Brutus's* Aunt was gotten into her house, and had acquainted her how things stood, she immediately sent to the place where lodg'd *Amulius*, *Artimidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus*, to acquaint them, and demand their assistance. But it happen'd that the first was gone to visit *Clelia*, by order from *Tarquinius* from whom he had to that purpose receiv'd a Letter, for it was ordinarily in the morning that he went to see this fair Prisoner, so to have all the other part of the day free to do other things wherein he was oblig'd to serve his friends. Besides that *Clelia* was in a condition that she awak'd very betimes, and was so negligent as to matter of dressing, that *Amulius* had admittance as soon as he pleas'd, without any disturbance; for it having been long ere they could force open *Ruellius's* gate, to quench the fire, as having not yet the assistance of those that were without it was far days. But in fine, *Artimidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus* being acquainted with what pass'd, came immediately to *Servilia's* follow'd by all the people they had. In this posture entering at one gate of this virtuous Matrons house, and going out at that where *Arantes*, *Hermianus*, and *Brutus* were, they came in to their relief; and their arrival was so seasonable, that the multitude seeing so many armed people come out of the house, was easily perswaded there were many more within; so that running away, they left those whom they would have taken, at liberty to enter into *Servilia's*. They were no sooner in it, but they thought it their best course to dislodge; for they easily imagin'd, that as soon as *Tullus* were inform'd of the business, she would be let the house. Without any stay therefore, they only pass'd through the house, and went to that where *Artimidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celerus* lodg'd, where taking their horses, they mounted *Arantes* on *Amulius's*, which done, *Brutus* having found them a guide, directed them to a House which *Valerius* had near *Clelia's*, there to lie conceal'd, till such time as they had more leisure to consider what they had to do. For his part, he would not depart, telling them, that his apparent stupidity would excuse him in this adventure, and bidding them not trouble themselves about him. There being no other course to take, they went where *Brutus* directed them, and were there gladly receiv'd; for *Valerius*, who had left Rome at the break of day to go thither, was there two hours before.

But as they went, what did not the unfortunate *Arantes* think on? If he had follow'd his own inclination, he could not have been prevail'd with to quit Rome, but as it had been madness not to have done it, considering what was past, so was it his condemnation to leave it, which yet he could not without so much regret and reluctancy, that never was there any Lover so miserable. Ah! said he to himself, how unfortunate art thou! Canst thou express no valour but what must be prejudicial to *Clelia*? Is it possible thou shouldst destroy him who was to deliver her?

Is it possible, after such a cruel and monstrous disaster hath hapned to thee, thou canst doubt thy own destruction, or conceive the least hope? No, no, it were more rational to despair, and that thou should'st by an inconsiderate death put a period to so unhappy a life.

While *Aronces* entertain'd himself in this sad manner, *Herminius*, who was also extremely troubled at the accident, came up to him, and demanded his pardon, as if he had been guilty of his death. Alas, dearest *Herminius*, said he to him, what do you mean? It is I should rather demand your pardon, as the cause of your misfortunes, for I am perswaded that my single unhappiness causes that of all my friends, and that Fortune, who is resolv'd to make me the most miserable, of all thinking it not sufficient I should be such through my own misfortunes, is pleas'd I should have no friends but what are unhappy. It is indeed easie to discover that my unhappiness is particular to me, and waits on me every where, for it happens as it were by appointment, since when it so much concerns *Clelia* that I should remain undiscover'd at *Rome*, the particular house wherein I lay conceal'd must needs take fire, which must force me out of it in the sight of two thousand persons; and the malice and inconstancy of my destiny must needs have it so, that of the infinite number of people who made it their business either to kill or take us; I, who would have been content to die a thousand and a thousand times for *Clelias* Liberty, must precisely kill that man who should have deliver'd her. It is certain, my Lord; reply'd *Herminius*, this unhappy accident hath in it something more insupportable then were the loss of a Battel, or something else of that nature; but all consider'd, I find in my self a certain confidence, that something will happen which we expect not; for, in fine, there hath not been in *Rome* since *Tarquin's* assuming the power, so general an inclination to some great turn of affairs, as I have observ'd within these few days. Ah *Herminius*, reply'd *Aronces*, was there any thing more certain in appearance then *Clelias* liberty? and yet by a strange shifting of Fortune, I must needs kill him who was to deliver her. If you then take my advice, let us not hope any thing, added he, but let us rather prepare our selves, either to endure all misfortunes imaginable, or by death to accord them.

Whilst *Aronces* and *Herminius* were thus engag'd, and that *Artemidarus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celerus* bemoan'd their friends, and their own misfortunes, and were upon their way altogether to *Valerius's* house, divers things past at *Rome*. For *Brutus* whose great heart admitted not the least fear, went to *Tullia*, to acquaint her, with his ordinary simplicity, that he was present when the Captain of *Tarquinius's* guard was kill'd, who, he said, came by his death among a great multitude of people, by setting upon certain men who endeavour'd to quench the fire at his Aunt's house, exaggerating, according to his affected stupidity, how much he was to blame for disturbing such as were burthened with her goods, which they were carrying to the house of a certain friend of *Racilia's*. *Tullia* who had already understood the death of the Captain of the Guard, and was extremely troubled at it, took no great heed to what was told her by a man whom she thought no great master of his senses. On the contrary, without any further discourse with him; Did not your stupidity excuse you, said she to him, I should teach you how those are to be treated who presume to make use of their swords against his Majesty's Officers. But since your madness secures you, get you gone out of my sight, left in the transportation I am now in, I treat you, for your stupidity, as your Brother was for his too much prudence.

Brutus hearing *Tullia* threatening him so insolently with death, had almost broke forth, and at once discover'd his reason, his indignation, his hatred, and his revenge: But at length mastering his resentments, he withdrew, as if he had not heard what *Tullia* said, and repair'd to *Racilia*, who was at her illustrious friend's house. In the mean time the fire being quench'd, the streets were clear of people; and that which was most observable, was, that though abundance of people had been spectators of this accident, yet could not *Tullia* have any punctual account of it. For the Captain being dead without discovering any thing, or so much as naming

naming *Herminius*, and his companions being also out of the way, all that could be made of it, was, that they had been kill'd, endeavouring to secure an enemy of *Tarquins*. The people knew not *Herminius* from another man, because he was disguis'd; and for *Sirenia*, the reputation of her virtue was so great, that none durst inform against her, nor tell *Tullia* that those armed people who had rescued the other two came out of her house. As concerning *Aronces*, there was no mention made of him; and indeed the business was handled in such a confusion, that nothing could be made of it, there being an hundred several relations of the same thing.

But while these things were in agitation, *Amilcar* was gently entertaining *Clelia* and *Plotina*, who were so transported with the hopes of liberty, that their conversation that morning was as free, as if they had really been at liberty. For though *Amilcar* had receiv'd a letter from *Tarkin*, wherein he easily discover'd what a Tyrannic Love and Hatred exercised over him, yet he shew'd it not to *Clelia*, but entertain'd her altogether with discourse concerning *Aronces*, telling her what satisfaction it would be to him to see her at liberty, what it would be to her to receive new assurances of his affection, and the joy that attends a happiness which succeeds a misery. He gave her also a Letter from *Aronces*, wherewith she was extremely satisfy'd, as containing the greatest tenderness and passion; nay, so much was she pleas'd, that having perus'd it, she gave it *Plotina*, who reading it aloud, found therein these words.

ARONCES to the Incomparable CLELIA.

THe bare hope of seeing you once at Liberty, causes so great, yet so pleasant a disturbance in my soul, that fearing to dye for joy when I see you again, I conceive my self oblig'd to assure you, that I am still the most amorous of men, and the most faithful Lover upon Earth. I know I should be somewhat ashamed that I can survive my grief, and wishal fear I may dye for joy; but all consider'd, if you well examine the apprehensions of my soul, you will find that a Lover who hath been accusom'd to misery, may rationally doubt his ability to bear the most sensible of all pleasures: However it happen, I shall think my self oblig'd to my destiny, and esteem it such as may move envie, if I but die at your feet, after I have once more said, I love you.

Plotina having read this Letter, told *Clelia*, that there was something more to be done, that she was oblig'd to return some answer thereto; and let her see it. Accordingly this excellent person, who had an extraordinary command of her pen, was pleas'd to do what *Plotina* and *Amilcar* desir'd, and answer'd it in these words.

CLELIA to the Generous ARONCES.

Since you have surviv'd your grief, you shall not need fear dying for joy, this being more properly the Messenger of Life than Death. But that I may be absolutely happy in my Liberty, remember you have promis'd never to break those chains which I have put you in, for according to those passionate resentments I have for you, I believe I should chuse rather never to quit my Prison, then that you should get out of the Fetters you are in. Excuse me then, if while you make Vows for my Liberty, mine are, that you may

be my perpetual Captive. Farewel, I crave your pardon, if writing to you, I have offered at any Wit; for where there is either Love or Misery, it suffices if there be but Passion.

Clelia having done, *Plorina* and *Amilcar* who were discoursing at the window while she was writing, drew neer her, and read what she had written. Whereupon *Amilcar* assuming the discourse, Ah Madam, said he to her, how extremely am I pleas'd at your demanding pardon of *Aronces* for being too witty in your Letter. There should not certainly be too much wit in Mistives and Love letters, which is the reason that it is so hard to find any Letters or Addresses of this nature compos'd as they should; for there must neither be any affectation of high words, nor a descent to popular phrase; there must be neither artifice nor negligence; it must not express too much Wit, yet it must speak a certain Gallantry and Passion: In fine, it is so hard to write well in Love, that there cannot be any thing more. But for my part, says *Plorina*, I cannot conceive there should be more difficulty to write of one thing than of another; for I think that in point of Letters, all one hath to do, is simply to express ones thoughts. For where there is a conjunction of *Fancy* and *Judgement*, one for the most part hath that reflexion on every thing which he ought to have, and consequently writes what is fit to write of it. For instance, when I am to write of a business of consequence, I shall not so express it, as if I were only to acquit my self of a simple complement: If I am to write something of News, I shall not trouble my self about Complements: If I write a Letter of Friendship, I must not show me any high stile: If a Love Letter, I have no more to do then to consult my own heart. I cannot therefore well apprehend why you conceive it so great a difficulty to write Letters of this nature. To deal truly (says *Clelia*) I think it not so easie to write any kind of Letters, and that there are but very few persons absolute masters in it. I am of your opinion, reply'd *Amilcar* but of all Letters, those of Love are the hardest to write, as being such, whereof there are very few that are able to judge. Yet *Plorina* speaks (reply'd *Clelia*) as if she thought all sorts very easie, whereas I think, as I have already told you, of all things in the world, it is that requires most judgement. But to shew you I am somewhat vers'd in it, reply'd *Plorina*, and that I know somewhat what belongs to the composing of a Letter, is it not granted that Letters containing business of consequence, ought to be apposite and exact; that they require a soundness of Judgement rather then Eloquence; that they express so much as is necessary, and no more; that they admit not any superfluous expression, and are compleated by what is pertinent; and that it be especially considered, that there be order and perspicuity? Yet I told you there must be withal added the, a certain dress of Civility, which is that which puts a difference between the Letters of consequence written by persons of honour, and those of others: and in fine, it is necessary that the person who writes, understand well himself, what he would express to another for I know not any thing more insufferable, then to write a Letter that shall need an Expositor, and confounds things instead of explaining them. And yet there are a many people (reply'd *Clelia*) who think they understand themselves when they do not. But *Plorina* is none of these (reply'd *Amilcar*) for I assure you she knows very well what she says, and therefore I should take it as an infinite obligation, if she would shew me how Letters of consolation are to be written; and whereas there happen frequent occasions to write such, I should take her directions in five or six, which I would preserve as patterns, to imitate when need were: for truly, I find nothing so contrary to my inclination as this kind of Letters. For when ever I find any such, instead of any condoling or sympathizing with such as are afflicted, I find myself more inclin'd to divert then bemoan them; and I am so far, to seek what ought to be said, and what not, that I can never compleat a Letter of this nature, without writing it several times over; nay when all is done, cannot dismiss it without some blots and scratches; and therefore the fair *Plorina* would extremely

who writes a high and over-obliging Letter to a person of ordinary parts; wherefore there must be gotten a kind of colder civility, which is soon found when I look'd for, which is to be us'd towards those for whom we have no great love or esteem, when by some considerations of acquaintance, we are oblig'd to write to them, and it is in such emergencies as those that we are to make use of those Letters, which are call'd Letters of *Compliment*, wherein there is not any thing particular, nothing either good or bad, containing a parcel of words and little sense, not obliging either those who write them, or those to whom they are directed, to any thing, as being dress'd in such general terms, that they may be directed to all sorts of persons, without any particular address to any. Judgement, certainly, is requisite in all (repli'd *Clelia*) as for instance it might be said there is nothing easier than the writing of news, and yet there are some who write it most fantastically. They are such (repli'd *Amilcar*) who write news often, though they know not any, who believe all is said to them, write without order or choice, who trouble themselves to write things, that either none regards, or are displeasing in themselves, or have lost all the grace and insinuation of Novelty. For certainly, it is not more necessary that a woman to be a beauty, be also young, then that news be fresh and soddent, to please; there being nothing more unreasonable then a long relation of an old adventure. Yet it must be confess'd (repli'd *Clelia*) that there are certain disastrous accidents, which some make it their business to renew the stories of, and spread abroad, as if they were lately hapned; which certainly, is very troublesome to those who knew them before they were written to them. But in my judgement, when one writes a Letter wherein he would relate what hath hapned, he is to consider what kind of news the persons to whom he writes are most taken with; for I am confident there are some who are only pleas'd with those general narrations wherewith Nature itself comes for the most part burthen'd, and would hear of nothing but Victories or Defeats, the Sieges of Cities, Conflagrations, Deluges, Insurrections and the like. There are also those who matter not the general Occurrences of the World, so they are but acquainted with what passes in their own Quarter; whence it is but necessary we should fix their humours to whom we write, when we are to send any thing of intelligence. You speak very much reason, Madam (repli'd *Amilcar*) but that which I would particularly learn from the fair *Florina*, since she seems to be so much exercis'd in it, is to know in what Letters a man is permitted to display all his perfections, and after what manner he is to discover his wit. That certainly, is a thing you know better then I (repli'd she) but that you may be satisfi'd that I am able to judge of the excellencies of your *Gallant-Letter*, if ever (you shall write any to me, I declare to you, that it is only in them that I pretend to be skill'd, and that for those which are call'd *Serious-Letters*, I meddle not with them. In these out of all doubt (repli'd *Amilcar*) a man is permitted a high stile. For instance, if *Valerius* or *Lucretius* were to write to *Tarquinius* concerning some affair of great consequence, or if some great Clerks held an Epistolary correspondence, they might pertinently make use of *History*, *Morality*, *Policy*, and in a manner all the assistances of *Eloquence*. Be it as it will (saies *Florina*) I understand it not, but for your *Gallant-Letters*, I am the greatest Critick in the World. It is properly in these, that the Wit hath all liberty imaginable; here the fancy is not limited by any severity of judgement, which is so far dispens'd with, that the more serious things may be chequer'd with pleasant digressions of extravagance. They admit Satyre if somewhat correct-ed with ingenuity; commendations and flatteries have here their several stations; a man may speak of friendship, in terms of love; all novelty is pardonable, even lying, if innocent, is excusable; if one knows no news he may make some; one may passe from one thing to another without disorder; for this kind of Letters, to speak properly being a conversation between persons that are absent, there is nothing so much to be avoided as a certain kind of reservedness of deep learning, that smells of Books and Study, and hath no acquaintance with Gallantry, which may be call'd the Soul of this kind of Letters. As to the stile of them, it must be plain,

natural,

natural, and noble altogether, which yet hinders not, but that there may be a certain Art, by the means whereof, there is nothing which may not pertinently be brought into Letters of this nature, there being not any thing from the three-bare Proverb, to the *Sybil's* Prophecies, which a good wit may not make use of. But there must be an especial care had in such occurrences, to decline that swelling Elocution which properly belongs to Orations, and there must be apply'd another kind, which with lesse noise proves more effectual, especially among women; for in a word, the Art of telling trivial stories handsomly, is not known to all sorts of people. You may be confident of it (repl'd *Amilcar*) and I can further assure you, that it is not proper to all to desire to know it. But, amiable *Platina*, make your obligation absolute, and tell us precisely how you would have Love-Letters written.

Since I never either writ, or received any (answer'd she) I know not very well what I should say, but being now in a good humour to speak, I shall not deny you. But I must in the first place tell you, there are many more excellent Love-Letters than its conceiv'd. I am of your mind (repl'd *Amilcar*). Yet is it not to be admir'd (answer'd she) if the *Gallant* Letters make a great noise, and those of *Love* very little; the former being written to be shewn to all the world, the other to be conceal'd. Those who receive a handsom Letter of friendship, gain much reputation by shewing it; but for those who receive a well couch'd Letter of Love, it were a dishonour to communicate it; so that it is not to be thought very strange, if we meet with so few good ones of the latter sort. To come yet nearer the business, since there are an infinite number of people, who may be said to have a great wit, in respect of those who are guilty of a great love; it is not to be wonder'd at, if there are fewer excellent Letters of this kind than of any; it being indisputably certain, that to write punctually of things of this nature, a man besides an ardent importunate love, must be indu'd with a certain tenderneſſe of heart and intellectual, which is that wherein consists all the Beatitude of Love, either as to conversation or Letters. But (replies *Celia*) did you not just now maintain, that in such cases too much wit was to be avoided? I confesse it (answer'd *Platina*) but do not you think there is necessary a great deal of wit to discover little? In so much, that though it may be said, that though Love letters require not that fire of wit which should sparkle in *Gallant* Letters, yet must there be something instead of it, and the fire of love possess the place of that of wit, whereof I speak. I conceive therefore the true Character of a Love-letter, ought to be neat and passionate; and that if there be any thing of gallantry, spirit, yea even diversion in these Letters, it must be moderated with passion and respect. The expressions of them ought to be forcible and piercing, and among those things which divert the mind, there must be others that shall offer a kind of violence to the heart. It is requisite also, if I mistake not, there should be a little disquiet, for Love cannot by any means admit letters of *Felicity*. Not but that there may be a certain degree of joy, yet it must be such as is not absolutely serene, nay though there were no cause of complaint, yet ought a man to imagine something to himself whereof he may complain. You speak so admirably well (repl'd *Amilcar*) that if you had studied Love all your life, you could not have deliver'd your self better. If I have known no love my self (repl'd she smiling) I have those friends of my own sex, who have and have taught me how to speak of it. In a word then, in a Love letter, fancy must be predominant over wit, and the stile of it must be natural, full of respect and passion; nay, I dare maintain there is nothing more likely to make a Letter of this nature lesse effectual, than its being over witty. Hence also doth it proceed, there are so few that can judge well of Love letters, for to be critical in it, a man must imagine himself in the place of those that love; he must suppose what they say comes immediately from their hearts; he must discover many little circumstances that are only known to those who write, not to others; and in fine, he must be able to distinguish very nicely, between that Gallantry which is requir'd in Letters of Friendship, and what is admitted in those of Love. Moreover (added she) I

have it from a very virtuous person, that ordinarily women are more exquisite at Love-letters than men; and for my part I think he was not mistaken. For when a Lover is once resolv'd to make a full discovery of his passion, there is no further need of Art, to say, *I am still under the Martyrdom of your Love*; but for a woman, in regard she never absolutely acknowledges her love, but doth all things with greater mystery, this Love, whereof there can only be had a glimpse, causes a greater pleasure than that which is apparent, and without ceremony. But it seems, says *Cecilia*, there must be a difference between the letters of a Servant, and those of a Mistress. No question of it, reply'd *Plorina*; for in the Letters of a Servant, affection and respect must be predominant; those of a Mistress should speak modesty, and fear in aspect to tenderness.

But, excellent *Plorina*, reply'd *Amilcar*, since you are so learn'd, you are yet to tell me whether length be excusable in Love-letters, for I have a friend conceives they should be short. To speak in general terms of all sorts of letters, reply'd *Plorina*, I think they should not be over-long; but it were very pleasant indeed if it should be thought ill, that two persons who love one another infinitely, who have not the opportunities of speaking one to another, and meet with many difficulties to convey their thoughts one to another, should not be permitted to write what they cannot speak; and that Love, which is an exaggerating passion, and magnifies and multiplies all things, had not the privilege sometimes to dilate it self into long Letters. For, how can a great passion be swath'd in a few words? How can a short Letter contain a great jealousy, and transport all the apprehensions of one amorous heart into another in three or four words? As for those who write the gallant sort of Addresses, added she, it is easie for them to abbreviate, and yet lose nothing of wit, since their reason being absolutely free, they make choice of the things they say, and reject those suggestions which please them not. But for a poor Lover whose reason is disturb'd, he takes nothing up by choice, he writes down the dictates of his Fancy; nor indeed should he chuse any thing, since that in point of Love, neither can be there too much said, nor is it believ'd there hath been enough. Thus I maintain, there is no prohibition of long Letters, conditionally they be in no other dress than what Love adorns them with; and to speak ingeniously, there's no thing deserves so great commendation as a handiome Love-letter. For all consider'd, notwithstanding what I said before, I believe, that when one writes such a one, the mind is so taken up, and so distracted, that it is much more difficult to write well in this, than in any other case. Not but, as I said before, that the heart is that which is principally concern'd in it, but that sometimes the heart is so disturb'd, that it self is ignorant of what it feels. But I pray, says *Amilcar*, who are these Female Friends of yours, who have taught you to speak so learnedly of Love? She hath been entrusted with the secrets of so noble a Passion, reply'd *Cecilia*, that if you knew all she knows, you would not wonder to hear her speak as she does. At shall be her fault, reply'd *Amilcar*, if I do not, for it would be the greatest pleasure in the world to me, to hear her relate an amorous adventure; besides that, added he, you cannot force me hence though you were ever so desirous, for the Captain of your Guards went out when I came in, and you know the doors of your Lodgings are never opened but when he is here. Nay he told me, he should not return very suddenly, by which means you have as much leisure as you could wish. But what should oblige me, reply'd *Plorina*, to relate to you the adventure of one of my friends, when there is no necessity of it? How! reply'd *Amilcar*, Do you think it a matter unnecessary, to let me know in what School you have learn'd to speak so well of Love? Assure your self, if you refuse, I shall be perswaded you have run through three or four several Loves in your life. If it be so, replies that excellent Virgin, I shall rather submit to entertain you with the adventures of *Casimira*, whereof I had this day promis'd *Cecilia* the relation. Not but that she knows something in general of what hath hapned to this admirable woman, but since she will have the particulars thereof, I am content you should also participate, conditionally you use all the means you can for her deliverance as well as ours.

purs. Ah *Platina*, reply'd *Amilcar*, if the fair *Clelia* will have it so, it will be an infinite pleasure to me; for I know not any thing of greater delight, then to understand that a person of a great wit, and wical serious, can admit Love. I therefore promise you to do all that lies in my power, to oblige *Tullia* to set all the Captives at Liberty: and to perswade her to it, I will tell her, that *Tarquin* will be less incens'd at that, then if she only deliver'd *Clelia*. Hereupon *Platina*, being confident that *Amilcar* would more readily employ all his interest for *Clelia*, if he were inform'd what had hapn'd to her, and *Clelia* having added her entreaties to those of this accomplish'd *African*, began her Relation in these words.

THE HISTORY OF CÆSONIA.

Since you lay your commands on me, fair and generous *Clelia*, I shall relate unto you the adventures of this admirable woman, who hath had the happiness of your good opinion; and I am also content *Amilcar* participate the pleasure of the Relation. But he must give me leave, as learned as he is, to acquaint him with divers things relating to our City, and particularly concerning its original, which an *African* cannot in any likelihood know, that so he may the less wonder if he find so many tracts of magnificence amongst the *Rusuli*, and indeed so much gallantry and wit. For to deal truly with you, the Original of *Ardea* is more noble then that of *Rome*, and it cannot be objected to us, as it may to the *Romans*, that our Fathers were Criminals and Out-laws; and in a word, the *Rusuli* are reckoned amongst the most ancient people of *Italy*; *Ardea*, which is their *Metropolis*, being built by the fair and famous *Danae*, the Daughter of *Acrisius*, and mother of *Perseus*, whose History is so celebrated, that I think it unnecessary to relate it.

You do very well, interrupted *Amilcar* smiling, for though an *African*, and as Ignorant as you conceive me, I am not to learn, that *Jupiter* fell in love with *Danae*, that he was much put to his shifts for that invention of the precious Golden Shower; that he turn'd Bull to Ravish *Europa*, and put on the form of a Swan to surprize the Mother of *Caster* and *Pollux*. I know further, that *Danae*'s Father understanding his daughter was near her time of Lying in (notwithstanding all the care he had taken to cause her to be kept in a Tower, to elude the effect of an Oracle, which threatn'd he should lose his life by the hands of a Son of that Princess) caus'd this fair Lady to be shut into a Chest of Cedar, which he gave order should be cast into the Sea; and that the gods providing for her safety, directed the waves to cast it on the Coasts of *Italy*. I know further, that having been found by a Fisherman, who was taken with her extraordinary Beauty, he presented her to the Prince whose Subject he was; who grew so deeply enamour'd of her, that he married her. Nay I have heard it reported, though that be not so easily credible,

that *Danae*, though enclos'd in the chest, and that toss'd up and down in the Sea, was safely deliver'd therein of young *Perseus*; and that the Fisherman made a Present both of Mother and Child to the fore-mentioned Prince.

Alas *Amilcar*, cry'd *Florina* very pleasantly, you know too much, and I should be easily perswaded you know all I have to tell you. And yet, methinks you should have mis'd what some relate, viz. that *Danae* was not the Foundress of *Ardea*, but a Son of *Ulysses* and *Circé*; but the story is not true, as being grounded only on this, that *Ulysses* being a very eloquent person, and *Circé* an excellent Herbalist, the people of *Ardea* speak more politely then those of any other City; and have a greater knowledge of the natures and qualities of Plants, then there is else-where. But it is out of all controversie that the fair *Danae* built our City, for the conflagration, though very great, yet leaving behind it certain magnificent Temples, there is to be seen the History of *Danae*, excellently represented in certain Pictures, though done before the Foundation of *Rome*. She is to be seen also in a sumptuous Palace, drawn by a famous Painter call'd *Cleophantus*, who follow'd *Demetrius* of *Corinth*, Father to the first of the *Tarquins*, when he came into *Italy* to avoid the persecution of *Cypselus* King at that time of the Country; so that it is agreed on all sides: And to confirm it further, there are an hundred particulars to evince the truth; for we have women bear the name of *Danae*; and that of *Perseus*, which is an ordinary name, seems to be deriv'd from *Perseus*; and there is to be seen a Cypress Chest, which is said to be the same wherein *Danae* came to land in *Italy*, and was miraculously preserv'd when our City was burnt. Moreover, in memory of the Golden Shower you spoke of, there is a yearly feast celebrated at *Ardea*, wherein all Lovers are oblig'd to some liberality towards their Mistresses, wherein there must be something of Gold: For there is a certain Superstition spread whereby many are perswaded, that a man cannot be faithfully lov'd at *Ardea*, if he find not some means to convey to his Mistress something consisting of that mettal. But if the men employ all their wits to do it, the women on the contrary, unless it be on the Feast-day I spoke of, think themselves oblig'd in point of honour to avoid the receiving of any thing wherein there is gold, unless it be done by some ingenious surprisal; which gives occasion to a many gallant adventures.

But not to trouble you longer with things frivolous, it suffices you know, that there is a greater profession of Arts, more magnificence, and more ingenuity at *Ardea*, then there is in *Rome*, as famous as it is: Even *Perseus* is there no stranger; for that in divers Temples may be found Inscriptions in verse, in praise of divers persons. There is one to be seen in *Junus* Temple, very excellent, and very ingenious, though the subject of it be only to celebrate a certain Painter of *Etolia*, who for his Art and acquaintance with all Sciences, obtain'd the freedom of our City. *Ardea* therefore being a place more polite then the name of the *Romans* would make it be thought, wonder not at what I am going to tell you, and charge me not with too much partiality to my own Country.

But having spoken to you of *Ardea*, I am now to speak of *Casonia*. For her Person I shall say nothing, for you know she is infinitely pleasing; that she hath the eye full of Beauty, that she hath a Majestique graceful aspect, that she is of a proper stature, hath an excellent eye, and her countenance full of freedom and modesty. You know further, she is infinitely ingenious, of a gentle and constant nature, and her conversation hugely inviting, and that the earth affords not a woman that hath a heart more noble and sincere, or inclinations more generous. Being a person of the greatest quality in our City, her education was proportionable; Her Father indeed she lost, while she was yet very young, but her Mother (whose name is *Erstia*) omitted nothing which she thought might contribute to her perfection, and treated her with such complaisance and obligation when she was grown up to her reason, that she seem'd rather to look on her as a Sister then a Daughtery and would rather entreat her advice, then enjoy her by command. 'Tis true, *Casonia* did abuse this tenderness, but the more indulgent *Erstia* was to her, the greater was her respect and duty; so that it might be said the mother was absolute mistress

stres of the daughter, and that the daughter had the same power of the Mother, for there was never observ'd the least contestation between them. *Casoria* having thus a great beauty, a great wit, a great goodnesse, and a great fortune, it is not very strange if she had a many Suitors. For my part, though I am two yeers younger then she, and of an humour lesse reserv'd and more free, yet hath she given me the first place among her friends; for I dare presume to affirm thus much of my self, that among the most serious Confidants in the World, I will not be over-ru'd by any as to Fidelity and Secrecy. It hapned moreover that *Casoria* liv'd, and that wherein I liv'd, join'd, and that her mother and mine were ally'd; by which means we were in a manner alwaies together, and there was such a reciprocation in our pleasures, that we took not any when we were not together in the same place. We had some other friends of our own sex; but to tell you truly, there was a great distance between those apprehensions of friendship which we had for them, and those we had one for another. Yet was there a strange difference between *Casoria*'s humour and mine; but withall, such as had the same effect in our hearts, as divers sounds have in Musick, when it is well understood; for my freedom of disposition diverted *Casoria*, and I was no lesse pleas'd with her childnesse, complaisance and ingenuity. She is even guilty sometimes of a certain haunting melancholy, with which I was much taken; in a word, we made such harmony, that there never hapned the least discordant note between us. Not that we could be alwaies of the same opinion, but when we were not, we disagreed without bitterness; as soon as we apprehended truth, we submitted thereto; nay, even when each persisted in her opinion, it was without indignation or any discovery of selfness or obstinacy. Nor did our friendship make a small noise in the City, inasmuch, that when people spoke of us, without naming us, we were commonly call'd, *The two Friends*.

Casoria in the mean time having no great inclination of her self to marry, and taking no encouragement from my humour, which hath ever been much addid to liberty, to change her opinion, slighted many propositions were made to her; though very advantageous; so that she had slipp'd over the eighteenth year of her age, before her heart was sensible of any disposition to fix her choice upon any one of all those that were her servants. It was certainly no trouble to her that she was esteem'd by all of quality in our City, beyond all the Beauties of *Andania*; but she withall thought it so hard a matter to meet with a man that knew well how to love, and that it was the greatest unhappines to be oblig'd to one by whom she were not absolutely belov'd, that she would have been glad of *Erastus*' consent the night not marry at all. For when she had a mind to aggravate the aversion she had to marry a man by whom she could not think her self beloved, she spoke the pleasantest things in the world, though naturally she is very serious. But I said I to her one day, when there was very great company at her house, and that all were pressing her upon her shineffe, and over-reserv'dness in things of that nature; according to the humour I conceive you to be of, it were a hard matter to persuade you, that you might be perfectly belov'd; for though you be sincerely to self, I have heard you say, in the business of love you distrust all things. You may very well have heard me say so (repli'd she) and it shall be your fault if you hear it not again; for there are not onely a sort of men in love, who tell you they feel more than they do; but there are others who though absolutely insensible, will yet entertain you with their incredible sufferings. There is also a sort of Lyars, who are not sensible they are such, and because they know not well what Love is, think they are in Love, when the most that can be said of them, is that they are simply dispos'd to be so. By that argument (repli'd an excellent person, whose name was *Perianter*) it were not sufficient for a man that were in love with you, to render you those services which another might, but he must find out some new way to convince you of his affection. Very right (repli'd she) for I am not very credulous, and to prevail any thing with my great mind, there must be something extraordinary; especially in the first birth of the affection should be directed to me, that I might no longer

doubt of the conquest I had made. But (said another to her, a person of great merit, named *Turnus*) I would gladly know what that were that should absolutely convince you of the power of your charms. Since I have not so exactly examined what apprehensions I should have of a thing, wherein I am not concern'd (repl'd she) I know not well how to answer you; but for the present, what would assure me of a mans affection, were to see him expresse it by a neglect of what he were most naturally and most strongly inclin'd to. For, if (for example) I should oblige an ambitious man to renounce his ambition for the love he bore me; if I should force a covetous man to become liberal; if I should cause a choleric person to banish that Passion out of his soul, merely because I was displeas'd with it; if a fickle man should prove constant merely for my sake; or if an obdurate Lover should quit some other Mistress purposely to serve me, I think I should believe I were possess'd of the Empire of their hearts who should do such things upon my account. And to deal sincerely with you, I do not think those women who conquer thus, ought to use their Conquests as ordinary Conquerours do, who to insinuate into their new Subjects, alter not the Laws of those Countries they have subdu'd. On the contrary, I maintain, that it is lawful for those who conquer any heart, to govern it by such Laws as they shall think fit; and that it is the noblest expression of a Mistresses Authority, absolutely to dispose of whatever acknowledges her Supremacy. If therefore I should have made a faithfull Lover of a fickle, or a fickle of a constant, I should think my self more confirm'd in my power, then I should by all the ordinary discoveries which men do make of their Passion.

Casoria had no sooner said this, but *Turnus* smil'd, and *Perfander* chang'd colour, as if they were secretly concern'd in what that fair Lady spoke. And indeed, you are to know, that *Turnus* was naturally inconstant, and *Perfander* lov'd without any return of his love, and had been a long time, a Suitor to a Lady of our City, who certainly deserv'd not the love of a person of his quality; so that having been both smitten by what *Casoria* had said, it caus'd a little agitation in their hearts, for they had both an infinite esteem for this admirable person. But for her part, when she spoke it, she thought not of either, and was minded onely to disburthen her self of an opinion, wherein she thought her self singular; and indeed, it prov'd the Text of all that days discourse, all being oblig'd to dispute whether a woman were more oblig'd to an inconstant Lover that should prove constant by loving onely her, or to a faithfull Lover that should prove inconstant to a former Mistress, as being forc'd to it by the charms he met with in a second. I shall not trouble you with a repetition of that discourse, because I must repeat another in the sequel of my story, whereby I should be oblig'd to relate the same thing twice.

But I must needs more particularly tell you thus much, that *Perfander* and *Turnus* were of the best of quality in *Ardea*, that they were both very proper as to their persons, and were both infinitely discreet and vertuous. 'Tis true, they were of very different natures; for *Perfander* is a man of a more pleasant, more free, and more general conversation, and excellently good at those little things, which indeed are the State-affairs of Love. *Turnus* was of a serene, mild, and complaisant disposition, and if the love of ease had not disputed the Empire of his heart with that of glory, and his Mistresses, he had made one of the most exquisite Lovers in the World: For he had something of Gallantry, something of Delicacy, and insinuation of Affection, which was infinitely taking, and withall, notwithstanding his inclination to ease certain Sallies of violence, which fortifi'd people in the persuasion they had of his love. But for *Perfander*, his ingenuity and cunning contrivances were his best Agents, and it may be said of these two Conquerours, one was fitter for the gaining of a battel, the other more excellent at a siege.

Turnus was at this time, instead of one, engag'd in divers Love-designs; for there were in *Ardea* three excellent persons, by whom it may be presum'd he might have been lov'd; if he could have been content to love but one, and direct all his affection to her. *Perfander* on the other side, could admit but of one Passion, but as I told

told you before; Love had otherwise prevented him; and certainly she to whom he had then design'd his heart, was not worthy to receive it. But indeed, she was not only so far from knowing the value of it, that she refus'd to accept it: On the contrary, she had treated *Perfunder* with so much indignity and neglect, that the Clouds under which he lay began to disperse; when *Cassia*, without any design, held the discourse I have related to you, which was perpetually directed both to him and *Turnus*; if they could have resolv'd then to love her. For, if you remember, I told you that *Cassia* acknowledg'd her self equally satisfi'd of the affection of an inconstant person, if he became constant, and of that of an constant Lover if he prov'd inconstant for her sake. That which was most observable in this accident, was, that *Perfunder* and *Turnus*, who were friends, apply'd to one another what *Cassia* had said, though they were satisfi'd that she had spoke without any reflection on them; though indeed the application was not serious on either side.

But departing the house together, and being both equally surpris'd with the beauty and perfections of *Cassia*, they fell a praising of her, and spoke a many things in her commendation. From which discourse, *Perfunder* took occasion to tell *Turnus*, that since he was so much taken with *Cassia*, he should do well to address his services to her, and quit that indifference in love, wherein he had continued all his life. For in fine, said he to him, while you wander from one beauty to another, you will not advance much; and since that all those from whom you receive favours, please you not so well as absolutely to engage you to them; and that you are this day more taken with *Cassia* than all your former acquaintances, I would advise you to sacrifice all your other Mistresses at her Altar. I promise you (repl'd he) that if I thought the sacrifice would prove acceptable, I should do it with all my heart; but you know, it is not wholly requisite that the victims should be such as might please the Gods; but they also must be acceptable who offer them. Being assur'd therefore (continued he) that you are more in *Cassia's* favour than I am, I should advise you to undertake the adventure; for if she said that she was confident of the affection of an inconstant Lover that should prove constant for her sake, she also said she would be satisfi'd with the love of a constant one that should prove inconstant, to serve her. If therefore you will take my advice, you will forsake your ancient Mistress and make choice of this; for not to flatter you, it will be more advantageous for you to alter your resolutions then for me. There are, you know well, three persons, all excellently handsom, of whose affections I might presume, could I but love them, and who find me employment and diversion sufficient, though all that is between us, be no more then a scene of mirth and gallantry, which may haply grow up to something, if we please, and may also come as easily to nothing, if we are so dispos'd. But you, without any reciprocation of affection, love a person that seems onely amiable to your self; and you put your friends upon a necessity of wishing that she may never prove favourable to you; for if you conquer the indisposition of your love by marriage, you were the unhappiest of all men in that it were to exchange one whom you thought a worthy Mistress into a troublesome Wife. If therefore you value my advice any thing, you will this day renounce her, and address your love to *Cassia*, with a confidence of the approbation of all people. For by this means, you will reform an error which all the Tyranny ascrib'd to Love could not excuse; Reason would approve your change; and though you should not be lov'd, yet were your condition better, than it is now, since it is more supportable to be slighted by a person of great merit, than by another that hath not any.

I cannot but acknowledge (repl'd *Perfunder*) that notwithstanding the violence of my Passion, I ever knew, that the person for whom I have had for so long time a fruitless love, was guilty of some imperfections, nay that she was disagreeable to all rational men. But if I am too favourable, the others are unjust; since she wants not such good endowments, and that For her good ones interrupted *Turnus*, I know not what she may have; but for those that relate to civil-

ry, I'll answer for her, she has not any; for she's of an unsetled and perverse disposition; she is ungraceful, both as to behaviour and countenance; she is nothing acquainted with the world; she always takes things in the worst sense, she sometimes commends what is to be discommended, and dispraises that which deserves praise, nothing obliges her, she is mov'd without occasion, and she understands not the greatnesse of your mind, and consequently not that of your affection. Fasten therefore on the occasion which Fortune presents you with, make a hearty sacrifice of this miserable Victim; for I am of opinion, when the sacrifice is accepted, they look not so strictly on what he offers; besides that none can be more liberal than he that bestows all.

You have certainly a strange confidence in my Friendship, reply'd *Perfunder* (blushing through the disorder of his thoughts) to speak of my Mistake as you do. I am so confident of the truth of what I say, that I fear not your displeasure. Not but that I know you now look otherwise on the person you love, then you will do one day; but you are so accusom'd to be troubled that others are not so much taken with her as your self, that I do you no more injury then you have endur'd a hundred times before. Nay I am sufficiently satisfi'd continued he, that I have seen you blush for very shame, upon several occasions, at some things which that creature either did or said; and therefore it were very unjust you should bear me any ill will, because I cannot speak well of her, since you may easily perceive it is only your own concernment that could have oblig'd me to speak after this rate, you being the only Sutor to this Wench, who certainly is very indiscreet to slight you, in regard there is nothing so certain, as that if she mis you, she will never meet with such another. Cease then at length, cruel friend, to persecute me, reply'd *Perfunder*, if you expect not I should also take my turn and fall upon you, and tell you, that if I deserve to be blam'd for loving a person defective, as to those perfections which Love should aim at, you deserve to be much more, who are indifferent whether you are lov'd by any one of three the most accomplish'd women the earth affords. Hereupon the two friends parted, not thinking what might be the consequence of what they said one to another.

On the other side *Casina* and I, not knowing anything of what had pass'd between *Perfunder* and *Tornus*, fell to discourse upon what had been spoken in the Company; for, our houses adjoining, we were seldom asunder but at night; nay sometimes it hapned, that I staid at *Casina's*, or she at our house. Being therefore at liberty, as to company, we took a Walk into *Erphias* Garden, but reflecting on whatever had been said, I represented to *Casina* that she had said one thing which *Perfunder* and *Tornus* might severally apply to themselves, for their stories were known to all the world. I had no sooner said it, but she blush'd, as having no thoughts of them when she spoke as she did, and fearing they might imagine it directed to them, she was much troubled in her mind. I should be extremely afflicted, said she to me, that two persons of their Quality should suspect me of any designe to engage them to love me. Since they are the only two of all the City, reply'd I laughing, that are not fallen into your chains, what great crime were it if you should spread your chains for them? How great a crime it were I know not, reply'd she, but it would certainly argue a great weakness, and much indiscretion; but that which gives me some ease, added she, is, that *Tornus* is so well known for his Inconstancy, and *Perfunder* for his obstinate fidelity, that I shall not be easily suspected of having any intention to alter their resolutions. But that also which is equally true, is, that they are the two men of all the City whom I most esteem, and for whom certainly I should have the greatest inclination; and consequently added I, they are the two persons of all the City who were the most likely to make you happy, if so be you resolve to marry any one. According to the humour I now am in, said she, I should not be satisfi'd to have only an inclination for him. I would take to be my Husband, for I conceive my felicity consists rather in the resentments which others have for me, then in what I have for them; and if I had met with any one among those who have endeavour'd to gain me, that could have

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put me into a strong persuasion that he had a great and violent affection for me, I should without doubt have look'd on him, so as from him to have deriv'd my happiness, for certainly there is a greater pleasure in being lov'd, than in loving.

Ah *Casina* cry'd I, you are extremely mistaken if you believe what you say, since 'tis only the Love which is in one's own heart that can make one happy, and that to speak sincerely, there is no pleasure in being lov'd, but by that which one loves. Every one hath his particular humour (reply'd *Casina*) and that is none of mine; for if I had two Lovers of equal merit, and my inclination led me to favour him whom I thought the less amorous, I should prefer before him the other whom I conceiv'd to have a greater affection for me, though I lov'd him the less. Ah *Casina*, reply'd I, how great a fault would you commit in so doing! Ah *Phœbe*, reply'd she, how dangerous a one should I be guilty of, did I make any other choice? For all consider'd, is it not true that the end of loving is to be lov'd again, and that it is the greatest torment to love beyond what one is lov'd? I agree with you, reply'd I, that it is insufferable to be sensible of having more love than one causes; yet I hold there can be no sensible pleasure in loving any further than it relates to that which one loves; and that all the devoirs, all the services, all the addresses of a person whom one loves not, give no great satisfaction in comparison of those are render'd by one for whom we have a certain respect.

But *Phœbe*, answer'd *Casina*, you consider not what you say when you speak thus; for it is so natural to love, to the end one should be lov'd again, and to imagine a certain pleasure therein, that to speak generally of it, one desires to be lov'd as well by those whom one loves, as those whom one loves not. There is also a certain satisfaction in receiving acknowledgements of esteem from those we are not in a manner acquainted with; and the reason is, that as often as one receives such expressions of affection, one seems to take it as a certain argument of his own merit; besides that, if there be any charms in love, I think they consist in an absolute Empire over the heart of a virtuous man. I can also very easily imagine, that it is as it were a degree of felicity, for a woman to see a person of a great reason and understanding, renounce part of his Reason to serve her; that he raises to himself an hundred sensible pleasures from her, most inconsiderable favours; that he betrays a thousand obliging weaknesses, which he himself is not sensible of; that his colour changes when he sees her, that many times he knows not what he says, even when it is his design to speak the best he can; that he sees her in all places; that he seeks none but her; that he resigns himself absolutely to her Will, and altogether renounces his own. But on the contrary, when one loves, instead of commanding, he obeys; and must expect all the inconveniences of love, and never be acquainted with the enjoyments of it.

Ah *Casina*, reply'd I, I could not have imagin'd a serious person could possibly have said what you have! And I should never have thought, reply'd she, that a person of a free and gallant humour could have held what you hold, which certainly should rather be the Tenet of Melancholy and Distraction. But said I to her, what do you think on when you imagine it is a greater pleasure to be lov'd than to love? Do you think I cannot name you an hundred several men whom you should esteem strangely troublesome, if they were but once encourag'd to follow you every where, and to pretend an infinite love to you? But when I say so, reply'd she, I do not mean that I would be lov'd of those people of no worth, who are not to be admitted in the quality of lovers, nor yet of friends; and all that I say amounts to no more than this, that a woman who hath a great esteem for a virtuous man, by whom she is faithfully and ardently lov'd, shall be more happy than if she her self had a strong love for another virtuous man, who were less amorous than the former. And I hold on the contrary, reply'd I, that there is no enjoyment in being lov'd, but in as much as it proceeds from those we love; that all those weaknesses which you say it would be pleasant to observe in a person of a great mind, would not seem such to you, if you were not capable of having the like; and to apprehend aright what Love is, there is no question but the most inconsiderable services

render'd by a person whom we love, far exceed the greatest we receive from another, for whom we have not that sympathy. And in a word, *Casoria*, said I to her laughing, the case is not the same with love as at a Ball, where many times those who dance not, have a greater pleasure than those who do; for certainly, whoever would find a great satisfaction in being lov'd, must himself love, and that to the greatest extent of passion; and for my part, I am so far from imagining any pleasure in marrying an amorous Husband if I lov'd not him, that I think it no small torment, by reason of the continual reserv'dness wherein I should conceive my self oblig'd to live. If therefore you will take my advice, make choice of him, whom you your self shall best love, and not him who hath no more to say for himself, then that he hath a greater love for you. I should willingly grant (added I) it were a great unhappinesse, and a great madnesse to love and not be lov'd again; but as long as I live, I shall persist in this opinion, that there can be no true delight in being lov'd, if one also loves not; and certainly, the heart must be extremely prepossessed for to raise this one pleasure above all others, and imagine it such as where-by all sorts of afflictions were alleviated, and might effectually put us into a condition of indifference for all things else.

But is it not also certain (repl'd she) that, as soon as one is strongly possess'd with love, there inevitably follows a number of cares and disturbances. There do so (repl'd I) but I believe withall there are thousands of pleasures, which cannot be consequent to any thing but by the residence of that Passion in the Soul. For when all is done, all those things which we say are very pleasing when one loves, are not so considerable in themselves, as to make a superstructure of Felicity, were it not that the heart is prepossess'd. So that to be absolutely happy, we must, if I may presume to say it, enter with sincere intentions into this correspondence and consonancy of affections, we must retain in our selves, so much love as we cause in others, and expect to find our particular satisfaction, in our own tenderness rather than in that of another: For were it not so, one might take an equal pleasure in being lov'd, by a hundred several people at a time; whereas, I am confident that a woman who hath three or four Lovers, will find no true pleasure but with him whom she particularly loves.

I do not tell you (repl'd *Casoria*) that those whose hearts are design'd to love, find no satisfaction in loving; but that which I maintain, is, that one who would marry, should find her self in a more firm posture of happiness, by marrying a man who extremely loves her, then if she married one whom she her self were infinitely in love with. But (repl'd I) you mind not what you say, for it frequently happens that these amorous Husbands grow soon cold in their affection; so that if you are satisfi'd in being lov'd, though you lov'd not your self, it must needs follow, that as that love evaporates and consumes, your pleasure also determines. On the contrary, if you love him whom you have married, he is alwaies the same pleasant object he was to you, even though he should give you some slight cause of discontent: Not to flatter you therefore any longer, I think there never was any woman (Cockneys excepted) besides your self, who thought there was any great pleasure in being lov'd, without loving her self. Be it as it will (said she) since I press you not to change your opinion, neither shall I change mine for your sake; but it may come to passe that while I shall be content to be lov'd, though I love not, you shall love, and not be lov'd again. For that matter (repl'd I) I fear not what may happen to me; for one never loves, but what seems worthy to be lov'd, and I should not look upon the most vertuous man in the world, as such as should oblige me to love him, if he did not first love me.

These were at that time the apprehensions of *Casoria*; but not to spend time in the relation of many little accidents consequent thereto, I shall onely tell you, that from that day, *Perseus* and *Turnus* took some by-occasions to see & know more of *Casoria*, and became more studious Disciples of our Cabal, which certainly was the most ingenious and most gallant of any in the City; and if I may presume to affirm it, that which had the greatest reputation of Vertue. 'Tis true, it stood not with our con-

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situations to admit indifferently all sorts of people, and that we stood much upon the choice of our friends of either sex, when we were commonly called abroad. *The fair Solitaires*. Our solitude indeed hath nothing that might affright, for we admitted the visits of all virtuous persons, without any regard had to the rest. Not that we could be charg'd with any incivility; but it hapned either by artifice or good fortune, that we were not pleasing to those whom we liked not. So that some standing in fear of us, others not knowing what to say to us, and some for the most part not apprehending what are said to them, we liv'd without any disturbance; for to tell you truly, we minded not much what they thought of our Confinement; and when we were inform'd of what foolish things they said of *The Fair Solitaires*, we only made sport of it, and then took occasion thence to think our selves happy in that we were dissociated from such people.

But for *Perfander* and *Turnus* we gladly entertain'd them when they press'd the favour of seeing us more particularly than ordinary; for they were both persons of so much worth, that to do them respect was to receive it. However it was not their design at first to profess any love to *Casonia*; but certain it is, that *Perfander* being still slighted by the person whom he lov'd, took this occasion to divert and employ his thoughts, so to endeavour his recovery. Nor indeed did he dissemble it, laying, when we sometimes ask'd him, whence it came he so much honour'd us with his company, that his business was to find out some pleasant friend that should make him forget a too cruel Mistress. As for *Turnus*, since he pursu'd only what most pleas'd him, and that *Casonia* wanted not any thing he could have wish'd; he easily dis-engag'd himself from those three Beauties, whereof there was not any whose heart he might not have gain'd, if he could have serv'd but her alone with perseverance. It hapned also that *Perfander's* Mistress went into the Country, and that a new difference fel out betwixt them at parting; for she put such a fantastick trick upon him, that he was extreemly troubled at it. It came to passe afterwards, that he saw divers of her Letters, which were such as seem'd not fit to be written by the Mistress of *Perfander*, for he himself writes admirably wel; he also came to the sight of several Letters of *Casonia's*, wherewith he was taken even to admiration. Inso much, that absence, vexation, and reason clearing up *Perfander's* heart of its former pre-possession, put him into a condition sensible of the Charms of *Casonia*. As for *Turnus* he was so accustomed to the sense of merit and beauty, that it would have been very strange, if he should have had none reserv'd for one of the most accomplish'd persons in the World.

These two friends thought not, in the mean time, that they were become Rivals, for they profess'd themselves equally friends to *Casonia*, who entertain'd them accordingly. So that not behaving themselves as Lovers, they soon gain'd with us that liberty which friendship affords. They writ Letters to us, and we answer'd them; we had a hundred appointed walkings together; and we carried our selves towards them, rather as if they were friends of our own sex than the other; For being both of them circumspect, respectful, and discreet, we stick'd not to say before them a many things which might be thought somewhat extravagant. But at length, I one day perceiv'd it was not impossible they might have some resentments of love for *Casonia*; for being one afternoon all four together in *Ersilia's* Chamber, we fell a talking of a certain Lover of our City, who as it was reported, had parted very fairly from his Mistress, to go and travel; and that though there hapned no difference between them, he was absolutely cur'd of his Passion, and was return'd without any Love. For my part, saies *Turnus*, I do not think it impossible, for I know those, who without the remedy of absence can overcome two or three Passions, much more, one. And for my part (repl'd *Perfander*, I do not think a man can be cur'd by absence onely; and I am absolutely perswaded, that to be eas'd of one Passion, a man must necessarily entertain another. There may no doubt (continued he) be a sort of people, who are not so sensible of absence as many others, and into whose souls it might infuse a certain coldness, which signifies rather indifference than Love; but afterwards restor'd to the sight of the per-

son whom they had lov'd, they would re-assume their love; for I cannot conceive that absence alone is able to destroy love. I hold therefore, that whoever ceases to love, upon no other account than absence, must be guilty of infidelity, and have taken another Mistress. But if there be a necessity a man enter into a new love, before he can be said to give over loving a former Mistress, in case of absence, reply'd *Turnus*, the same conclusion holds against a Lover who should at once disengage himself from two or three. By no means, reply'd *Perfander*, for it may happen that these Mistresses might do a many things conducing to his cure, which a person that is absent cannot. But if on the contrary, replied *Turnus*, these two or three Mistresses were more favourable than ordinary, what would you say? I should say, reply'd *Casoria* laughing, you would be thought ungrateful, if you forsook them for another. But Madam, reply'd *Turnus*, I put not the question to you, but to *Perfander*, who will needs maintain that a man cannot cease loving a person that is absent, without entering into a new love; and thinks it not possible a man may quit three fair Mistresses, without finding another; Nay I conceive, added he, he pretends that a woman ought to think her self more oblig'd to him, if he lov'd her in the absence of his Mistress, then she should to me, though I should in the presence of three suffer my self to be wrought upon by the charms of this fourth. There is no question of it, reply'd *Perfander*, and for instance, if making profession of constancy as I do, it should happen that the admirable *Casoria* could make me inconstant, and fasten her love upon me, I should do a greater action for her sake, then you should do by forsaking all your Mistresses to serve her; for change being natural to you, you did no more in loving her, then comply with your own inclination. But if I should persevere to love her for a long time, reply'd he, shall I not have done much more for her then you, who are naturally fast'n'd to one place, and should not deserve any great reward, though you lov'd ever so faithfully? It must certainly be a very long time, reply'd *Perfander*, before you can recover your reputation. I beseech you, reply'd *Casoria*, make not these fruitless suppositions, and if you have any quarrel, let not me be concern'd in it.

But if that which they say be real (reply'd I laughing, not thinking it had been so) you were finely catch'd. I had no sooner said so, but I saw *Perfander's* colour change, and *Turnus* was not without some disturbance. I assure you, reply'd *Casoria*, I should hardly believe it, though they should endeavour to persuade me to it. You do not then believe Madam such an accident as this impossible, reply'd coldly *Perfander*; for if you remember, you said one day when *Turnus* and I were present, that to give you a remarkable testimony of his affection, a Lover must do something absolutely dissonant to his natural inclination, and among those you expected that an unconstant man should prove constant for your sake, or that a constant Lover quit his perseverance purposely to serve you. And Madam, added *Turnus*, we were so far persuaded to follow your directions, that I advis'd *Perfander* to quit his Mistress, to love you, and he afterwards gave me the like counsel to forsake all mine, to apply my self only to you. He was pleas'd it seems to requite your ill advice with as bad, reply'd *Casoria* blushing. On the contrary, reply'd *Perfander*, I gave him that counsel out of meer friendship, but he was not dispos'd to follow it. 'Twas because at that time, I was so wedded to your judgement, that I would not do what you refus'd. Certainly, reply'd *Casoria* laughing, you are both very admirable persons, to tell me so truly what pass'd between you that day. They are much more, reply'd I, laughing with her for company, if they dealt so really with you as to acquaint you with their present thoughts; for I am clearly of opinion, though I should not swear it, that in *Perfander* you have made an Inconstant Lover of a constant, and in *Turnus* you have chang'd inconstancy into perseverance. You speak so indiscreetly, reply'd *Casoria*, that I think it not fit to answer you. But if it be so, reply'd *Perfander*, what do you expect *Turnus* and I should do? Must we hate one another, must we cease to love you, must we fear, or must we hope? And that you may compleat your obligation upon us, be pleas'd to declare which of us two may with more confidence presume to have given you the

the greater testimony of his affection, he who is become constant, or he who has quitted his constancy? I beseech you Madam, added *Turnus*, be pleas'd to give *Persander* a punctual answer. Did he speak to me seriously, replied she, I should answer him; but since he proposes nothing but trifles, having not the least relation to truth, I shall not trouble my self to give him any return. But supposing they said not any thing that were real, replied I, why make you such ado to satisfy their curiosity? And if what they say have some ground, tell them sincerely, though by way of jest, what they may think of their several Fortunes. In troth *Piccola*, said she to me, you give me very pleasant advice. Truly, reply'd I, you have my very thoughts; for *Persander* and *Turnus* are as yet Friends; but if they are Rivals, I wish it may be without quarrel, and that you impose on them as an expression of their love to you, to live always in Friendship. If they were my Lovers, replied she, I should be glad they were such without hating one another; but since they are not, and that I should be sorry they should, I have nothing to say to them. For your being sorry said I, I cannot so easily believe it; for in fine, continued I jestingly, this adventure hath in it something so particular, that you would be much troubled to repent your having been the occasion of it. Besides, that having so much generosity as you have, you should be glad to have put so great an obligation on two the most eminent persons in the world; for all that can be objected to *Persander*, is, that he loves a woman that deserves not his love; and all that *Turnus* can be charg'd with, is the Inconstancy of his Love.

For this good office *Turnus* and *Persander* gave me many thanks, and began again to perswade *Casoria* to resolve them; but she would not, so that the discourse was concluded in such a manner, as satisfy'd *Casoria* and me, that there was something of Truth in what we suspected, and withal convinc'd *Turnus* and *Persander*, that they had both follow'd the advice they had given one another. However, they went away together, but burthened with thoughts and melancholy, as being each of them troubled in their minds, that he had a Rival instead of a Friend. But at last *Persander*, as being the more discreet, desirous to lift the resentments of his friend; Tell me truly, said he to him, Are you not at this present more taken with *Casoria* than with all the world besides, and if it were possible you could reform your inconstancy, you would do it only for her sake? Before I tell you my thoughts replied *Turnus*, Do you acknowledge that you are this day more pleas'd with *Casoria* than ever you were with your former Mistress, and that if you could prove inconstant, you would do it only for the love of *Casoria*? For Inconstancy reply'd *Persander*, I cannot be reproach'd with it, though I forsook the person you mean, and should in consequence love *Casoria*, since it is granted, there is no obligation to love where one is not lov'd. And whereas you are pleas'd to tell me that I am more taken with this excellent person than my former Mistress, I am to tell you, that how far soever you may have thought me prepossess'd, I have always known, that the one had imperfections, the other none. But that which hath caus'd this change in my resolutions is, that the person, in whom I then had only a glimpse of certain imperfections, and in whom I imagin'd there were some excellent good qualities, seems now to me some other creature; for I find not any thing in her I am pleas'd with; her company is troublesome: All that I saw in her formerly is vanish'd, and I am so much asham'd, nay indeed so much amaz'd, that I have thought her so excellent, and lov'd her so much, that my thoughts of it far exceed my expressions.

Hah *Persander*, cry'd out *Turnus*, you are in love with *Casoria*: And you, reply'd the other, who thought it your felicity, to divide your self among all the Beauties, never think your self well now, but when near *Casoria*. I acknowledge it reply'd *Turnus*, for where ever I am, I ever wish my self with her; and there is certainly something of enchantment, whereby I am so carry'd away, that her House is in my way, in what quarter soever of *Ardea* my business lies. It seems then reply'd *Persander* smiling, if we are not yet Rivals, we soon shall be. I am of your mind, reply'd *Turnus*, and I am troubled at it beyond expression.

For certainly (added he) I must needs be very unhappy, that the most perseverant of all men, hath resolv'd to cease to be such, purposely to become my Rival. It is rather I who have cause to complain (repli'd *Perfander*) in that the most inconstant Lover in the World will needs be other then he was meely to cross my designs. Ah *Perfander* (repli'd *Turnus*) I am the more unhappy of the two; for certainly, *Casoria* hath a greater inclination for you then for me. I know not on what you ground that conjecture (repli'd *Perfander*) but it should rather be infer'd, that a man who could not gain the love of the least amiable person in the World, should not be over confident of gaining that of the most accomplish'd, and therefore his Rivalship is not to be look'd on as very formidable. But *Turnus*, if I am slighted as inconsiderable, you are (on the contrary) much to be fear'd; for can a man possibly have a more dangerous Rival, then one, who though guilty of no love, or at best but little, could yet in a manner command all the greatest beauties of *Ardea*. Howere that may be (repli'd *Turnus*) I am confident *Casoria* hath naturally a stronger Inclination, and a greater esteem for you then me. I know you are a greater Gallant, more vigilant, and more ingenious then I am, and consequently have reason to fear you may be more fortunate then I. Since you are infinitely more amiable then I can ever possibly be (repli'd *Perfander*) and that I have a very great opinion of *Casoria's* judgement, I am easily perswaded not to expect any love to your prejudice. But to do something more then ordinary in the World (added he) let us indeavour from this day, so to manage our Love, that it destroy not our Friendship; for as yet there is not ought done wherewith we may reproach one the other. You advis'd me to love *Casoria*, and I gave you the same advise, so that we cannot be charged with any defect of friendship in the original of our Love. And therefore since I might be thought unreasonable to press you to quit your pretensions for my sake, it were also unjust in you to oblige me to stifle my Passion for yours. Not but that if I thought I could do it I would, both out of considerations of friendship and reason, though you press'd me not to it; but since it is impossible, and that I cannot conceive you can be so suddenly weary of a thing you are so much taken with; we must regulate those apprehensions we have one of another, while we love the accomplished *Casoria*.

To observe the rules of Generosity (repli'd *Turnus*) we must promise not to attempt any thing one against another, and have the same love one for another, as if we were not Rivals; but since that cannot be, the contrary course must be taken; and therefore (for my part) you have from me all liberty to say and do any thing which you think may gain the love of *Casoria*, conditionally you give me the same. I am very well content (repli'd *Perfander*) but this shall not hinder what means I shall use otherwaies, as being still your friend. And I shall do the like if I can (repli'd *Turnus*) but I should be glad one of the Articles of our Treaty were, that in case *Casoria* make choice of either of us, and thereby cut off all the pretensions of her other Lovers, the other shall have nothing to object against him, but shall continue in friendship with him. Be it so (repli'd *Perfander*) though I can never hope to make any great advantage of this proviso.

In this manner, Madam, did these two Rivals acknowledge to one another the love they had for *Casoria*; so that from that day, they omitted nothing whereby they thought to gain the favour of this excellent person. But this happening near the time that they celebrate the Feast of the *Golden Shower*, to honour the memory of *Danae*, and that it is then the custome, as I have already told you, that all Lovers bestow on their Mistresses something wherein there must be Gold, *Turnus* prov'd the subject of our abuses for a whole afternoon together at *Casoria's* house. For all people believing he was in love with three or four of the City at a time, one woman who knew nothing of the change of his humour, said, that day would undo him, he was oblig'd to make so many magnificent Presents, if so be he presented all his Mistresses. If you are one of them (repli'd he) you shall see what will be done. For my part (saies *Casoria*) I think this custom so ill-grounded, that I am almost minded to pretend my self sick on this Feast day; for though there can not

not be made so ill a construction of receiving Gold at this as at other times, yet it is against my humour to accept such magnificent Presents. As for those inconsiderable things, whereby they are neither enrich'd who receive them, nor they impoverish'd who bestow them, I should permit they pass'd between friends, especially when they are equally able to return them; but I am a profess'd enemy to those women who are taken with magnificent Presents. It seems then you are of the opinion (saies a person of quality whose name was *Pallas*) of those who believe that since *Jupiter* invented the Golden Shower, there hath remain'd in that Mettle, a certain Magical Force, that softens the rigours of all those Beauties which receive of it, and that the best receipt, and the most advantageous for a slighted Lover, is to oblige his Mistress to take a good quantity of Gold. Since there are no universal Medicines (repli'd *Casoria*) I do not think that, as Sovereign as you take it, absolutely effectual unless it be on some interest'd women with whom merit signifies nothing, gold all things. For my part, replied I, 'tis a thing I cannot easily apprehend, how any women can be so base as to sell their affection, and am as far to seek how there can be men that will buy them; for if I were a Gallant I should imagine something so dishonourable in this kind of Commerce, that I should never prove a Merchant in it. I should no sooner discover in the heart of a woman any thing reflecting on her own Interest, but I should condemn, avoid, and hate her; and in my opinion an interest'd woman, is so far abominable, that I take her not to be good for any thing; for I should neither admit her in the quality of a Mistress, nor of a Wife, nor a Friend, nor a Kinswoman, nor yet a Neighbour, so much do I abhor this kind of unworthinesse. I seems then (said *Pallas*) you have no great devotion for the Feast of the *Golden Shower*? I observe it out of curiosity (repli'd I) but if it happen any thing is presented to me, I leave it in the Temple, that people may see I go not thither to come thence ever the richer. And for my part, repli'd *Casoria*, I think fitter not to go thither at all.

Perander and *Turnus* who were present at this discourse, did what they could to oblige her to change her opinion, but she could not be prevail'd with to make an absolute promise to go to the Temple. For in fine, said she to them, I have liv'd hitherto and never receiv'd present wherein there was any Gold, and I will not begin now. Not but that I am of opinion (added she) this superstition of *Ardea* hath some rational ground; but I have such an aversion from that Mettle, which makes so many of my Sex commit such horrid enormities, that I will not receive any of it. For my part (added she) I make no comparison between a woman mov'd by the sense of merit, and haply subject withall to some weakness, and one whose Soul is onely open to Avarice, and who bestows her heart on him that bids most for it. I agree to what you say (repli'd *Perander*) but after all, Madam, (added he) Liberality is a Virtue, and more to be practis'd by a Lover than any other. Ah *Perander* (cri'd I) is it so easie to reconcile these two things! for I take it as granted that the most disinterested woman in the World, is she who expects the greatest liberality from her Lover; but with this provision, that he suspect her not of an imperfection she is not guilty of, and endeavour to expresse his Liberality, without presenting her with such things as she should not receive. In a word (added *Casoria*) there are thousands of waies for a man to shew his Liberality, which vertue hath such an easie way to discover it self, that even those who have nothing to give, find means to shew they are not covetous. For a Lady shews sometimes that she is of a liberal nature, as well in not seeking, and avoiding the occasions of receiving presents, as in making such her self. To deal truly with you, repli'd I, all women are not of that disposition; for I know one who hath such an excellent gift of receiving, that it may be said she never hath any thing, and is ever desirous of all that others have, without any exception. For she takes occasion to commend what ever she sees, if there be the least hopes it may be offer'd her: She asks those who are not of *Ardea*, what is most rare in their Country, that she may afterwards beg it, she permits such things to be sent into her house, as she intends not to pay for; and if she betray her self in some little liberality in her life, it is on

some occasions, wherein she is infallibly assur'd for the little she bestows, to receive much; and for my part, I am so far perswaded she can refuse nothing that's proffered her, that if she had a Lover were so fantastick, as instead of perfumes, flowers, fruits, and such accomodations, which may be receiv'd without any imputation of avarice, to send her Arms, I believe she would take them rather then it should be said she refus'd any thing.

This jest having put the company into a laughter, they fell afresh to persecute *Turnus* with the number of his Mistresses, and the feast of the Golden Shower; but he answer'd so ambiguously, as might convince them they were deceiv'd who thought he had so many presents to make. To be short, *Turnus* and *Perfander* not speaking any thing to one another, were both resolv'd to surprize *Casenia* by most magnificent presents, if she came to the Feast. But they were spar'd the trouble, for pretending some indisposition, she would not go. For my part, I, according to my wonted curiosity, went, and fail'd not to find there *Perfander* and *Turnus*. But that you may know what is done in that place, I am to acquaint you in few words with part of the Ceremonies of this celebrated Feast.

You are then to know, that for the performance of these Ceremonies, there is a Temple design'd, wherein is to be seen represented the history of *Danae*, and where the greatest part of those of quality of either Sex are present: I shall not trouble you with the Sacrifice which is there offered, for it signifies nothing to my purpose: but I shall tell you, that the Ladies that come thither are dress'd to the greatest curiosity and expence, that they are all on one side of the Temple, and the men on the other; and to shew that liberality ought to be the inseparable attendant of love, there is a *Cupid* represented on the Altar, who hath in one hand his Bow and Torch, and in the other a Horn of abundance inverted, out of which may be seen falling down, Gold, Beads, and precious Stones. In the meantime the Ladies who are on one side of the Temple, have each of them in their hands, Myrtle-Crowns, and are, for a certain time, oblig'd to stand. For the men who would shew their Gallantry, they are on the other side, holding every one what they have to bestow on their Mistresses, in case they come to the Ceremony. Having proceeded thus far, he who offer'd the Sacrifice makes a large discourse in the commendation of Liberality. Which done, all the Ladies one after another pass before the Image of Love, which they call *Love Liberal*, and having made a low reverence, they walk gently before those men who have the gallant and precious things, which they intend to bestow on their Mistresses: and when any Lady comes over against him who would make a Present to her, he very submissively stays her, and with one knee on the ground, offers her what it was his designe to bestow on her. This Civility obliges to accept; But if he who makes the Present be such a Lover as she would wish were not such, she only receives his Present, and makes him a low reverence. On the contrary, if he be one whose service she is pleas'd with, she puts the little Myrtle-Crown she had upon his head; and for the Present which she hath accepted, it is at her discretion either to carry it away with her, or bestow it on the Temple; if she choose the latter, she lays what she had receiv'd on a spacious Altar neer the door. But that whatever proceeds from Love may return to Love, all that is laid on that Altar is employ'd to promote the fortunes of such as love one another, and have not wealth enough to live happily together without some assistance.

In the mean time it is an affliction to some Beauties to go to this Feast, and receive nothing, whereas on the contrary there are others, on whom too much is bestow'd; for among us, it is in a manner as disgraceful to have too many Lovers, as to have none; it being believ'd that five or six pretending to a woman, cannot subsist without hope, which it were a shameful thing for any Woman to keep so many in.

But to return to my story, you are to know, that on this Feast-day *Turnus* came thither, with gold chains in his hand, whereof the workmanship was indeed admirable; and his design was to present them to *Casenia*, and to do it so, as if he should entreat her to chain him up. For *Perfander*, he held a kind of Crown of gold,

gold, beset with precious stones, which he intended also to present her with, as it were in acknowledgement of the supreme Power she had over his Heart. But they were both much surpris'd not to find *Casoria* there, and indeed the whole Assembly was much amaz'd to see they bestow'd not what they had on any; so that there being no young Lady of quality of all *Ardea*, who was not there, *Casoria* excepted, it was easie to judge they design'd their presents to her.

But what was most remarkable, was, to see that day *Turnus's* three, and *Perfander's* former Mistress; for the former were all in expectation of those chains of gold, and the latter was more then confident of the Crown. But, in regard they would not carry away their presents, these two Lovers went and laid them at the feet of that God of Love I mention'd before: I had forgot to tell you, that when I pass'd by *Turnus*, he staid me, and would have oblig'd me to take his chains, and deliver them to *Casoria*; telling me very freely, that that fair Lady and I were but one and the same thing, and that consequently he might well trust me with what he had to present to her. Ah *Turnus*, said I to him, you are in a great error; for since it cannot be understood by all what you say to me, it would be thought (if I receiv'd what you offer me) that I were one of your Mistresses. Having so said, I pass'd by him, not giving him time to make any answer. But *Perfander* having observ'd that he had spoke to me, he would also needs stay me, to ask whence it came that *Casoria* was not there? To which I answer'd, that the reason of her not being there, was, that she would not receive any thing wherein there were gold; whereupon I left him.

From the Temple I went to *Casoria*, to acquaint her with what had pass'd, and particularly, that *Perfander* and *Turnus* had made such discoveries of their inclinations to her, as she should acknowledge infallible. For, added I laughing, *Perfander*, the faithful *Perfander*, had that power over himself, as to see his ancient Mistress pass by, not only without offering her the Crown he had in his hands, but without so much as taking any notice of her; and *Turnus*, the inconstant *Turnus*, was pleas'd to see passing by all his Mistresses one after another, without so much as answering their looks; so that all that now remains to be done, is, to consider whether you are more oblig'd to him who is become inconstant for your sake, or to him who ceases to be so, that he might constantly love you.

Casoria desirous not to take what I said in good earnest, answer'd me smiling, that haply these two Lovers had done this rather out of Revenge then Love: whereupon she ask'd me divers other things. Nevertheless I perceiv'd she was not displeas'd at what I told her, nay indeed it pleas'd her so well, that she kept me with her all that day: That which was yet more particular in this adventure, was, that all those who came to see her, congratulated her for her new conquests: For seeing that *Perfander* and *Turnus* bestow'd not their presents, and that she was the only young Lady of Quality as I told you before, wanting in the Assembly, it was generally conceiv'd it was to her they intended to present things of that magnificence; and it may be thence presum'd this rising love had not by its luster rais'd so much noise if she had been in the Temple, as it had by her absence. Besides, it was look'd on as a thing so pleasant, that she should gain the hearts of a constant and an inconstant Lover, that the talk of it multiply'd extremely.

In the mean time *Perfander*, whom I had told that *Casoria* could never be prevail'd with to accept any thing wherein there were gold, though divers of her Lovers had endeavour'd to surprise her, was so far oblig'd to his imagination, that it prompted him to do a thing which all the rest had attempted in vain, and withal, such as gave him a happy advantage over *Turnus*. Musing therefore how he might surprize *Casoria*, he at last thought (it being then the proper season for Flowers) he had found it out; and employing therein a certain woman in whom he might confide, who was infinitely subtle, he debated the business with her, and us'd her assistance in the execution of it. She took a small, but strong gold wyre, which she nearly drew through one of those great Bulrushes which grow near Lakes, so as it might not be perceiv'd; which done, folding the wyre and the rush both together, she

bent it into a Circle, on which having fasten'd abundance of excellent Flowers, she made a kind of Crown which seem'd very pretty and delightful. But that *Casonia* might not suspect there was any gold, there were certain distances, wherein the ruth was visible all about; so that it was almost impossible to discover this innocent cheat. The Crown being thus finish'd, *Persander* bestow'd it into a very handsome basket, and sent it to *Casonia*, together with a Letter, which she receiv'd when there was none present but my self. At the first, as it is natural to people to be afraid of being over-reach'd, she well view'd this Crown of Flowers; but not perceiving any thing that had any resemblance to gold, she accepted it, and reading the Letter aloud, she found it as full of gallantry as the Present: But that you may the better judge of it, it was very much, if not altogether, to this effect.

PERSANDER to the Admirable CASONIA.

EXpect not from me, Madam, in these days, when the same things proceed from Ambition as from Love, any thing that is rare or precious. That which I take the presumption to send you, is so trivial and ordinary, that it dares hardly own the name of a Present: Yet, Madam, be pleas'd to remember it may be allow'd that of an Offering, and that a Goddess might condescend to accept it from a heart so dispos'd as mine is. For is fine, Madam, To think all the Crowns in the World so far below you as this is, to envy even those Flowers, because design'd to your service, and to esteem them too too happy, though they dye to morrow, if they do but please to day: These (Madam) ought to be the sincere apprehensions which men should have when they do you homage. How glad should I be, Madam, if you should not receive it simply out of Civility, as I do it not simply out of Custome; and if but one favourable glance, or a single agitation of your heart distinguish it from so many others more sumptuous and more magnificent! This favour once obtain'd, what tradition soever we have receiv'd from our Fathers, I should study no other way to deceive you, as Jupiter did Danae; and you would be freed from the perpetual trouble of avoiding it. Grant it me then, Madam, for your own quiet's sake: but assure your self withal, I beseech you, that it is beyond all comparison more necessary for mine.

Casonia and I having both read this Letter, and commended it, she ask'd me whether it were fit I answer'd it; for in fine (said she to me smiling, and looking on that Flowery Crown) I think there is no Snake hid under these Flowers; or to speak without Figure, *Persander* hath put no trick upon me. As for Gold, said I to her, it is not likely there should be any amongst these Flowers; but for Love, I am confident *Persander's* heart is well furnished. If *Persander* be in love with me, reply'd she, I am not oblig'd to answer him. Ah *Casonia*, said I to her, while a Lover discovers himself no otherwise then as a Friend, one is not oblig'd to guess at what he hath in his heart, if one would not have it so; therefore if you take my advice, you will not guess at what *Persander* thinks, but write to him: Where to *Casonia* condescending, answer'd him in these words.

CASONIA

CESONIA TO PERSANDER.

THe Crown which you have sent me, I am infinitely more taken with than if it were of Gold and Diamonds; and indeed, it comes in a most fortunate conjuncture of time; for I receive it with joy, where as certainly I should have refus'd a more precious if you had propos'd it me. But believe not however, that I cannot distinguish your favours from your Flowers, for if these please my sight, those put me into disorder. Nevertheless, I shall not put the trouble it is to me, that I deserve them not upon your account, since it were not so just I should quarrel with your flatteries, as my own imperfections.

When this Letter was finish'd, and that I told *Cesonia* it was well, she call'd for the Slave who had brought the Crown of Flowers, and gave it him; which done, I told her, it was but just she should for the rest of that day wear the Present, had been made her. But *Plotina*, said she to me, must I crown my self with Flowers, as if I were to be a Victim? No, said I to her, but to disguise the business somewhat, of a Crown I will make a Garland. Whereupon I went to break asunder that Circle of But-rush on which the Flowers were fastned; But I found it a harder matter to do then I thought. But at last, the place where the gold-wyre met giving way, and the Rush broken in divers places through the force I us'd, the gold-wyre appear'd, so that breaking forth into a loud laughter, that my Friend had been over-reach'd, ah *Cesonia*, said I to her you were mistaken when you said there was no Snake under these Flowers, for I have found one, which is very pleasant, and yet withal very terrible.

While I said this, *Turnus* enters the Room, so that *Cesonia* made a signe to me that I should hide the Crown of Flowers, and say nothing of it. But there being abundance of obligation in these kinds of surprizes, and being my self merrily dispos'd at that time, I obey'd her not. On the contrary, as soon as I perceiv'd *Turnus*, I began to abuse him, and told him he had a Friend who far out-vy'd him, as to wit: For, added I, *Cesonia* who would not go to the Temple on *Danaus* Feast-day, to avoid the receiving of Presents, and fears the shower of Gold, more then the thunder of *Jupiter*, hath been deceiv'd by *Persander* after the gallantest manner in the world. Whereupon I shew'd both *Cesonia* and *Turnus* that ring of gold-wyre which was drawn through the Rush whereon the Flowers were fastned, and presently after I perceiv'd they both blush'd. There being only we three in the room, and that I was very familiar with *Cesonia* and *Turnus*, I ask'd them why they blush'd. For my part, says *Cesonia*, it may be easily conceiv'd I take it not well that I am surpriz'd: And for my part, added *Turnus*, it may be as easily guess'd, I am not pleas'd to see my Rival more witty and more fortunate then I. A Rival reply'd roundly *Cesonia*! Right Madam, a Rival, reply'd he, for though I think *Persander* hath not openly profess'd love to you, I have chosen rather to tell you he is my Rival, that you may thence conclude I am his, then live any longer, and you not understand that I love you. And to the end I may not retract what I say, added he, I tell it you before *Plotina*, whom I stand much in fear of.

Turnus speaking this smiling, *Cesonia* seem'd to take it as not spoken seriously, and accordingly at the beginning put off the business very handsomly. But *Turnus* having a confidence more then ordinary, would not be so satisfi'd: No, no, Madam, said he to her, since I doubt not but you are acquainted with my love, bestow not your wit to no purpose. Though it were so, reply'd she laughing, it were no great matter, for you have lov'd divers others. I confess it, said he, but I declare to you, I now love none but *Cesonia*. How said I to him, Have you forsaken your

three last Mistresses? I have reply'd he hastily; nay I have renounc'd all Female acquaintance, and if there be any love left in me for you, it is because *Casania* loves you, so infallible is it that *Casania* hath the absolute disposal of my heart. Your heart, reply'd *Casania*, is so accusom'd to change of affection, that if you love me to day, it is to be expected you should give over to morrow. Ah, Madam, reply'd he, think me not the same inconstant man of whom you have heard related such stories, as haply you have thought somewhat fantastick; for I am so alter'd from what I have been, that I hardly know my self.

While *Turnus* spoke thus, I was dressing up the Garland of Flowers, for to put on *Casania's* head, but she would not have it, whereat *Turnus* was very glad: But his joy lasted not long; for *Casania* desirous he should not take any advantage of it, she said some things to him, whence he might infer, that it was not impossible for her to have some inclinations for *Persander*, though she look'd on this surprizal rather as an argument of his Invention, then any Designe he therein had to express his Affection. In fine, said she to *Turnus*, I look on what *Persander* hath done, with the same consideration as I hear what you say. Ah Madam, reply'd *Turnus*, though there be an equality in the resentments of *Persander* and mine, yet I beseech you, do not you treat us equally. I shall treat you both as you deserve, reply'd she, and, to begin with you, Let us hear no more of your pretended Love, for I should be sorry to be one day numbred among your cast Mistresses. Ah I beseech you Madam, reply'd he, be pleas'd to be my new Inclinations, and I promise you never to have any other. If you were *Persander*, reply'd I, you could say no more. *Persander* is now prov'd faithless, reply'd he, and I am become constant. But if *Persander* have prov'd faithless, answer'd *Casania*, you say it is for my sake: and therefore it will be no advantage to you to reproach him with that in my presence. But Madam, reply'd he, if it be any advantage to *Persander* to have prov'd inconstant for your sake, shall I merit nothing to have prov'd constant upon the same account? That you stand so much upon your Reformation, as to Constancy, reply'd she, granting it true, it signifies no more then that we expect your love for five or six hours longer. Ah Madam, reply'd he, I shall love you to the last gasp. I should be sorry you were so neer your end, reply'd she, were it only to satisfy a curiosity I have, to see into whose hands you will commend your heart, when it is out of mine, if so it be true it is there, which, to tell you truly, I have no great confidence of. Ah Madam, cries out *Turnus*, you are very unjust so cruelly to persecute a man who offers you the greatest Sacrifice that any Lover could. And I am clearly of opinion, reply'd I laughing, that if you had kept a fair reckoning of all your Mistresses, you might have summ'd up as many as there need Victims to make up a Hecatombe.

As we were thus engag'd, comes in *Persander*, who thought *Casania* had not yet found out the cheat he had put upon her. But seeing, as he came in the Crown taken asunder, he infer'd the plot was discover'd. 'Tis true, he was further confirm'd in it, by what *Casania* said to him: for she no sooner had cast her eye on him, but speaking to him, You are very confident, said she to him blushing, to give me a visit after you have thus abus'd me. Ah Madam, I am indeed very unfortunate in it, since you are displeas'd with it; nor can I believe that secret force, which they say *Jupiter* infus'd into Gold, when he found out the precious shower whereby he himself was felicit'd, so be very effectual, since I find you incens'd against me for so small a matter. If I had surpriz'd her as you have, reply'd *Turnus*, I should not think it strange she took it ill; It is true, added I, no body loves to be abus'd, but when all's done, I am glad *Casania* hath been, to reach her that she should not boast it could not be done, as she did yesterday. And further, not to dissemble, said *Casania*, I give so little credit to this imaginary power of gold, that I do not fear I shall over-love *Persander* for the Present he hath made me. Ah Madam, reply'd *Turnus*, if he had only bestow'd on you this little circle of gold, I should not much fear him, but I am afraid in this competition of our hearts, you may prefer his before mine. I perceive then, reply'd *Persander*, you have spoke many

many things to *Casoria*, too many, by the one half I assure you (repli'd she) and I am so little satisfi'd of the truth of any thing, he saies, that of all he hath so confidently advanc'd, I beleeve nothing. How, Madam (repli'd *Turnus* somewhat hastily) are you not satisfi'd that *Perfander* and I love you so much, that we begin already to love one another the less? Ah *Turnus* (repli'd *Perfander*) I must confesse your Generosity is greater then mine; for I should not have been so free as with my own, to discover the love of my Rival. I am fully satisfi'd (saies *Casoria*) you are both in some want of your senses.

And truly (repli'd I) this adventure seems to me so pleasant, that I condemn you to hear good sport for the rest of this day. I must indeed needs do so (repli'd *Casoria*) or be offended in good earnest with two men, for whom of all the World I have the greatest esteem. Alas, Madam, I beseech you be not offended, and not to examine things too strictly; be pleas'd since *Turnus* hath spoke so much to you, to allow me the same liberty. That you may not deceive your self (repli'd *Turnus*) I have only mention'd your affection to make way for my own. However it be (saies *Casoria*) I shall believe nothing but what I think fit, and shall not think but what I ought; for it were little lesse then madness for me to imagine, that I should in one day make two Lovers quit, the one his fidelity, the other his inconstancy. But though it were not true (repli'd I) it may be suppos'd, were it only to raise some pleasant discourse. Conditionally it last no longer then this evening (repli'd *Casoria*) and that my two pretended Lovers, will to morrow content themselves to be only my friends; it shall be so. We shall be to morrow what we can be (repli'd *Perfander*) but in the mean time, give me the liberty to tell you, what I thought not to have told you this day. Say what you please (repli'd she) so I be not oblig'd to believe you. For my part (repli'd *Turnus* laughing) I desie your incredulity, as to what I shall say. Be it as it will (repli'd I) only say what you have a mind, and leave the sequel to the Conduct of Fortune. I say then (repli'd *Turnus*) that if the fair *Casoria* be not the most unjust woman in the World, she will acknowledge her beauty never ceas'd any affection could more expresse its power, then by subduing the heart of an unconstant man. And I say (on the contrary, repli'd *Perfander*) that there is no beauty so mean, which might not pretend to the Conquest of an inconstant man, and that the greatest acknowledgement which *Casoria* ever receiv'd of the force of her Charms, is to have forc'd me to a change of apprehensions. But (repli'd *Turnus*) you consider not what you say: The truth is, Madam (contin'd he, directing his speech to *Casoria*) there is no comparison betwixt these two. For before I began to love you, I led a most happy life; all places were equally delightfull to me; I either lov'd, or thought I lov'd a many excellent Beauties; I was happy in their esteem, and I might haply, have without vanity pretended to their affections, could I but have resolv'd to fix mine on any one of them. The enjoyments of my life knew not the least disturbance; I had no acquaintance with jealousy, or my thoughts with disorder; I only desir'd those things which were easily obtain'd; and in a word, such a serenity was there in the Conduct of my life, that I could not be in any impatience to change my condition. But notwithstanding all this indulgence of Fortune, and that natural inconstancy, I have quitted all these undisturbed pleasures, and forsaken three or four Mistresses by whom I was esteem'd, to confine my love to one, by whom I shall haply be slighted. But for *Perfander* (added he) I do not much wonder at his change of life; for being first blinded by love, he must needs be perpetually unfortunate. So that to speak rationally, his change is so much advantageous to himself, that I suppose you are not much oblig'd to him for it.

To answer what you object against me (repli'd *Perfander*) I must also speak something against you which is not very hard to find. For as I have already said, Madam (added he, speaking to *Casoria*) change of affection is so natural to an inconstant man that it is much more to be wondred that *Turnus* should have known you so long before he lov'd you, then that he loves you now. And for those undisturbed pleasures he speaks so much of, since it is certain there never proceed any

Such from love, and that what he felt may be call'd only a passionate enjoyment of himself, if I may so express it, he should be asham'd to quote them. It is not therefore very strange, Madam, that a person accusom'd to court divers Beauties at the same time, should at length take you in his turn, since you are alone furnish'd with greater Charms, then all he hath ever lov'd. But for my part, Madam, I do a thing much more extraordinary. I confesse (added he) my love was blinded, and that I have lov'd that which was not amiable, and what I ought not to have lov'd, but as I doubt not but you have heard, errors of this nature are more excusable then any other; for the judgement upon the first admission of love, losing its liberty, it were unjust to expect a Lover should judge as truly of his Mistress as others do. However, I was never so far blinded, but that I was convinc'd you were a thousand degrees above what I lov'd, even when I lov'd you not. But in fine, I confesse my love was greater then it ought to have been; nay, I know I was not lov'd, and yet I suffer'd all the afflictions of love. Notwithstanding all which, I maintain that a Lover who is unfortunate, yet constant, is the hardest to be lov'd into a new love of any man in the World: For certainly, it is no easie matter for him to cross his own experience, and to jump out of one love into another, when he found no satisfaction in the former. I conclude therefore, that loving you, I do something far more extraordinary then what *Turnus* hath done.

The truth is (repl'd *Casoria*) I do not conceive either of you hath done any great matter. For *Turnus* loves me, because he hath haply made a vow to love all; and you love me, because you are of a passionate and tender nature, and that not being able to fasten love where you desir'd, you will try your fortune elsewhere, and address your self to some person from whose favour you may derive this advantage to make the World believe, that if you had not been lov'd, it was rather through want of knowledge in her whom you lov'd, then merit in your self. I therefore think you both very haply, that I take not what you say (spoken seriously, for if it were, you would haply both repent it, and if I were in an humour to satisfy you, I should be much troubl'd to chuse either, and be oblig'd to entertain his affection. How, Madam (repl'd *Perfander*) can you any longer doubt what you have to do? How, Madam (added *Turnus*) are you not yet fully satisfi'd in the business? For my part (repl'd I) methinks I should not be so much troubled: And what, I pray, would you do (repl'd *Casoria*) I would, repl'd I, have them both serve me for a long time, not engaging me to any thing, so to be assur'd, that the inconstant Lover were really become constant, and that the constant had absolutely forgotten his former error: But during this space, I would observe them very narrowly, and if I found them both equally constant, I would chuse him for whom I had a greater inclination. I should not haply do what you would (repl'd *Casoria*) for were I to make the choice, I should chuse the more amorous of the two. Ah Madam (cries out *Perfander*) how happy shall I be, if you take that course! Ah (excellent *Casoria*) how much shall I be satisfi'd (repl'd *Turnus*) if you make that word good! It suits very well indeed (added he) with a man, who never lov'd but once in all his life; to be confident, he knows better how to love then any other. 'Tis too true *Turnus* (repl'd *Perfander* coldly) it is only a constant Lover who knows how to love well; but an inconstant man; is not fit so much as to speak of Constancy. Time shall convince you what I am fit to do, (answer'd *Turnus*) And Time and Love (repl'd *Perfander*) shall convince the fair *Casoria*; that a man who hath lov'd constantly what was not worthy to be lov'd, can eternally adore her with as much respect as Passion. Whatever comes of it (repl'd *Casoria* rising up) let it suffice that you have spoken contrary to your thoughts let us continue what we now are, I beseech you, and be my constant friends, if you expect any friendship from me. It is a great pity (repl'd I, looking on *Turnus* and *Perfander*) you did not fall in love with me rather then *Casoria*; for I think this adventure so particular, that I should have been infinitely pleas'd to continue the humour. I assure you amiable *Platina* (repl'd *Perfander*) that for what concerns me, it shall last as long as I live, though the fair *Casoria* contribute nothing there o.

Turnus

Turnus could not hear this without saying something to it, whereupon *Casoria* forbade them all further discourse, and dismiss'd them, telling them very seriously, that the next day they should not be permitted to entertain her with such extravagancies. Accordingly, for some time after, neither *Persander* nor *Turnus* made any progress in their Loves, and he from whom *Casoria* had receiv'd Gold, was no more esteem'd than the other.

In the mean time, these two friends omitted nothing of what they thought might please *Casoria*, and assure her of their affection; for *Turnus* could enjoy himself no where, but when he was near her; all his old Mistresses were indifferent to him: all the Love he had reserv'd he bestow'd among those friends of hers whom he lov'd. *Persander* also, for his part, made it his onely business to visit *Casoria*, he would see no more her whom he had lov'd; and he did all he could to insinuate himself into this charming Beauty, but to his unhappiness and haply *Casoria* also; Fortune was pleas'd to favour *Turnus* with divers occasions to serve his Mistress. For this latter being of a nature very eager and inventive, though otherwise a Lover of his ease, he acquitted himself of these services with so much obligation, that it begat in *Casoria* a belief that he lov'd her beyond *Persander*, for whom she certainly had a greater inclination. Not but that *Persander* did a many things both to divert and entertain her; and consequently gave her ground to think, that he would have render'd her the same good Offices as *Turnus*; if he had had the opportunities, but it was not the pleasure of fortune so to favour him with them; and *Turnus* had this advantage over him, that he had oblig'd *Casoria* in divers things of concernment; and in such manner as might induce her to believe that he had a greater affection for her than any man had had. Besides all which, *Ersilia* having been concern'd in some of those good Offices he had done her daughter, and that a certain Sympathy of humour led her to favour this man, he had *Casoria*'s mother of his side. Not but that she had an infinite esteem for *Persander*, but imagining to her self a more absolute power over *Turnus* than him, she was the more inclin'd to bestow her daughter on him; and to speak truly, she would rather have had a son such a one as *Persander*, rather than as *Turnus*; but she wish'd such a son-in-law as *Turnus* rather than *Persander*. As for *Casoria*, she was more inclin'd to the latter, but believing her self better belov'd by the other, her reason, or rather her error forc'd her to do some violence to her inclination, out of that opinion, that it is a greater pleasure to be lov'd than to love. For my part, being both my friends, I was much troubl'd between them: But my friendship with *Casoria* being more ancient than with them, I consider'd onely her interest; so that after a strict examination of the business, I took part with *Persander*, whom I was so much for, that I told *Turnus*, that if *Casoria* ask'd my advice, I should tell her, it were better for her to marry *Persander* than him. And accordingly, some few days after, being press'd by *Ersilia* to take some final resolution, she ask'd me my opinion. I was not ignorant that though she entertain'd these two Lovers with an equal Civility, she had a greater affection for *Persander*, and therefore advis'd her to prefer him before his Rival. Ah *Florina*! (said she to me) *Turnus* certainly, loves me better than *Persander*, though haply I love *Persander* better than *Turnus*. But, said I to her, how are you so particularly confident that *Turnus* loves you better than *Persander*? For it happens many times, that one is so far from knowing precisely their own apprehensions, that I know not how you can have the confidence to judge so infallibly of those of others. That you should put the value on the services *Turnus* hath done, as to prejudice *Persander*; is that I cannot by any means indure, since that if Fortune had favour'd him with the same opportunities, he had done the like. I doubt it not (repl'd *Casoria*) but when all is done, the services of *Turnus* are very considerable. They are so, said I, but since the business is to know whether both the greater love for you, and that you acknowledge *Persander* would have done the same things that *Turnus* hath, methinks you should not prefer *Turnus* before *Persander*, especially considering your inclination leads you to favour the latter rather than the former. But you consider not (repl'd she) that I am not of your

belief, that a woman, to be happy, must love, and that I believe quite contrary, that her satisfaction consists in being lov'd. But whence is it that you imagine (said I to her) that *Perfander* loves you less than *Turnus*? In the first place (said she) I apprehend, that *Turnus* proving constant for my sake, hath made a greater discovery of love than *Perfander*; I find also a greater eagerness in the one than in the other: *Turnus* hath alwaies a hundred things to entertain me withall; but when *Perfander* hath any opportunity to speak to me, he hath much ado to find any thing to say, though certainly he have a great Wit. Ah *Casoria* (said I to her) how sorry am I to hear you speak as you do, and to see that you know not, that that which you look on as an imperfection in love, is an infallible effect of an extraordinary Passion: For whence proceeds that disturbance of mind in *Perfander*, when he speaks to you, but that ore-whelm'd with Passion, he is troubled and is not able to speak? And whence comes it that *Turnus* entertains you with a hundred extravagancies, wherewith you are diverted, but that he is not of such a tenderness of nature, as that Love should put his Reason into any disorder? But will you not at least acknowledge (said I to her) that the Letters of *Perfander* are fuller of Passion than those of *Turnus*? For though you look on their Letters only as Letters of Friendship, yet may they well passe for those of Love. For Letters (repl'd she) they are things of so ambiguous a nature, that nothing can be safely grounded on them: For I know a man, who during the space of a long absence writ many Letters to a Kins-woman of mine, which spoke all the tenderness imaginable, nor indeed could there be any thing more seemingly obliging, or more insinuating. Being after all this return'd, he carry'd himself so towards her, as if he had never writ any thing to her that signifi'd so much as ordinary Courtship. What you say (repl'd I) is so fantastick, that I think you have invented it to confirm your own apprehension: For how can a virtuous man be-lie himself, since that when he does it, the disproportion of his reflections injures onely himself, and takes nothing away from the merit of those people on whom he so reflects? But in fine, not to spend words vainly on a thing which cannot fall out often, do you acknowledge that *Perfander* writes as passionately, as *Turnus*, and give me leave immediately to convince you of this Truth, by comparing those Letters you have of theirs. Since I have by chance two in my Pocket at this very present (repl'd she) it will not be hard for me to satisfy you; whereupon I taking her at her word, she gave me a Letter she had receiv'd from *Turnus* some two daies before, wherein I found these words.

TURNUS to the Fair CASORIA.

I do not think, not on me the last night, Madam, I am unhappy; far I think I had so many thoughts of you, nor indeed did I ever think on you with so much tenderness as this night. To acquaint you with them were but a far word, and but in a word I obey your modesty to this, that you were the most adorable person in the World, and that I should be the happiest of men if you were so favorable as to give me leave to disturb your heart to you. With you, Madam, oppose the felicity of a man who loves you, and who has no other affection to any thing else. Relieve me, Madam, I beseech you, for after the loss of *Hope*, I should take the loss of life but for a carter's turn. I know (said *Casoria* to me) do you think this Letter so different? When I have been told of *Perfander* (repl'd I) I shall give you my opinion of it. What upon opening it, I therein read these words.

Perfander

PERSANDER to the Attractive CÆSONIA.

TO have infinite Love for you Madam, not to see you, to want the opportunities of both hearing from you, and sending to you, make up altogether too great a punishment, and it is impossible I should be able long to endure it. Your own cruel Prohibitions hinder'd me from Writing to you yesterday; my cross Fortune, and I know not what ridiculous Prudence kept me from coming where you were; but you were perpetually present to my thoughts: and so speak truly, I was not in any of those places where I was. I contribute so much to my own unhappiness, as to think you did not be like, and that the Unfortunate Persander came not once into your mind, unless by some accident; or through Civility, you were oblig'd to speak of him, or that you had not anything to say of him in that excellent good Company wherein you were. Be pleas'd to let me know so much, Divine Cæsonia, I beseech you, for though I wish you greater satisfaction and enjoyment in all things than I do my self, I should entertain even death itself kindly, if you cannot have any true pleasure without me, as I cannot, nor will without you.

Now, said I to her in my turn, Do you not think this Letter as passionate as the other? But if I should think so, reply'd she, I should infer nothing thence; for it is not to be doubted but *Tyrannus* loves me more eagerly than *Persander*. And I on the contrary, reply'd I, am confident *Persander* loves you as much as man can love; nay, I question not but that you love *Persander* somewhat better than *Tyrannus*, and therefore you would commit a great error if you presented *Tyrannus* before *Persander*. For is it not true, that there cannot be a greater Wit than his, that he hath a mind excellently endow'd with all gallantry and perfection; that you esteem him above all those of your acquaintance, and in a word, that there is not a more vertuous person in the world? I confess it, says she, but being of opinion, that if I should marry him, I should love him more than he me; and on the contrary, that *Tyrannus* will love me more than I shall him, and more than *Persander* doth, I am resolv'd no longer to disobey the command my Mother hath laid on me, to prefer *Tyrannus* before *Persander*. But *Erastus* said to her, makes this choice out of policy, as you do out of honour; and therefore I now foresee, that you will be both deceiv'd in it. But reply'd she blushing, were not *Tyrannus* worthy to be chosen without any dispute, of all the vertuous persons of *Urbina*, if *Persander* were laid aside? He were, replied I, but with all his wit, all his merit, all his good parts, nay and all his goodness, I would not marry an inconstant man newly become a Protestant; for not to discern him, she thought you had made of him, you are indebted for to his Inconstancy.

This I seconded with an hundred other things, but whatever was said to *Cæsonia*, was said in vain; for she thought the Inclination she had for *Persander* would make her unhappy, if she married him; and that he lov'd her not sufficiently; and *Tyrannus* had so dar'd her with the great riches of his love, by a thousand flatteries, and many real services, which *Erastus* said he had done her with the opportunities to render her, that she was absolutely perswaded she was more lov'd by him than *Persander*; whom yet she could object nothing against, and who on the contrary had a thousand ways oblig'd her. So that *Erastus* who doubtless was more desirous she should marry *Tyrannus* than *Persander*, having pers'd her to resolve on something, and told her she should do well to conform her self to the intention she had to be-

flow her on *Turnus*; she inconsiderately consents, and perswaded she bestow'd her self on the more amorous, she her self deliver'd this sad news to *Persander*: For he coming one day to see her, and finding her more cold to him then ordinary, he ask'd her the reason of it, which she told him, without much ceremony. I beseech you now now (said she to him) after she had acquainted him with the command *Ersilia* had laid on her, trouble not your self to make fruitless complaints to me and consider you may yet be accounted among my friends, if you please. Ah Madam (repl'd he) if you cannot entertain my Love, I shall little value your Friendship: But Madam, have you quite forgotten that you said, you would look on love above all things, and that you would bestow your self rather on the more amorous, then the more amiable. It is for that reason (repl'd she) that I do your merit some injustice. No, no, Madam, disguise not the truth, acknowledge that your mind is chang'd, and that instead of disposing your self to him who loves you most, you bestow your self on him you love best. Yet Madam (added he) to give you an extraordinary expression of love, I declare to you, that if I thought that *Turnus* could but love you all his life as he doth now, I should never charge you with my misfortune, though I am confident, that I love you a thousand times more then he does. But, Madam, since I am intimately acquainted with him, expect what I now foretel you, that as soon as you shall have made him happy, you will begin to be miserable your self. Not but that there is in *Turnus* a sufficiency of virtue and goodnesse, but take in also, all the Generosity of his Soul, I dare affirm Love will soon be dislodg'd out of his heart, when he shall once have no more to hope. Nay, I dare tell you Madam, that for *Turnus*'s constancy you are partly oblig'd to me, since it is certain that if I had not been his Rival, he had lov'd you less, and would have chang'd his resolution ere this time: For not to flatter you, it is onely emulation hath increas'd his love, and his Ambition hath been as great to out-do his friend, as to overcome his Mistress; but when you shall have put him in a condition, wherein he shall not have any thing either to hope or fear, you will find, that of a Lover whom you thought constant, you have made an inconstant Husband. I know *Turnus* hath done you those services which I could not: But, Madam, have I omitted any thing which I could have done? Or can you reproach me with any want of duty? I cannot (repl'd she) but I am so fully perswaded that *Turnus* loves me better then you do, that I shall never change my mind unless he force me to it, and therefore trouble not your self, nor say any thing to me to his prejudice: For his merit, Madam, I shall acknowledge what ever you conceive may be thought to his advantage; but for his affection, give me leave to tell you, that you are not well acquainted with it: For in a word, *Turnus* is but an inconstant man, somewhat disgust'd. Yet I do not accuse him of having purposely deceiv'd you; on the contrary, I assure you, he deceiv'd himself, and believes he shall always love you as he doth now. But Time will shew you, if you alter not your resolutions, that his mind is still the same: and you shall find on the contrary, that the unfortunate *Persander* will have a constancy for you which all the World shall reproach him with, and that he shall condemn himself for a fool I perceive, that how unjust soever you may be to me, I shall love you eternally. You blow I also blow in his face.

After this, *Persander* said a thousand obliging things to *Cassina*, but she had already consented to what her mother had propos'd, and knew, that *Ersilia* had acquainted *Turnus* with it. So she had no way to retracting, till she only set her self to entreat *Persander* not to be any ill-will to his friend for the choice she had made. But Madam, you shall then promise, that if *Turnus*'s love shall end mine our live, notwithstanding your injustice, you will forgive me leave to reproach you with it. If that happen (repl'd she) I should so well deserve it from you, that I make no great difficulty to give you less well than I do now. Hereupon *Persander* made his last assault on *Cassina*'s mind, but was before repl'd, for she consider'd what *Persander* said to her, rather as an effect of the greatness of his Wit then of his Love, and *Turnus* by a thousand little strokes, such as cannot be express'd, had so strongly perswaded her that he infinitely lov'd her,

her, that she had not the least doubt of it; so that though she had an infinite esteem for *Perfander*, yet his continued firm to her design. *Perfander* (in the meantime) may be said to be much more miserable, then *Turnus* was happy, though at the beginning he thought his happiness excessive. For my part, I was so angry with *Cesonia*, that I could do nothing but chide her for her injustice, and that not so privately but that *Turnus* knew of it. Nay one day, I would needs persuade him to resign *Cesonia* to his Friend; but being incens'd by my opposition, I saw his Passion increas'd by what I said to him; insomuch, that my business was to keep these two friends from falling out; and indeed, I manag'd things so fortunately, that though *Perfander* was tempted to break the promise he had made to *Turnus* in the beginning of their love, yet I prevail'd with him, to indure a misfortune which could not be remedi'd without using any violence.

But that which was most remarkable, was, that three daies after *Turnus* was marri'd he went to visit *Perfander*, who was fallen sick through grief, and spoke to him the most obligingly he could, to win him to a continuance of Friendship; adding particularly, that he should think the possession of *Cesonia* too dear, if it cost him the loss of his affection. Ah *Turnus* (cries out *Perfander*) were I in your place, I should not say so! For I assure you, I should easily part with all your friendship for *Cesonia's* affection. To this *Turnus*, instead of some better answer, continu'd his mildness, and put *Perfander* into such a trouble, that he knew not what return to make him; for he intreated him to come and see him as he was wont, he assur'd him he should not be jealous, that he knew his Wife infinitely esteem'd him, and he promis'd him his friendship. But the more he spoke the more was *Perfander's* vexation increas'd. Nevertheless, he answer'd him very discreetly, neither accepting nor refusing his offers, as not knowing whether he should do, such a disturbance had love caus'd in him; which done, he dismiss'd him without any incivility, or any particular expression of friendship.

In the meantime, *Cesonia*, though she seem'd to be satisfi'd, yet was somewhat troubl'd in her mind at *Perfander's* indisposition, which prov'd so dangerous that it was fear'd he might die of it. But at length he overcame it, though not that Passion which had seiz'd his soul. On the contrary, it became so violent, that not being able to live without the sight of *Cesonia*; he resolv'd withall to indure that of his Rival, and to accept the proffer *Turnus* had made to him to continue friends. He therefore went to visit him, which visit *Turnus* receiv'd with much kindnesse; he brought him into *Cesonia's* Chamber, before she had any notice of his coming, and intreated her to receive him as his friend; which done, having conducted *Perfander* into the Garden, he began to tell him that he had a design to Travel. *Perfander* at first, conceiv'd *Turnus* had some extraordinary occasion that oblig'd him thereto, not being able to apprehend that one whom *Cesonia* had chosen for the most amorous, could be perswaded to leave her, to go and Travel without any necessity, within a month after he had married her. He therefore ask'd him if he had any business of importance that oblig'd him to that resolution: None at all (repli'd *Turnus*) but to tell you the truth, it is long since I have had an inclination to travel, and now there is nothing to ingage my stay at *Ardea*; and that I fear not you should take away *Cesonia* from me in my absence, I am resolv'd to satisfy my Curiosity.

Perfander hearing *Turnus* speak in this mann'r, was so astonish'd that he could not tell what answer to make him, nor indeed had he return'd him any, had it not been that he had press'd him to accompany him in his Travels. So that being oblig'd to speak, he told him, he had business requir'd his stay at *Ardea*; whereupon he took his leave of him.

On the other side, *Turnus* whose head was full of this humour of Travelling, spoke of nothing else, and that with so much impatience, as to his departure, as if he had had a Mistress in every one of those places which he pretended to go, and had never lov'd any thing at *Ardea*. *Perfander* said nothing at all to him of it, and onely ask'd what caus'd him to take such a sudden resolution: To which *Turnus* an-

swerd, that two friends of his, having acquainted him with their intentions to travel, they had stirr'd up in him those he sometime had, so that he had resolv'd to go with them.

Not long after, *Persander* came to see me, to see what I should say of *Turnus* his design of Travelling, and if I knew not what *Casoria* thought of it. For me thinks (said he) that having made choice of *Turnus* for the more amorous, she should take his departure somewhat unkindly. *Casoria* (said I to him) hath more wit then to make her complaints to me; but I can read in her eyes, that she takes it most painfully. And for my part, if it were my own case, I should think it very hard measure that *Turnus* should marry me, only to forsake me, being not oblig'd there to by any rational ground. But what saies *Ersilia*? repl'd *Persander*. *Ersilia* (repl'd I) repines secretly at it; but for *Casoria*, that which confirms me that she is absolutely inrag'd at it, is that I have understood by a Maid that waits on her, that unlesse it were the first day that *Turnus* acquainted her with his design, that she endeavour'd to oppose it, she had not spoke one word since to divert him from it. Ah *Plorina* (cries out *Persander*) the amorous *Turnus* is no longer such, and the unfortunate *Persander*, notwithstanding his misfortunes is more amorous then he. For in fine (contin'd he, shewing me a Letter he had receiv'd from a Kingman) you may see by what is written to me, that it were for my advantage to leave *Ardea*, and that I am promis'd a very considerable employment elsewhere. But notwithstanding my being so slighted by *Casoria*, I cannot be induc'd to quit the place where she resides, and deprive my self of all sight of her. I assure you (repl'd I) you are almost as much to be blam'd as *Turnus*; for I do not think that *Casoria* deserves you should so much as think of her. Besides (said I to him) all your love to her will be to no purpose, for she is vertuous; and thought it should happen she lost all love for *Turnus*, and should repent she had prefer'd him before you, your happinesse will be never the greater. Ah *Plorina* (repl'd he) you know not how ingenuous Love is in finding out Pleasures; for it is to me a very sensible one, the very thought that *Turnus* is now to leave *Casoria*. Nay, it is no small delight to me to imagine the Tears she sheds the day of his departure, will be rather the tears of indignation then Sorrow. And though I expect not ever to be happy, yet there is a certain kind of Hope which stands Centinel about my heart and keeps in my love. But what (repl'd I) if you have not lost your discretion, can you hope? I have no hope to be lov'd of *Casoria* (repl'd he) but I hope that *Casoria* will love *Turnus* no longer; and will haply regret the unfortunate *Persander*.

We said one to another, a many other things of this kind, whence I apprehended that *Persander* had still an infinite love for *Casoria*, and that she mistook her self much that she had not made choice of him. To be short, all were so surpriz'd at *Turnus*'s departure, that a many things were reported of him, which were not true; but at last, notwithstanding all *Ersilia* could say to him, he took his leave. So that she then saw she was deceiv'd, when she imagin'd to her self the absolute disposal of *Turnus*; for this humour of Travelling having taken him in the head, as soon as the Passion he had for *Casoria* was satisfi'd, all the Charms of that excellent person were not strong enough to divert him. 'Tis true, his flatteries to her at parting were extraordinary, but they proceeded not from any great regret he had to leave her, though he was to be absent almost a whole year. *Casoria* however at first, bore this departure with constancy enough, and out of a consideration of glory, betrayed not any the least dissatisfaction at this voyage. Nay she had not the confidence to speak to me of it; and so discreetly avoided all discourse thereof, that I could not take it ill that she was so reserv'd. Besides that, for my part, I sought not the occasions to reproach her that she had not believ'd me, because I could take no pleasure in afflicting her to no purpose.

In the mean time, the whole City came to visit her, and comfort her for the absence of *Turnus*, and among the rest came *Persander*. For I had forgot to tel you, that *Turnus* at his departure had been to take his leave of his friend; that he had

spoke

spoke very obligingly to him; that he had intreated him to continue his friendship to his Wife; and had desired *Casoria* to admit the visits of *Perfander* as those of any other; lest he should imagine he had forbidden him out of jealousy. According to *Casoria* disposed her self to receive the visits of *Perfander* conditionally they were not too frequent; and that he should say nothing to her, she might be offended; resolving, in case he presumed to entertain her with the affection he had for her, not to see him any more; for *Turnus* had so far intreated her to see him, that he could take no other resolution. Upon these terms, *Perfander*, who had still an extreme affection for her, visited her sometimes, and behav'd himself with so much respect to her, and such acknowledgement of her Vertue, that he betray'd not his Passion in his discourse; but if *Casoria* had examin'd his looks, they would have acquainted her with the most violent love in the World. 'Tis true a certain secret melancholy took up her spirits so much, that she would not seek what she was not desirous to find.

Hence it also proceeded, that *Casoria* during *Turnus*'s absence, avoided as much as might be, coming to great Feasts, and carry'd her self as a Woman of great Vertue, and love to her Husband; and tender of his reputation should have done, especially, being young and handsome, having a Husband absent, and divers Lovers in the places where she resides.

But while *Casoria* lived after this rate, and was extremely troubl'd in her mind at *Turnus*'s absence, when two months were pass'd ere she had receiv'd any tidings of him, he sent a man express to *Ardia*, with divers orders. *Casoria* was much amaz'd to understand that her Husband who she thought had taken shipping long before, was still at *Rhegium*, which place he spoke not of leaving for some time; whereto being much surpris'd, she thought fit cunningly to sift out what said *Turnus* there, and put her off with such an unlikely account of it, as much increas'd her Curiosity. But that which was most mysterious to her, was, that she came to understand that the man had brought a Letter from *Turnus* to *Perfander*; that he had spoken with him divers times; and that he could not return to his Masters till he were dispatch'd by *Perfander*. So that being infinitely desirous to know what might be in the Wind, she was in an extraordinary disquiet; for she would not have any private discourse with *Perfander*, though she had for him the greatest esteem in the World. Nor could she easily condescend to give me any order to find it out; as conceiving that if she made that request to me, I should fall a chiding of her. But at last she apply'd her self to me, and having made me promise I would not quarrel with her, she told me what she had so much mind to know. But (added she) I would not have *Perfander* imagine that you ask him any thing for my satisfaction; for I would not give him any pretence or occasion of discourse concerning *Turnus*. I promis'd *Casoria* to obey her directions, and kept my word in not charging her with any thing. 'Tis true, I did not forbear it so much in performance of my promise, as out of compassion, observing in her eyes, that she said to her self all that I could have said to her.

As soon as she had left me, I sent to *Perfander* to intreat him to come to me; which when he had done, without any mention of *Casoria*, I ask'd him what business he had with *Turnus*. He at first was loath to tell me the truth, but being well acquainted with his humour, (ah *Perfander*!) said I to him, if you satisfy not my desire, as to what I would now know, I shall never permit you to speak of *Casoria*. You know that I am the onely person with whom you can rationally discourse of her; and that I am your only comfort in this case. *Perfander* not able to deny me any longer, shew'd me a Letter he had receiv'd from *Turnus*, wherein putting him in mind of their ancient Friendship, he intreated of him an extraordinary courtesy in doing that for him which he should understand from the Bearer of the Letter. Whereupon *Perfander* told me, that *Turnus* desirous that his family should not know the vast expences he pretended to be at in this voyage, intreated him to write to a Kinsman of his at *Rhegium*, to furnish him with such things as he stood in need of. That further, he desir'd to have sent him, divers rarities which are made at *Ardia*,

such as are only fit to be presented to Women, pretending a design he had to pass through divers Courts, where he might make his advantage of them. And in a word (added *Persander*) without diving any further into his intentions, I do for *Turnus* all he desires of me, though he hath ruin'd my Felicity without establishing his own; and within these two days, I dismiss him he hath sent to me, with all those things he desires.

This done, *Persander* spoke many things very honourably and obligingly of *Casina*, yet without any desire made to me to tell her of it, as knowing it would have been to no purpose, though I am confident his love to her was guided by innocence in itself.

Having thus understood *Turnus's* business with *Persander*, I thought not to have acquainted *Casina* with it, lest it should afflict her. But I must confess, reflecting on her obstinacy in opposing me, I was not very sorry, I could convince her, I was in the right. Besides that, it being fit she knew what expences *Turnus* was at, that in case he should send for wherewithall to continue his extravagances, she might take some course to remedy it. I resolv'd to tell her the truth. But when I had acquainted her withall Passages, she suspected something beyond what I had, which was, that *Turnus* had no other reason to send for all those things, then his being fallen in love at *Rhegium*. To be short, she immediately sent for the man who was come from *Turnus* to *Ardea*, and pretending that she knew what she was before desirous he should have told her, she manag'd the business with so much discretion, that the man who had a great respect to *Casina*, and thought his Master was much to blame, confess'd at last (thinking she might remedy it) that he was indeed fallen in love at *Rhegium*, that his expences there were excessive, and that if she took not some course to get him back to *Ardea*, he would continue there some time. To tell you what effect this new inconstancy of *Turnus* had both on *Casina* and my self were not easie for me. But for *Casina*, when she had dismiss'd the man, she fix'd her eyes swell'd with tears on me, and remembering what I had sometime said to her. Ah *Plotina* (cri'd she) you had great reason to tell me that *Turnus* was but an inconstant man disguis'd, and that I had done better to have preferr'd *Persander* before *Turnus*, then *Turnus* before *Persander*. But alas (added she) it is now no time to complain, it was the cruelty of my Fortune, when I thought to have chosen him who lov'd me most to have taken him who lov'd me least, to his prejudice who lov'd me more, and haply better. The word haply is not well plac'd where you put it (said I to her) for it is not to be doubted but *Persander* will love you while he lives. Ah *Plotina* (said she to me with a high indignation) if there were any means to repent, I would repent me of the injustice I have done *Persander*: But alas I must not for my own sake admit any thought of repentance, and I must live so with *Turnus*, as if he were constant, and so with *Persander*, as if I were indifferent to him. Divers other things came from *Casina* where-with I was extremely mov'd.

Notwithstanding all this, she wrote to her Husband withall the respect and mildness in the World, and having discover'd her affliction to her Mother, it was resolv'd she should pretend to be sick, that divers of *Turnus's* friends should be intreated to write to him, to endeavour to bring him home again, and that she her self would also invite him with the greatest intinuations she could use. To be short, some days after, she was so much Mistress of her own thoughts, that she writ to him a Letter infinitely passionate: But he being at that time much taken with his loves at *Rhegium*; and understanding from some friends at *Ardea*, that *Casina* was not very sick, he return'd not to *Ardea*, but remain'd two months longer at *Rhegium*, that is to say, as long as his Passion lasted. He thence went to *Syracuse*, whence he was to go into *Greece*, but he was no sooner come to *Syracuse*, but he fell in love with the Princess of that place, which is one of the greatest Beauties in the World.

Besides all this, *Turnus* having with him two friends who were of *Ardea*, and were very compliant with his humour, much of what he did came to be known by that

that means for one of these two was Brother to one of *Turnus's* former Mistresses, when he first fell in love with *Casoria*. She being acquainted by her Brothers Letters with all the new loves of *Turnus*, was very glad to find that the charms of *Casoria* had been no stronger then hers to confine *Turnus's* affections, and maliciously divulged what her Brother had written to her concerning the Loves of this unfaithfull Husband. By this means the business came to be so generally known, that there was none but might without any breach of civility speak to *Casoria* of it, either as to Blame *Turnus*, or pity her. She in the mean time had observ'd to much reserv'dness in her carriage, that *Persander* had never met with any occasion to speak to her without witnesses. But one day *Ersilia* having employ'd him in some business of consequence, and *Persander* being come to give her an account of it he found her not at home, but met with *Casoria*, with whom he was oblig'd to stay, expecting the return of *Ersilia* but he found her in so melancholy a posture, that she hardly knew how to entertain him. *Persander* on the other side having so favourable an opportunity to speak to her, had not the power to tell her what he was desirous she should know; but at last the love he had in his soul making him more confident: It is long since Madam, said he to her, that I vainly seek what I have this day found; yet I beseech you Madam, added he, imagine not it is not my purpose to say any thing to you whereat you may be offended, and therefore forbid me not to speak, for I shall only bemoan you, and but once accuse me in my life; all I have to say is, to conjure you to believe that as *Turnus* hath not been able to quit his inconstancy, *Persander* shall never be otherwise then constant, and shall love you while he lives. Ah *Persander*, said *Casoria* to him, triumph not over my misfortunes, for it is enough to have an inconstant husband, without having a Friend defective as to respect. I beseech you therefore say not any thing to me which I shall not be satisfied to hear. No, no, Madam, said he to her, fear not any thing from the unfortunate *Persander*, he desires nothing of you, he hopes for nothing from you, and the sum of all he would have, amounts to no more then the favour of one single audience from you, that I may have the satisfaction of your own confession, that you were mistaken when you had bestow'd your self on the most amorous; for Madam, you need no further experience then that of this day, to make the comparison. To be short, added he, this Lover that was so eager, so constant in appearance, forsakes you as soon as he was possess'd of you, and falls in Love with divers others as soon as he is out of your sight; But the unfortunate *Persander*, though treated with insupportable injustice, loves you still, without hope of ever being lov'd by you, and shall love you while he lives. *Turnus* hath left you without any cause, and I, whom affairs of consequence call hence, remain here only to see you, though I am confident that you bestow not a thought on me, that you would have me quit all love to you, and that I can pretend to no other advantage then that of pitying you, and doing you those services you can expect from a generous Friend. But I beseech you, deny me not this favour, trust me with the burthen of an affliction you cannot conceal from me. Speak not any thing of favour to me, nothing of obligation, nothing that may discover that you so much as think I love you; but tell me only as a discreet and faithful friend, that you are dissatisfied with *Turnus*, that you are sensible of his injustice and his Inconstancy, and are at last convinc'd that you have made an ill choice. I therefore expect no other reward of the respectful passion I have for you, then to see you dissatisf'd with my Rival, and to give you an infallible expression of the greatness and purity of my inclinations, I protest to you, that, if I could change his heart, and make him constant to you, I would do it, so to make you happy, though I doubt not but I should be much more miserable then I am, if you were satisf'd with *Turnus*.

I beseech you, *Persander*, said she to him, content your self that I tell you in general terms, that I have done you an injustice, and expect not I should trust one with the knowledge of my afflictions, who is a Rival to him that causes them. Besides, imagine not that the inconstancy of *Turnus* shall ever make me do any thing against Innocence; for I am virtuous for my own sake, not for his: and therefore flatter not your self with a groundless hope, if you are not dispos'd to affront me:

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You

You might indeed some time have hop'd without doing me any injury; but now the case is altered, and indeed I take it not well, that when you speak to me, you bemoan me. Do that secretly, if you have so much generosity, as to pity my misfortunes, and increase them not by giving me so much cause to quarrel at your constancy, as I have to complain of *Turnus's* inconstancy.

After this *Perfander* said a many other things which nearly concern'd *Casonia*, but she continued firm in her resolution, not to permit him to entertain her with his passion, how innocent soever it might be. She would also have needs forbidden him to visit her; but he made it so much appear to her that it would find all the Town discourse, that at last she consented he should see her some times, conditionally he would never speak to her of his affection. She would further make him promise her, not to speak at all of *Turnus*; and in fine, she said not any thing to him, which though a jealous husband should over-hear, he could be pleas'd with. But *Perfander* being a very discreet person, had a greater esteem for *Casonia* then before, and his Love, instead of diminishing any thing by the loss of Hope, was much augmented; in a word, he was screw'd into a higher love to *Casonia*, then any man could have been.

Casonia on the other side, understanding from time to time, that *Turnus* continued not eight days in any place ere he had found out a new Mistress, was extremely exasperated against him. But that which encreas'd her misery, was, to see *Perfander's* constancy to her, though she did nothing for him. For though he said nothing to her concerning his Love, and did none of those heroick actions which are the ordinary marks of a great passion, he did a many others, which *Casonia* and I took notice of, and which satisfi'd us that he was infinitely passionate in his Love, though he said nothing of it. He was even blinded into a compliance to *Erilia*, by whom he was very much lov'd; He never came to *Casonia's* when there was any company there: If any one commended her in his presence, there was such a visible satisfaction in his eyes, as if he were concern'd in her reputation; if any one endeavour'd to excuse *Turnus*, he could not but discover his indignation. If *Casonia* chanc'd to be sick, he could not be at rest any where; he lov'd what she was taken with, even to things insensible; he conform'd all his apprehensions to hers; he saw her as often as he could; he lov'd me for her sake, as much as if I had been her Sister; and when he and I were alone, she was the constant subject of our discourse; he look'd not on any woman with any delight, but *Casonia*; and in a word, *Casonia* was the sole object of all his pleasure, and all his affection. Notwithstanding all this, he master'd this violent passion, through the awe he stood in of the person who caus'd it; and indeed, so far did she conceive her self oblig'd thereby, that insensibly, contrary to *Casonia's* first intentions, she trusted him with the knowledge of her discontents. But I must needs give her this testimony, that she never either did or said any thing that *Perfander* could take any advantage of: so that it may be said he was her Lover, and that she was only his Friend: Those good thoughts which she had for him, were so innocent, that it was the reason she made not that provision against a many little inconsiderable circumstances, which how innocent soever they might be, yet prov'd the occasions of ill reports: For it was talk'd abroad, that *Casonia* cheer'd her self up for the inconstancy of *Turnus*, by the constancy of *Perfander*: and that which rais'd many strange reports, was, that he whom *Turnus* had sent to *Ardea*, to bring with him what he sent to *Perfander* for, having told it som-body at his departure, who soon after divulg'd it, it was known that *Perfander* had sent *Turnus* such things as should detain him some time out of his Country. And as Calumny sucks poison out of the best actions, so it was reported about *Ardea*, that what was done, was with the privacy of his wife, and that *Perfander* had not done him that good office, but to keep him at a distance from *Casonia*. Besides, her Beauty and her Vertue raising her the enmity of her own Sex, the business was so strangely gloss'd upon, that I thought my self oblig'd to acquaint her with what was said of her, for I knew her innocence, and that it was easie for her to remedie this evil, and put envie and calumny to silence, by ta-

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king away those pretences they made use of. That which gave the greatest colour to these unhappy reports, was, that the Friends of *Persander* pressing him to marry, he so roughly rejected all Propositions of that nature, that it was easily perceiv'd there was some secret considerations that oblig'd him to be so backward. There was also another thing that made a great noise; for you are to know, that *Persander*, who besides a great wit, hath other excellent good parts, and particularly Poetry; and it being impossible but that a Lover who is endu'd with that quality, must write something, though *Persander* durst not shew any Verses directed to *Casoria*, as purposely made for her, yet could he not avoid the writing of some. But to the end, in case they might be gotten some way from him, she might not receive any injury for whom they were made, he call'd her by a name which had no resemblance to hers; for instead of *Casoria*, he call'd her *Dorinica*. He shew'd me divers Copies, and (if I am not mistaken) presented her sometimes with them, yet not acknowledging they were made for her, but only to have her judgement of them: for certainly *Casoria* is very good at such things. It unfortunately hapned one day, that *Persander* having made a Paper of Verses, and left them on the Table in his Closet, thinking he had lock'd the door, there came one of his acquaintance to see him, who finding the doors of his Lodgings open, enters without speaking to any body into *Persander's* chamber, and thence into his Closet, where he had often seen him. But not finding him there, and spying the Verses on the Table, which he thought very amorous, he read them twice over, and got them by heart, without any other reflection thereon at that time, then that he was taken with them; which done, understanding that *Persander* was not within, he went his ways, not saying any thing to any body. From thence he went to give a visit to a Lady he was in love with, who had an ill opinion of the Cabal of the *Fair Solitaires* in general, by reason of a particular disaffection she had to *Casoria*, who was one of them. He repeated to her the Verses he had learn'd, which she had no sooner heard, but she said that certainly they were made for *Casoria*. She also got them by heart, and being one that talks much, one that goes fast, and whose Fancy far out-runs her Judgement, without considering what might be the consequences of it, she dispers'd divers Copies of them. But that you may the better know what the business came to, I must repeat them to you: They were these,

For DORINICA.

In her Presence fain would dye,
That her Fair hand might close my Eye,
And when my soul in sighs expires,
This is my Martyr she might say,
I would by some sublimer way,
But hold! Be silent my Desires;
We Dorinica must obey.

You may easily judge, that these Verses contain nothing that could with reason prejudice *Casoria*, yet made they no small noise abroad; nay such as whence were drawn very unhappy consequences. It hapned also that the last verse falling in very pertinently, as simple as it is, in regard there is something amorous in the very cadence, it became a certain frolick to quote it upon divers occasions, so that it was a general humour to say, how pertinently or impertinently, it matter'd not,

We Dorinica must Obey.

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Though there were no other reason for it then that it was become an expression *a la mode*. But at last, the business growing very common, I spoke to *Cesonia* of it with all the sincerity of a faithfull friend. I had no sooner acquainted her with what was said of her, but she blush'd, and was extremely troubled. However she was not much to seek what to do. I must needs confess (said she to me) that *Perfander* hath so carry'd himself towards me since I fell into mis-fortune, and hath so much oblig'd me, that I cannot but have for him the tendrest friendship in the World; nay I must acknowledge that unless it be when I am with you, my disturbances admit no remission, but by acquainting him therewith. But it seems I must be priv'd of that satisfaction, and I shall do it in such a manner as shall silence all the Calumny that persecutes me. This *Cesonia* spoke with so much trouble in her countenance, that I easily perceiv'd she took some strange resolution: So that I thought to have told her it was enough, if she were more circumspect in some little Occurrences, and that it were nor discreetly done absolutely to break off with *Perfander*. No, no *Platina* (said she to me) say nothing to me for I shall do what I have resolv'd; but only pity the unhappy destiny I have to struggle with. And that you may the better know how to pity me, I must acquaint you, my dear *Florina*, with the true state of my soul, that fully understanding my frailty, you may accordingly commend me for the power I have to conceal it. Know then that I have ever had a violent inclination for *Perfander*, and onely an ordinary esteem for *Turmus*; and that if I had not believ'd the latter lov'd me incomparably beyond the other, and that it was a greater pleasure to be lov'd then to love, I had never married him. But that which makes up my present punishment is that *Turmus*'s inconstancy hath rais'd in me a detestation of him, and the constancy of *Perfander* hath rais'd in me a love of him. The Gods know (added she, blushing) whether I have not equally resist'd both the hatred I have for *Turmus*, and the affection I have for *Perfander*, and notwithstanding these two Passions, made a strong resolution to live contentedly with him whom I hate, and by all means possible to conceal my affections from him whom I love. But all consider'd, I cannot but so far resent the injury *Turmus* hath done me in ceasing to love me, as soon as he was assur'd of me, and am so sensible of the obligation *Perfander* hath put upon me by continuing his affection, when he can hope to receive no visible expression of mine, that I easily foresee that through these two opposite apprehensions, I shall lead the most wretched life in the World, especially since I must wastle with them as long as I live.

I should never have done if I should acquaint you with all *Cesonia* said to me, and what answers I made her. But as we were thus engag'd, *Perfander* comes into the house; and one of *Cesonia*'s women being come into her Cloiet (where we were to give her notice of it) she gave order he should be brought in. He was no sooner entred, but she seeing there was none but we three, and fixing her eyes full of sadness and melancholy upon him, I beseech you *Perfander* (said she to him) do me the favour to promise me to think never the worse of me, when you shall understand a certain request I have to make to you.

Ah Madam (said he to her) though you desir'd my death, I should not take it ill at your hands, and therefore you may assure your self you cannot make any request to me that shall oblige me to hate you. But Madam (added he) What strange request is it you have to make to me? I am first to intreat you (repl'd she) to be confident that I have for you the greatest esteem imaginable and acknowledge my self infinitely oblig'd to you. But that done, I am to intreat you, to tell me whether it be true or no that you have for the unfortunate *Cesonia*, a most tender and a most dis-interested Friendship. For Friendship Madam (said he to her) I know not whether I have any; but for affection, I dare assure you, never had any man so much as I have for you, and that if I were to lose my life to make good this truth, I should do it cheerfully. No *Perfander* (repl'd she) you shall not need to do any thing of that nature, and without losing your life, it shall suffice only that you hence forward lose all sight of me. Ah Madam, how cruell is that word

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only, and how little does it oblige me? For I think it more insupportable to be ever depriv'd of your sight then of my life. But Madam, do you speak to me in good earnest? I do *Perfander* (said she to him) and *Plotina* shall tell you the reason of it. Whereupon I told *Perfander* what scandalous reports were scatter'd up and down, whereof he had not heard any thing before; for being of a nature very sensible as to reputation, his friends durst not tell him any thing. I had no sooner acquainted him therewith, but *Perfander* casting himself on his knees at *Casonia's* feet, alais Madam (said he to her) can you lay this mis-fortune to my charge; to mine I say who love you without acquainting you with so much, and have that power over my self, as to conceal the most eager and most violent Passion that ever was? However divine *Casonia* (continued this afflicted Lover) I shall willingly not be innocent, and to make me guilty, there shall need no more then that my love hath caus'd you the least disquiet. But, Madam, all criminals are not banish'd, there are more kinds of punishment then one. No, no *Perfander* (repli'd *Casonia*) forcing him to rise up, I wish not your banishment as a punishment, but as a remedy for the evil I suffer; for certainly it is not just, that I being at the same time unfortunate and innocent should be thought guilty, when I am not. If therefore it be true that you love me, resolve to chuse one of these two things. Ah Madam, (cries he) how difficult do I think the choice you put me to, though I know not yet what you would say to me: Howere it be (said *Casonia*) there is no other expedient left: But once more, Madam (repli'd he) what choice is it you put me to? That you would either quit *Ardea* (repli'd she) and never come into it, or at least not of a long time; or that you would marry, and never see me after, but when you cannot possibly avoid it. Ah Madam (cries he) into what a strange extremity have you reduc'd me? Ah *Perfander* (repli'd she) what an unhappy conjuncture am I in for your sake? Reputation I value above all things, and though I have done nothing whereby mine should be prejudic'd, yet am I in a fair likelihood to lose it; if therefore you love me, and own any true Generosity, assist me to preserve that which once lost you cannot restore. I give you two days to take your choice of these two things I have propos'd to you; and if you do it not, I shall be more dissatisfi'd with you then with *TURNUS*.

Hereupon *Perfander* made a thousand fruitless expostulations, and propos'd a many several expedients; for, he was content not to see *Casonia* any more at her house, conditionally he might see her sometimes at my Chamber; nay he at last came down so low, as that he would not speak to her any where, provided he might write to her; but there being in things of this nature a certain mystery and obligation, *Casonia* would not by any means engage her self. She told him he must obey, that he lov'd her not, if he prefer'd not her reputation before all things; and that she would absolutely hate him, if he resolv'd not either to marry, or absent himself for ever.

To tell you all they said one to another, and what I said to both, were to presume too much upon your patience. But I shall tell you, that since there have been Lovers, there were not any that pass'd two such long and cruel daies, as those *Perfander* spent in making this dreadful choice. For when he thought on this perpetual, or at best very long absence, he was no longer Master of his own thoughts, nor indeed of his words: Never to see *Casonia*, seem'd to him a thing so cruel, that he thought death it self more supportable. On the other side, when he thought of marrying, he had such a horrid aversion thereto, that he could hardly admit any Treaty of it: he thought he could not in honour marry one he should not love; and love inspir'd him with apprehensions so opposite to those of marriage that he could not take any resolution that way. Not but that it was some ease for him to think that he might at least remain by that means in *Ardea*, that he might see *Casonia* in the Temples whether she would or not, and flatter'd himself with a hope that she might change her mind. But for this eternal absence, that which troubled him most in it, was, that he believ'd *Casonia* would forget him: So that how great soever his aversion to marriage might be, yet he thought it spoke some-
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thing more amorous, not to leave *Casoria*, then eternally to forsake her: Nevertheless he could not resolve in the time *Casoria* appointed him, but spent eight days in bemoaning himself, and doing nothing but writing Letters to me, to entreat me to get an arrest of that cruel Judgement: *Casoria* avoiding all Interviews in that time. But at last *Casoria* understanding there were divers reports abroad, which gave people occasion to think there was some secret correspondence between her and *Perfander*, sent him word, that it was her absolute Will he should take his choice: So that this unfortunate Lover looking on this Removal as absolutely insupportable, and thinking it would be conceiv'd extravagant, was content to Marry, conditionally *Casoria* made choice of a Wife for him; for there were three or four Ladies whereof his Friends propos'd to him the choice. But if *Perfander* was much troubled to chuse, *Casoria* was no less to advise him; yet at last finding that she who had the greatest Fortune had the least Beauty, she gave me order to name her to *Perfander*, who was very much pleas'd with an imagination, that *Casoria* pitching on a Wife for him that was not over-handsome, might do it out of some considerations of kindness to him. But *Casoria*'s Design took not, for the Friends of that Lady having heard the reports of the loves of *Perfander* and *Casoria* chang'd their minds, and answer'd him, that they thought not their Daughter handsome enough to cure *Perfander* of so violent a Passion. This unhappy Lover therefore was forc'd to address himself to another, who certainly was as indifferent to him as the former; but was questionless much the handsomer; and to be short, the Marriage was talk'd of as a thing absolutely concluded.

No sooner were all parties agreed, but *Casoria* was infinitely troubled at it, and was so much incens'd against *Perfander*, that she could not be more exasperated against *Turnus*, then she was against him. Nevertheless she durst not at first discover her apprehensions of it; but I soon observing she was fallen into a new discontent, tormented at last into a confession, that she was extremely vex'd that *Perfander* had chosen rather to marry, then to depart. For in fine, said she, if he lov'd me so much as he would make me believe, he could never have consented to marry, especially with so great a Beauty as he is now to have: but certainly the reason of that is, that I am destin'd to the experience of all kinds of Inconstancy: *Turnus* as soon as he became my Husband, ceas'd to be my Lover, and *Perfander*, who Pretends so much obstinacy in love, will certainly become a Lover of his wife, as soon as he shall have marry'd one. But, said I to her, what concerns it you, whether he loves her, or loves her not, since you will never see him more, and are absolutely resolv'd never to receive a gallant Letter from *Perfander*? I know I am much to blame, said she to me, and I am so disorder'd to see my own weakness, and the humours of my apprehensions, that I blush at it; for certainly I shall never see *Perfander*, I shall never receive either Verse or Prose from him, that shall mention his Love; and *Turnus*, how inconstant soever he may be, shall, if ever he return, find me faithful to him. But when all is done, I cannot but be troubled that *Perfander* marries, and marries one he can love. But said I to her, you have put the choice upon him: I confess it, reply'd she, but I expected not he should have made the choice he hath. It is not yet too late, reply'd I, for I am confident *Perfander* hath so much aversion from marrying, that if you but let him know your dislike of it, he will give over all thought thereof. No, no *Plotina*, reply'd she, it is now too late, for I wish'd *Perfander* might not marry, and since he thinks it fit to do so, there is no remedy; and if you acquaint him with the strangeness of my resentments, I should never endure the sight of you. This *Casoria* spoke with so much earnestness, that I durst not disobey her; so that *Perfander* thinking he did a thing at least acceptable to *Casoria*, married. But the day before his Wedding, I saw him so pensive, and found *Casoria* so melancholy, that it may be said, never any Marriage caus'd so much heaviness. In the mean time, *Perfander* being a person of much honour, he had for his wife all possible Civility, and somewhat the more, in regard he consider'd it as a means to stifle the rumors, which had been so prejudicial to *Casoria*. So that gaining hereby the reputation of a good husband

in *Ardea*, he soon got that of an ill Lover with *Casoria*. Thus having two Insecurities to deal with at the same time, she fell into a hatred of all men in general. She would never meet with *Perfander* in any place where he might take any occasion to speak to her; and she so carefully avoided him, that though he was very desirous to acquaint her with what he suffer'd for her sake, he could never have the opportunity. And indeed it is certain, there never was man more unhappy then he was at that time, for though his wife were excellently handsome, yet was she an insupportable burthen to him; & his imagination was so full of *Casoria*, that he could not think of any thing else. But at last it chanc'd that a Chariot of *Casoria's* hapning to break two miles from *Ardea*, *Perfander* passing by casually in another, found her in that perplexity. Being very glad of so favourable an opportunity, he comes out, and entreats her to make use of his; nay, offers not to come in himself, and to take a horse from one of his servants that follow'd the Chariot. *Casoria* at first would by no means be entreated, but I being with her, told her it was no time to stand upon punctilio's, that it was better to accept the proffer *Perfander* made, then to lie in the fields all night, that the affectation of not receiving such an office, would questionless be ill interpreted, and that it were not fit he got on horse-back, whereupon she took my advice.

Now *Casoria* and *Perfander* having not spoken one to another since that days conversation whereof I told you before, they were both in no small disturbance. But at last *Perfander* whispering broke forth first: Well Madam, said he to her, you would needs be obey'd, and might it please the Gods you knew what I suffer in obeying you, and how dearly I purchase your reputation. You have made so good a choice, reply'd she blushing, that I think you are rewarded for the service you have done me, by the very doing of them, and consequently, I am not so much as to give you thanks; for when all's done, it is a greater pleasure to be husband to a handsome wife whom a man loves, then to be banish'd. *Casoria* spoke this with a certain accent, which satisfi'd *Perfander* that there was some resentment of displeasure and jealousy in the heart of this excellent Beauty, whereat being both much surpriz'd, and much troubled, he entreated her to express her thoughts more clearly, but she would not hear of it; and all he could get from her was, that she forbade him ever to see her. *Perfander* who lov'd her now better then he had ever, having left *Casoria* at home, brought me also to my chamber; and being very importunate to know the true thoughts of my Friend, I told him something of what I knew; for I thought the condition those two Lovers were in, so strange, that I could not but speak of it: I shall not repeat to you all he said to me, but shall only tell you, he seem'd to be so afflicted that *Casoria* should imagine he lov'd his wife, and that he had not made such a choice as satisfi'd her of the greatness of his affection, that it much pitied me. But at last taking a resolution to cure *Casoria* of this jealousy, though he knew he was not to expect any thing from her, he took the pretence his affairs furnish'd him with, to go to travel. By this means he left *Ardea* soon after his marriage, as *Turnus* had, though for different reasons. But at his departure from *Ardea*, he writ a letter to *Casoria*, so passionate, and so full of respect and tenderness, that I think Love never dictat'd such another; and indeed it was receiv'd by *Casoria* with a very sensible sorrow, though checquer'd with a certain joy to see *Perfander* more constant then she had thought him. But presently after she condemn'd her self for it, and was so far from being satisfi'd, that she would often say to me, that she thought her self so highly blameable, how virtuous sooner she might be, that she durst not examine her true apprehensions.

In the mean time *Turnus* after a years travel, returns, who being a man virtuous, though very inconstant, he complemented *Casoria* with the greatest kindness in the world: but his kindness was without eagerness, without transport, and without Love, and that which was most strange of all, was, that as soon as he was return'd, he fell in love with *Perfander's* wife; and having met with one of those pick-thanks who are always the messengers of ill news, that gave him some particulars of what had been said of *Casoria*, he became jealous of his own wife at the

same time when he fell in love with his Friend's. Thus was the unfortunate *Casoria* ore-whelm'd with all kinds of Disgraces; for she had a husband that was both jealous, and in love at the same time; she was her self guilty of both love and jealousy; the presence of her Husband was burdensome to her, the absence of *Persander* she was not able to bear, though she would not have him recall'd; and for *Persander*, he only was absolutely miserable, as being void of all hope of ever being otherwise.

In the mean time *Persander's* wife being a vertuous woman, gave *Turnus* but very cold entertainment, but love being commonly exasperated by opposition, his passion grew so violent, that conceiving it might make much for him, he told her that *Persander* was still in love with *Casoria*. But she answer'd him, that since *Casoria* was true to him after all his Inconstancies, she would be the like to *Persander*, though he should not have chang'd his passion when he marry'd her.

On the other side, some body having written to *Persander* that *Turnus* was fallen in love with his wife (who was called *Danae*) and that not very privately, he thought it the less dangerous if he pretended to be in love with his, nay conceiv'd he should not much offend *Casoria* thereby: whereupon he returns to *Ardea*. He was no sooner arriv'd, but *Turnus* came to see him, with all the eagerness of a Lover who would be well thought of by a man whose Wife he is in love with: Not but that he consider'd the Visits he then gave *Persander* opened *Persander* the way to his House; but being above all things confident of his Wifes Vertue, he chose rather to give *Persander* occasion to see *Casoria*, then miss his opportunities of seeing *Danae*: So that the beginning of this Society had in it something infinitely pleasant: But at length the apprehensions of these four persons were so disorder'd, that there never was heard any thing of the like nature: For not only *Persander* and *Turnus* broke all to pieces, but it withal made a division of the whole City; and there are in this adventure an hundred remarkable particulars, which were too long to relate. Twice they took up Arms upon the account of these two Factions, whereof the Loves of *Persander* and *Turnus* were the cause or the pretense: Divers Duels were fought, very fatal to some; it was an ordinary question in all companies, whether one were *Persander* or *Turnus*, for these two Lovers had deriv'd their names to all of their party. They had also their different colours, and things came at last to that height, that people were in a general expectation of an Insurrection in *Ardea*; for there wanted not those who would gladly have fastned on such an occasion to compass their own ends, and possess themselves of Authority. On the contrary, all discreet and well-affected persons, vainly troubled themselves to find out some expedients to give check to so great a disorder. But at last, when all the world could not imagine any remedy for so great a mischief, I found out a way adventurous 'tis true, but withal necessary; which was to propose to *Persander* and *Turnus* to make a publike and legitimate exchange. For there having hapned among us within some time divers examples of repudiation, I found that both Religion and the Laws, authoriz'd by Custome, permitting that *Persander* might forsake *Danae*, and marry *Casoria*, and *Turnus* quit *Casoria*, and marry *Danae*; I found I say, that neither of both having any children, and their Fortunes being equal, there needed no more, to reconcile these two Families, and restore and establish Peace in *Ardea*, by taking away all pretenses from the factious, who aim'd only at the publike disturbance, then that these two women should shift houses.

But though *Persander* and *Turnus* easily saw their own happiness by the expedient I propos'd to them, yet a fantastick reflection of hatred hindered them at first to consent to one another's happiness; insomuch that *Turnus* to hinder *Persander* from marrying *Casoria*, would chuse rather not to marry *Danae*, and *Persander* to hinder *Turnus* from the possession of *Danae*, would never meddle with *Casoria*. But at last Love growing predominant, their eyes were open'd to see Reason in what I propos'd, and joyntly entreated my mediation in a business which they thought not very difficult to bring to effect, for it had the verdict of the Laws; what had late-

ly hapned, confirm'd the Law by Custome; their Friends should in all likelihood easily consent thereto, and the two women should not probably hinder it. It was not impossible, but that *Danae* being convinc'd that her husband never had any affection for her, but an infinite love for *Casonia*, would think it an advantage to lose a Husband that lov'd her not, to gain another who dy'd for love of her. As for *Casonia*, it might be thought she should be glad to exchange an inconstant man for one who had ever faithfully lov'd her, and whom she dearly affected, though she had with much care conceal'd it.

But these two women made all the difficulty that was; for *Casonia* held that love expir'd when marriage was admitted, and for that reason she would sit down with the loss of one Lover by marrying *Turnus*, and would not expose her self to the loss of another by marrying *Persander*; that consequently she chose rather to be miserable all her life in the manner she now was, then to fall into some way of misfortune, more insupportable then the other. But *Danae* was much more hard to be prevail'd with: I beseech you, (said she to me, when I press'd her to follow my advice) force me not to acquaint you with all my thoughts, since they are much different from yours. I confess (added she) I have a Husband that hath a violent passion for *Casonia*, but since he is a discreet and moderate person, I am confident he will never slight me the more for it, and that I shall never have any other cause to complain of him: Nor can I charge him with having deceiv'd me, for I have married him before he ever told me that he lov'd me: But for *Turnus*, as inviting as he is, he would make me absolutely miserable; for when he married *Casonia*, he infinitely lov'd her; I am not so great a Beauty as she, and therefore since he hath been inconstant to that divine person, he must needs prove so to me: by which means I should be the Victim of *Persander* and *Casonia*, and be much more miserable then I am already. But you consider not (said I to her) that if you further not this design, you will incur the hatred of *Persander*, for it is impossible a Lover should not hate whatever hinders him from possessing his Mistress.

For *Casonia* I us'd no other argument to her then the constancy of *Persander*, to bring her to reason: yet these two Women had much ado to be brought to this exchange, particularly out of considerations of Modesty; and if their Friends had not forc'd them, and made it appear how far it concern'd their Country, the business had never been done. But at last, this private being become a publick Interest, and the chief Pillars of Religion and Civil Magistracy interposing therein, the exchange was made in the Temple of *Concord*, but without much ceremony, because *Casonia* and *Danae* would have it so. I shall not trouble you with what pass'd between these four persons at this meeting: nor acquaint you with the joy of *Persander* and *Turnus*, or the satisfaction of *Casonia* to see her self rid of an inconstant Husband, and in the power of a faithful Lover: But I shall tell you that *Danae*, who certainly was not a little taken with *Turnus*, was not mistaken in her conjectures; and that this lovely, but inconstant person, soon after his marriage, began a-new his Love-fallies, which he continued till death put a period to them; for he was kill'd, expressing a great and high Courage, when *Tarquin* made his approaches to *Ardea*. But that which was most observable, was, that it hath been discover'd since his death, that he was fallen in love again with *Casonia*, meerly through his humour of Inconstancy; for he had confess'd as much to one of his Friends. As for *Persander*, he hath continued the most constant Lover in the world; and indeed, he was loth *Casonia* should be expos'd to the inconveniences of a long siege, though she was desirous not to forsake him; and it was upon that account, as you know, that we went along with you out of *Ardea*, when we were taken by some of *Tarquin's* Troops, notwithstanding all the Valour of *Aronces*, *Herminius*, and *Celeres*. I would also particularly tell *Amilcar*, that *Persander*, after the death of *Turnus*, took *Danae* into his care, and sent her out of the City with us. I have further understood this very morning by one of our Guards, that *Persander* is as importunate for the deliverance of *Danae*, as of the other Captives, and that he is not only constantly Faithful in his Love, but withal constantly Generous and Just.

Plotina had no sooner given over speaking, but *Amilcar* began to thank her that she had kill'd *Turnus* in her Relation; for in fine, said he, I have a very good friend call'd *Zenocrates*, who pretends something as well as I, to the pleasure and reputation which infallibly attend those who are ingeniously and fortunately inconstant; and yet he would be forc'd to confess, that *Turnus* was a thousand times more inconstant than we. Now you know (added he with that seriousness which he sometimes affects when he is minded to act a Vice) when a man would do any thing, he is very proud to be perfect, and the best at it: I am therefore much oblig'd to you for *Turnus's* death, who had far out-run *Zenocrates* and me in Inconstancy. Not but that he hath receiv'd much Injustice; for when all is done, they should not have summ'd up amongst his inconstancies the changes of his Love to *Cassia* and *Danae* when he had married them; for as you know, it is not much the mode that Husbands should be in love with their Wives. I assure you, reply'd *Plotina*, *Perjander* is still with his, will be as long as he lives, and there is no other difference between what he hath been, and what he now is, but that he is not so great a Gallant in publick as he was wont; but for the resentments of his soul, they are as full of tenderness, passion, and respect, as they were when he was but Rival to *Turnus*. And for my part, I know nothing so unjust as the procedure of those people who spend five or six yeers in sighing and groaning, and doing whatever lies in their power to gain a woman they love, and, having married her, slight her the next day.

As *Plotina* was speaking thus, a great noise was heard in the Court, insomuch that *Clelia* being frightned with it, as being in a condition of alwaies fearing some new misfortune, *Plotina* went into a little with-drawing room, which had a little grate that look'd into the Court whence the noise was heard. Opening it hastily to see what the matter was, she saw people bring in his body, who had promis'd to deliver *Clelia*: Whereupon returning into the chamber, Ah Madam cry'd she, you are not yet come to the period of your misfortunes, for he who should have terminated them, is dead. At these words *Clelia* and *Amilcar* were extremely surpris'd, and could not well apprehend what she would say: But having express'd her self more clearly, and *Amilcar* not knowing how to believe her, he went into the place whence she had seen what she spoke of, and saw the body of this pretended Deliverer of *Clelia*, which they had newly brought in, and an infinite number of people hearkning to those that brought it, who related to such as knew it not, how the misfortune hapned. So that *Amilcar* returning into *Clelia's* chamber with much sadness in his countenance, she doubted not but what *Plotina* had said was true, and was extremely troubled at it: Yet could she not for the present comprehend all the malice of her Fortune, and little suspected as well as *Amilcar*, that *Aronces* had kill'd this man, whose death hapned in so unfortunate a conjuncture.

In the mean time *Amilcar* conceiving it necessary he saw *Tullia*, to perswade her to take this occasion to deliver *Clelia*, before *Tarquin* should dispose the Guard into another hand, was extremely troubled that he could not get out, for that he who commanded in the absence of the Captain of the Guard, who was dead, was so employ'd about knowing how it had hapned, that there was no possibility of speaking to him. It was therefore to no purpose that *Amilcar* should call to the Guard which was in *Clelia's* outer-chamber to get out, he was forc'd to stay above four hours ere he could get the door open; but at last he got out, having put *Clelia* and *Plotina* into the best hopes he could, though he conceiv'd not much himself.

As soon as he got out, he went to *Tullia*, who discover'd an extraordinary trouble at this accident. But Madam, said *Amilcar* to her, I humbly conceive that before the King send any new Orders for the Guarding of the Captives, it were fit you set them at Liberty. Ah, *Amilcar*, said she to him, it is a thing now absolutely impossible: for the Lieutenant to him that is dead, who is now in full power, and pretends to his place, is so faithful to *Tarquin*, that there is no likelihood of corrupting him; and I am but too much given to believe by reason of this accident, that

that good Fortune begins to shake hands with me, for it hath hapned very strangely. To be short (added he) I cannot so much as know who hath kill'd this man, whose life contributed so much to my quiet; and all that I can say of it is, that the fire began at *Brutus's* Aunts, that it is said there were some secret enemies of *Tarquin's* seen in the same street disguis'd; that they endeavour'd to secure them; and that this man was kill'd by some one whose name cannot be learn'd: and it hath hapned that the stupid *Brutus* drew his Sword against the King's Officers; But he hath withal so little sense, that he hath been here, as if he had done nothing amiss, and were confident his stupidity should free him from the punishment he deserves. So that considering by what an adventure my Design is cross'd, and satisfi'd there must be some Plot which I cannot discover, I must needs (if *Tarquin* change not his mind) take some extraordinary resolution: for if I were to set *Rome* on fire, to avoid being slighted by a Daughter of *Clelia's*, I will rather begin with the Palace where she is imprison'd, then suffer my self to be made the slave of a slave, though I should perish my self in the fire I had kindled. The cruel *Tullia* spoke this with so much expression of Fury in her looks, that *Amilcar* was in some doubt that she who had made no Conscience to pass through her Father's body to get into the Throne, might easily be drawn into some extravagant resolution. He therefore told her it were not amiss to stay till the end of the Treaty, or of the Siege, before she resolv'd on any thing, and that in the mean time, he would do her what service he could with *Tarquin*.

Upon this *Spiritus Lucretius* (who was then Governour of *Rome*) came to acquaint her, that certainly there must be some secret conspiracy in the City, in regard he had been advertis'd of some night-meetings in divers places, and that it was requisite some end were put to the Siege of *Ardea*, lest the absense of *Tarquin* might occasion some rising. 'Tis true *Lucretius* spoke not this aloud; insomuch that *Amilcar* seeing he whisper'd, departed, and came to *Racilia's*. But he was much surpris'd to see the house half burnt, and not to find there neither *Aronces*, *Brutus*, *Herminius*, *Racilia*, nor *Hermilia*. Not knowing therefore what to think, he went to *Svelia's*, where he learn'd the truth, and where *Brutus* came soon after, with whom he conferr'd about what was most fit to be done: for considering how things stood, it seem'd necessary they knew what pass'd in the Camp, and yet it was withal requisite *Amilcar* remain'd with *Tullia*. Whereupon *Brutus* offer'd to go to *Tarquin*, for though nothing were communicated to him, yet was he fitter to observe what was done, then any other, as being not mistrusted by any. Besides that having been made Tribune of the *Celeres* (which was a kind of Horse-guard first rais'd by *Romulus*) he had then some pretence to go to the King about something that related to his employment, which should signifie no more then to confirm *Tarquin* in the opinion of his incapacity: and to speak truly, *Tarquin* had not bestow'd it on him, had it not been to disappoint another of more ability to discharge it; there being at that time no employment gotten by election, but all being at the sole disposal of the Tyrant.

Brutus therefore took a resolution to go to the Camp, to discover what pass'd there, that so he might acquaint those who were employ'd about the deliverance of *Rome*, the liberty of *Clelia*, and safety of *Aronces*. But in his way thither he took that house of *Valerius's*, where *Aronces* was, to whom he deliver'd *Clelia's* letter, which he had receiv'd from *Amilcar*, and withal acquainted him, that he was not charg'd with any thing had pass'd, as also neither *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, nor *Celeres*. He told them however, it was not fit they return'd to *Rome* before this Tumult were appeas'd, and that it were known what *Tarquin* said of it.

Herminius in the mean time whose purpose it was to get into *Ardea*, was detain'd by *Aronces* till the very last day of the Cessation. But *Tarquin* having some suspicion of *Valerius*, *Brutus* told them he thought it not safe for them to stay in that place, so that he advis'd them to go along with him as soon as it were night, assuring them he would bring them to a certain house of *Collasia* where they should be more

secure. But (repl'd *Herminius*) you consider not that *Collatine* is Lord of *Collatia*; Pardon me (rep'd he) but I know *Collatine* is in the Camp, and that he sees *Lucretia* but very seldom; besides the house to which I would bring you, stands alone far from any other; the Master of it, is one that hath neither Wife nor Children, one that hath a dependance on me, and may be trusted. This said, *Brutus* was no further oppos'd; and *Valerius* who was present, being of the same mind, they went away that evening together, and *Brutus* conducted his friends to that mans house where he himself had lodg'd, when he saw *Lucretia* in the Garden, which was the last time that ever he spoke to her. For from that time he had not so much as the sight of her, so carefully had she avoided all interviews with him, and endeavour'd to live a retir'd and solitary life. The Moon shining very bright, as this illustrious Troop came near *Collatia*, *Brutus* discover'd the house where *Lucretia* liv'd; whereupon not being able to keep from sighing, *Aronces* who was next him, over-heard it, and ask'd him the reason of it. Alas (said he to him) can I possibly see the house where the attractive *Lucretia* lives, and not sigh. Ah my dear *Brutus* (said *Aronces* to him) though your grief be just, yet is it not so well grounded as mine; for as to *Lucretia*, you fear neither her death nor the exorbitance of a Tyrant. 'Tis true, the punishment of my love consists not in fear (repl'd he) but I feel something worse then the most horrid fear, since I am certain never to have any society with the Divine *Lucretia*, and having at the same time a love for her, and a hatred for *Tarquin*, my soul struggles with two violent Passions, without any hope to satisfy them; for though I am continually plotting against this cruel Tyrant, yet my Reason tells me, I shall never destroy him; so that I rather contrive my own destruction, and am busied to deceive myself, then do any advantageous service to my Country: *Aronces* answer'd *Brutus* as might be expected from an unfortunate Lover, that is, as a man who thought himself the most miserable of all Lovers; for as we think not the misfortunes past, less then those we suffer; but in as much as the sence of them is past, so does not any man believe the misfortunes of another lesse then his own, but because he is not sensible of them.

But at length *Brutus* having dispos'd his friends into that mans house who was so faithfull to him, took his way to the Camp, where he arriv'd just upon the departure of *Sexsus*, who was gone no body knew whither. As soon as he came, he went to see *Tarquin*, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who having already heard of the burning of *Racilius* house, the death of the Captain of the Guard, and the tumult which follow'd in *Rome*, ask'd him what news he brought; but he much wondred that they knew not what he had done in the adventure, and it seems *Tullia*; and those who had sent *Tarquin* the account of it, gave so little heed to what *Brutus* had done, that they had quite forgot to acquaint this Prince that he was any way concern'd in the disorder. He was also very glad to see that *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres* were not at all accus'd.

But the Prince of *Pometia*, who had an infinite affection for *Hermilia*, was more inquisitive into the accident of the fire, so to be satisfi'd what was become of her. 'Tis true, *Brutus* answer'd so impertinently to what was ask'd him, that this Prince was not much more satisfi'd then before; nor indeed had *Brutus* any other business there, then to hear what was said. He therefore understood that the Treaty of *Ardea* was still in the same Posture, and that there was no great hope of any alteration: *Tarquin* being willing to deliver up all the Captives but *Clelia*, but would by no means hear of dismissing her. But *Horatius* who was grown very powerfull in *Ardea*, oblig'd the people of that City to demand the liberty of *Clelia*, as well as *Cassius*, *Plotina*, *Danae*; and their friends. The Envoy of the King of *Clusium* made a great stir that there was no news of *Aronces*, and imploy'd all the Interest he could to hinder *Clelia* from coming into the hands of those of *Ardea*. But he might have spar'd both his fear and pains, for *Tarquin's* Passion was obstacle enough.

Things being in this posture, *Tullia* and *Lucretius* sent severally to *Tarquin*, and those who were sent by them came into his Tent while *Brutus* was there, which the

Tyrant

Tyrant took no notice of. *Brutus* by this means, hearing what was said to *Tarquin* as being not bidden by any one to withdraw, he understood that the Messenger from *Tullia* told him, that she had at last discover'd that *Herminius* lay conceal'd in *Rome*; that it was he whom the Captain of the Guard would have secur'd; that *Aronces* with three other friends had reliev'd *Herminius*, that they had left *Rome*; and therefore it lay upon him to find them out. On the other side, *Lucretius* particularly acquainted *Tarquin* that he had discover'd that *Tullia* endeavour'd to get the Captives into her own power, though he knew not the reason of it; and that he had understood that some persons had lain conceal'd at *Valerius's* Country house, who were gone thence towards *Collatia*. But within two hours after *Lucretius* himself arrives, to acquaint *Tarquin* that since he had sent to him, he had been credibly inform'd that those who had lain hid at *Valerius's*, were for certain at *Collatia* or at least had been there. So that *Tarquin* being exasperated at so many unlucky reports, gave out divers unjust and violent orders. And *Clelia* being that which at that time found his mind most employment, he resolv'd to have her brought to the Camp, that so she might not be at the disposal of *Tullia*, saying aloud to one of those Creatures who promoted his Passions, that she should absolutely either falsifie his love, or his revenge. For *Herminius*, his purpose was to promise extraordinary rewards to those that should bring him either dead or alive. He resolv'd to make the same promises to those that should bring *Aronces* to him; and for *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres*, he was extremely incens'd at what they had done.

Brutus understanding so many things of so great consequence together, none having the least fear or suspicion of him, thought fit his friends at *Collatia* had notice thereof. But not knowing well how to trust any other with what he knew, he resolv'd to go himself to the place where he had left them, to bid them depart thence. Yet could he not go till the next morning, lest his departure might be suspected. But as he was ready to depart, the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, who were going to *Rome* to see *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, ask'd him whether he would follow them, supposing he was also bound for *Rome*. Besides that, they were much taken with *Brutus's* affected simplicity; especially ever since he had accompani'd them in their journey to *Delphi*, when *Tarquin* frighten'd by a Prodigie, had sent these two Princes to the Oracle at *Delphi*, to know the meaning of it, though till that time, they alwaies sent upon such occasions into *Thuscany*. Now *Brutus* had behav'd himself so ingenuously in this voyage, that without discovering his understanding, he had diverted them very much. But he had carried himself more cunningly then they thought, for he had brought an offering to *Delphi*, though they perceiv'd it not, which was in some measure a representation of his understanding. For he had caus'd a kind of Golden Scepter to be inclos'd in one of those staves which men carry rather out of grave Custom, or as a badge of Authority, then for necessity; to intimate to Posterity at least, that his understanding lay conceal'd under a gross stupidity, as that precious offering was inclos'd within a piece of Wood of little value. Nay *Brutus* had better understood, then those Princes, the answer of the Oracle which they consulted? For they having demanded, who should Reign after *Tarquin*, the Oracle answer'd, *He who should first kiss his Mother*. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* (as witty as they were) had understood it according to the literal sense, and had put it to the chance between themselves, whether of them should first salute the cruell *Tullia*, hoping thereby to exclude Prince *Sextus* their Brother, though the first born of the Family. But *Brutus* not acquainting them with their error, found out another meaning of the words of the Oracle; for imagining, that the Earth is the common Mother of all men, he pretended to fall down, and kissing the ground, he thank'd the Gods that had put him in some hopes he should one day put a period to the reign of so cruel a Tyrant. This Hope yet was but very weak when the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus*, ask'd him to go along with them to *Rome*, as being in no small fear of *Tarquin's* cruelty, towards those persons for whom of all the world he had the greatest esteem.

But that he might omit nothing that lay in his power for their preservation, he excus'd himself to those who would have carried him to *Rome*, not but that it was his intention to go thither, as soon as he had been at *Collatia*, for he thought it necessary that *Amilcar* should employ his interest with *Tullia* for the welfare of that admirable person, without whom *Arances* could not be happy. To make therefore the best advantage of his time, he departed, purposing to go attended only by one slave: But Fortune was pleas'd to dispose otherwise of him; for *Tarquin* who was impatient to have in his power those who he was informed lay hid at *Valerius's*, and who were, or had been at *Collatia*, intreated *Collatine*, and his Father-in-law *Lucretius*, to go thither immediately, and if they were there to cause them to be secur'd, if not, to be pursu'd. Now it happen'd so fortunately that they over-took *Brutus* in a cross Road, where one way led to *Rome*, the other to *Collatia*. *Brutus* no question was not a little troubl'd at their arrival; for he easily imagin'd that *Collatine* and *Lucretius*, went not without some reason to *Collatia*.

But though he could give them no good account of his taking that way with them, yet he bore them company, they never asking why he did it; for taking no great heed to him, they fell a discoursing as freely as if he had not been there, and permitted him to follow them without so much as speaking to him. He in the mean time, desirous to dive into their design, hearkned very attentively to what they said. *Lucretius* was engag'd to *Tarquin* out of considerations of Ambition, and *Collatine* of kindred, for they were both virtuous, and detested the cruelty of that Prince. So that falling into discourse about their present employment, I know not saies *Lucretius* to *Collatine*, whether we should be glad to find what we are going to look for; for though I was heretofore the cause of *Herminius's* banishment, I would not have him now fall into the hands of *Tarquin*. But was it not you (repli'd *Collatine*) that inform'd the King that some people lay conceal'd at *Valerius's*? 'Tis true (repli'd *Lucretius*) but if I had not done it, I must have conceal'd my self; for the cruel *Tullia* knowing that I had understood so much, I was no longer Master of it: I am now satisfi'd, but too late, that *Lucretius* Mother had much reason when she would have dissuaded me from engaging my self too far into the Interests of *Tarquin*; for to measure things according to his nature, there is nothing so certain, as that he is a profess'd enemy to all that are any way ambitious, or have any love of Glory; and indeed it was the constant saying of my wife, that *Tarquin* would be the only ambitious man in the State, that those who liv'd under him must not be his Subjects, but his Slaves; that he would ever be an enemy to all persons of honour; and that I should one day be orewhelm'd with the ruines of his house, if I disintangled not my self out of his concernments. I assure you (repli'd *Collatine*) that *Lucretia* continues in the resentments of her Mother, for though she leads a very retir'd life, and seems to be nothing concern'd in those things, that are done in the World, she hath *Tarquin* in the greatest detestation that may be. She never meets with any occasion to say something which might disengage me from the interests of *Tarquin*, but she doth it with such earnestness, as I find her not subject to in any thing else. She remembers all the exorbitances of *Tarquin*, and all the cruelties of *Tullia*: She hath not forgotten even those little expressions of Generosity in words which fell from all those whom they have either banish'd or put to death, and from the constancy of so many illustrious but unfortunate persons; she draws those infallible consequences, which convince her that *Tarquin* will be ruin'd. So that she is perpetually telling me it were better to live quietly at *Collatia*, then to be so much about the King. It is long since (repli'd coldly *Lucretius*, reflecting on the Letter he had some time found) my daughter hath had a horrid aversion for *Tarquin*, though she could not well tell the reason of it, or people of her age are not ordinarily much concern'd in State-affairs.

Brutus hearing what *Lucretius* said, was much troubled at it, and felt in his heart a certain redintegration of Love which fill'd it with joy, out of an imagination he had, that he was somewhat concern'd in the hatred which *Lucretia* had for *Tarquin*, and that when she would oblige *Collatine* to disengage himself from his interest, and endeavour'd

deavour'd to persuade him that the Tyrant would be destroy'd, she call'd to mind the design which he told her he should have as long as he liv'd to ruine him. So that entertaining himself with this reflection, alack, infinitely amiable *Lucretia* (said he) is it possible that I am not banish'd out of your memory, and that the love of the unfortunate *Brutus*, contributes somewhat to the hatred you have to *Turquin*? Can I yet be happy enough to deserve the reflection of your thoughts in the midst of your solitude? But why should I doubt it (resum'd he) doth not the innocency of our affection assure me, that *Lucretia* remembers it without any disturbance of mind, and that it is the object of her most pleasant imaginations?

As *Brutus* entertain'd himself in this manner, he heard *Collatine* say to *Lucretius*, but is not that *Sextus* who crosses the road, and who follow'd onely by one Slave, seems to avoid meeting with us? 'Tis he without doubt (answer'd *Lucretius*) but since he will not be seen, let us not see him; for he is young, insolent, and fantastick; and certainly, it were not Civility to pretend to see him, since he indeavours so much to avoid it. But whence should he come now, added *Lucretius* & Princes of his humour (repl'd *Collatine*) do things so obscurely, that it must never be ask'd whence they come.

While *Lucretius* and *Collatine* were thus engag'd in discourse, and kept on their way, not pretending to see *Sextus* who cross'd the fields purposely to avoid them, *Brutus* felt somewhat in his heart which cannot admit expression; for looking on *Sextus* as a Lover of *Lucretia*, he was tempted to put his feigned stupidity in practice, and to follow and lay hold on him as a Rival, whom he abominably hated; and indeed, he might easily have quitted *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who would not have hindred him, and have pursu'd *Sextus* who had but one Slave about him no more then he. But thinking withall, that when he should have kill'd *Sextus*, Rome were not deliver'd, and that he must quit the design of delivering it, the love of his Country stiff'd in him that violent eruption of jealousy which had stirr'd him, when he saw Prince *Sextus*, who riding very fast, soon got out of their sight, whose meeting he so much avoided.

But they had scarce rid on half an hour, ere *Collatine* spies one of the Slaves that belong'd to his wife coming towards them, running as fast as he could possible, thereby discovering there was something extraordinary that oblig'd him to make such hast. So that *Collatine* coming up to him what's the reason (said he to him) that thou makest such hast? Hath *Lucretia* sent thee about some business that requires it? Right my Lord (repl'd the Slave) and I am commanded from her, to tell you and *Spiritus Lucretius*, that it concerns her very much to see you both as soon as may be possible. She further desires you, if it may be, to bring some of her intimate friends with you. But know'st thou not (repl'd *Collatine*) what hath oblig'd *Lucretia* to send thee? No my Lord (repl'd he) and I have no more to say to you then what you have heard.

Lucretius and *Collatine* not able to imagine what should oblige *Lucretia* to send for them, began to put on somewhat faster then before, not saying any thing to *Brutus*, who having a greater Curiosity to know what the matter was then they, follow'd them, they not offering to forbid him; for besides that, he was never mistrusted by any; he had also endeavour'd as much as his stupidity permitted him, to hold a fair correspondence with *Collatine*, out of a hope, that it might one day procure him the happiness to see *Lucretia*. They therefore rid all three faster then they had done before, and that without speaking to one another, every one imagining to himself what might be the occasion of this message. But for *Brutus*, his mind was in a greater disturbance then either of the other two; for it coming into his thoughts that he was to see his dear *Lucretia*, whom he had not seen, since he had had with her the most passionate, and most ravishing discourse that ever was, he had a certain trouble in his mind, which yet had something in it that was pleasant.

But at length they came to *Collatia*, where they were no sooner arriv'd, but they met *Valerius*, who having had notice that he was suspected, was going to a certain friends

friends house; so that *Lucretia* having desir'd her Father and Husband to bring some of their friends with them, they staid him; for though *Valerius* was not engag'd in the concernments of *Tarquin*, yet was he no enemy either to *Lucretius* or *Collatine*. Taking him therefore along with them, they pass'd by the house where *Aruncus*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus* and *Celsus* were. But *Brutus* did not so much as look that way; and for *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, they almost forgot they were sent to *Collatia* from *Tarquin*, so much were their minds taken up with the message they had receiv'd. Having therefore alighted, they were going into the house, and were hardly gotten to the stone walk which you come into when you have pass'd through the Court, but they spie *Lucretia*, who was on the other side in an Entry at the bottom of the stairs, but they perceiv'd her to be ruffled, pale, and melancholy, and they saw in her looks, grief, indignation, and disorder. 'Tis true, she blush'd extreamly, when intending to lift up her eyes and to speak, she met those of *Brutus*. That sight put her into such a disturbance, that she step'd back, turn'd her head aside, and was not able to bring forth that she was about to say. But at length having lifted up her eyes to Heaven, she turn'd her self towards her Father and her Husband, who seeing in what trouble his wife was, was very earnest with her to know the cause. Ah *Collatine* (said she to him) lifting up her eyes a second time to Heaven, as it were to beg its protection) if the misfortune which hath happened to me could be express'd, it were not so great as it is; but all that modesty permits me to tell you, is, that the infamous *Sextus* came into my Chamber, that he is both, the most criminal, and the most insolent of men; and I am the most unfortunate person of my Sex, though the most innocent. This known (contin'd she, with tears in her eyes) ask me no more, but be so generous, as to promise I shall be reveng'd, that you will exterminate even the whole family of the *Tarquin's*, that you will die rather than suffer them to live; and in a word, that none hereafter may know the violence I have receiv'd, but shall withall, know the revenge that follow'd it. As she deliver'd these words, *Lucretia* certainly not out of any design, met again the looks of *Brutus*; 'tis true, she presently turn'd her aside, but not till he could have perceived certain motions which seem'd to demand his particular revenge on Prince *Sextus*. Whereupon her Husband coming neer her, began to cheer her up, and promis'd to revenge her, while a faithfull woman-slave that belong'd to this afflicted Beauty, gave *Lucretius* a short account of *Sextus's* Crime, and this terrible accident which all the World hath been acquainted with; upon which, *Lucretius*, as well as *Collatine* and *Valerius*, promis'd *Lucretia* to revenge her. For *Brutus* he promis'd no otherwise then by his looks, and certain threatening gestures which he could not abstain from; for though he was desirous to speak, yet could he not possibly do it on this first apprehension, such a storm had grief, rage, indignation, love, and jealousy rais'd in him.

But these four illustrious Romans having promis'd *Lucretia* to revenge her, *Valerius* who lov'd her extreamly for her vertue, besides the relation of an ancient friend of his illustrious daughters, desir'd her not to afflict her self so much, and that she should live for the pleasure sake of seeing her self reveng'd. No, no *Valerius* (repl'd this generous person) it shall never be said that *Lucretia* hath taught the Romans by her example that a Woman can out-live her reputation. With these words, the vertuous *Lucretia* appearing more fair and resolute then before, drew a Ponyard which she had hid about her, and lifting up her hand and arm, and looking up towards Heaven, as it were to offer her self a sacrifice to those Gods whom she invoc'd, she thrust it into her breast, and fell down with her bosom all bloody, at the feet of the unfortunate *Brutus*, who had the fatal advantage to have the last of her looks, and to hear the last of her sighs. For while *Lucretius*, *Collatine* and *Valerius* were making horrid out-cries to express their astonishment and their sorrow, this unhappy Lover casts himself on the ground, snatches the Ponyard out of *Lucretia's* breast, and seeing her resigning up her last breath, in a manner as if she yet knew him, and begging his revenge, his mind was seiz'd by a certain heroick fury, which when he saw that this admirable woman was dead, rais'd him up, with the

the Ponyard all bloody in his hand, and enabled him to speak with such eloquence as the Gods seem'd to have inspir'd into him: Inſomuch, that all thoſe who in an inſtant were come from all parts of the Town, to ſee ſo ſad a ſpectacle, were ſtrange-ly ſurpriz'd to hear *Brutus*, who ſtill held up the bloody Ponyard: For he ſpoke the nobleſt things in the World, to ingage *Lucretius*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, and all that heard him, to revenge the injury done to *Lucretia*, and expel out of *Rome* the whole Family of the *Tarquins*. So that prevailing with all thoſe who heard him, both by reaſon of the admiration they had of him, and by the ſight of ſo fair and ſo ſad an object, as alſo thoſe great things he ſaid unto them, he deriv'd the fury of his own ſpirit into thoſe who heard him.

This done, he deliver'd the Ponyard into the hands of *Collatine*, and thence into thoſe of *Lucretius* and *Valerius*, and afterwards into thoſe of all that were preſent, and made them all ſwear by the chaſt blood of *Lucretia*, to revenge her death, to follow and be guided by him: Whereupon, not to ſpend time in fruitleſs tears, he ſent for *Aronces*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, and having given them the ſame Oath with the ſame Ceremony, he commanded *Lucretius* Chariot to be made ready, and aſſiſted by *Aronces*, his dear friend *Herminius*, and divers others, he put into it the fair Corps of that vertuous perſon, laid on rich Cuſhions, and cauſing the Chariot to be cover'd with a mourning Cloth, he himſelf gets on horſeback, commands all the people to follow him, and riding up and down the City of *Collatia* with this Ponyard in his hand, he preſently took his way toward *Rome*. But he was follow'd thither by all the people of *Collatia*, that were able to follow him; for as the virtue of *Lucretia*, while ſhe liv'd, rais'd her into the adoration of all; ſo being dead, did it ingage them to revenge her death; and for more ſecurity, *Valerius* ſet guards at the Gates of *Collatia*, to hinder any thing to be carried to *Tarquin*. *Brutus* therefore comes to the gates of *Rome* with a conſiderable number of armed people about him, every one having what he could get, before any notice of his coming was brought. For his part, he rid behind the Chariot of *Lucretia*, ſo that having that ſad object ſtill in his ſight, and the Ponyard wherewith *Lucretia* had kill'd her ſelf in his hand, he thought what cannot well be imagin'd, and what it was impoſſible he could have expreſs'd himſelf, love, grief, jealouſie, and rage, had put his reaſon into ſo much diſorder. He hath indeed ſince ſaid, to expreſs the greatneſs of his diſturbance, that in this emergency he minded not the Liberty of *Rome*, but in order to revenge the death of the innocent *Lucretia*, and made uſe of the Intereſt of his Country, which was ſo dear to him, only to ſa-tiſſie his Paſſion. Nor did he then think of revenging the death of his Father and Brother, and ſo much was his mind taken up with this ſad accident, that *Lucretia* was the only cauſe of this great and dangerous attempt. Nor was this deſign ſo in-conſiderate as it ſeem'd to be: For *Brutus*, *Aronces*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Zeno-crates*, *Artemidorus* and *Celeres* knew that there was in *Rome* ſo great an inclinati-on to a Revolt, and were ſo well inform'd of the great number of thoſe who were ſecret enemies to *Tarquin*, that they entertain'd ſome hopes the people might be drawn into an inſurrection, *Aronces* hoping the deliverance of *Rome* might pro-cure *Clelius* Liberty, was as zealous to break its chains, as if he had been a Roman, and was as earneſt in the revenge of *Lucretia*, as if he had been her Brother. *Herminius* for his part, had been alwaies ſo exaſperated againſt the violences of *Tarquin*, was ſo ſenſible of this adventure of his friend, and ſo mov'd at the affliction of *Brutus*, that he was as forward to revenge *Lucretia*, as if *Valeria* had receiv'd the ſame injury. For *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates* and *Celeres*, they being all vertuous and gal-lant ſouls, were eaſily drawn in to ingage in this noble attempt; and for *Valerius*, it was ſo long ſince he wiſh'd the deſtruction of *Tarquin*, and the Liberty of *Rome*, that he was eaſily concern'd in the revenge of *Lucretia*. But that which was moſt ſtrange, was that *Lucretius* and *Collatine*, who were ſent from the Camp to execute the Orders of the Tyrant at *Collatia*, and who had permitted *Brutus* to follow them without ſaying any thing to him, acknowledg'd him for their Leader, and came along with thoſe, whom had not this ſad accident happen'd, they ſhould have ſecur'd, and

conducted into the Prisons of *Tarquin*; such a change of resolutions did this strange adventure work in them, and so much respect had the great worth of *Brutus*, discovering it self so unexpectedly inspir'd into them.

On the other side, *Arances*, *Herminius*, and his friends, who had quitted *Rome* disguis'd, were now resolv'd to appear there openly. 'Tis true, they were attended by a strange multitude of people from *Collatia*, who by reason of their discontents were fit instruments to raise a Commotion in *Rome*. Besides, *Arances*, *Herminius* and *Valerius* having conferr'd together, had thought fit their friends had notice to be ready, for their force could not march very fast by reason of the Chariot which carried the Corps of *Lucretia*. They therefore sent *Celeres* before, who receiving instructions from these three excellent persons, made hast to give *Amilcar* notice to get together all their friends in the most spacious place in *Rome*, and that they should come thither arm'd. He was also to advertise the *Salij* and the *Vestals*, with whom they held intellgence, that there might be nothing wanting which might contribute to the enterprize. *Lucretius* for his part, being then Governour of *Rome*, sent Orders to those who were under him to be ready for some expedition, bidding him whom he sent not to mention what had happened to *Lucretia*. To be short, the Chariot that brought the Corps of that admirable person came to *Rome*, before any thing was suspected.

Being come to the Gates, *Brutus* who doubred not but that the sight of so sad a spectacle would move to pity and exasperate the hearts of the people, and consequently ingage them to a rising, went himself and took off the great mourning Cloath that cover'd that excellent body; but as he drew it off he turn'd his head aside to hide his trouble from *Collatine*. Whereupon, the Chariot enter'd uncover'd into the City follow'd by *Brutus* who held the bloody Ponyard in his hand, and by the Father and Husband of *Lucretia* with their eys full of tears, and by the multitude of the people that came from *Collatia*, bewailing the death of *Lucretia*. Curiosity and amazement soon seiz'd the minds of all those who were spectators of so strange a spectacle, and the same beauty of *Lucretia* which made her subject to receive the violence, contributed also to her revenge: For being but newly dead, she appear'd so admirably handfom, that the people of *Rome* who had heard so much of her beauty, and had hardly ever seen her by reason of the solitary life she led, was extremly mov'd at the sight of so many Charms; but seeing her dead, was desirous to know the cause of her death, and the rather from that multitude of people who follow'd the Chariot, and wept as they went.

This oblig'd almost all those who saw *Lucretia's* body, to follow it, and so augmented the number of those that accompani'd it, insomuch that he who conducted the Chariot being hindred by the crowd of people, was forc'd to go more softly. *Brutus* thought fit the people had time to come together, to soften and be mov'd of it self before the design absolutely broke forth, and that it were not amiss to expect till they were come to that place where they were to find their friends met together. He therefore said not a word, and riding close to *Lucretia's* Chariot, he only shew'd the people by some gesture of his hand and eys that sad object. But being come to that spacious place which is between the Capitol and the *Palatine Hill*, where they were resolv'd to rest, *Brutus* caus'd the Chariot to be staid before the Gate of the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, which *Romulus* had built in accomplishment of a vow which he had made in the time of the war with the *Sabins*.

This done, *Brutus* alighted, and got up on a place two steps high, whence, as being at that time Tribune of the *Celeres*, he had the priviledge to speak in publick on divers occasions. At first sight, in regard he was accusom'd to make known the Orders of *Tarquin*, with much simplicity to those that were under his charge, there was no body troubled himself much to hearken to what he said, all thronging to get neer *Lucretia's* Chariot, and to understand the circumstances of her death. But *Amilcar* coming in, follow'd by a great number of *Valerius*, *Herminius* and *Collatine's* friends, and those who had before heard *Brutus* speak at *Collatia*, making it their business to impose silence on the rest of the multitude; at length, this illustrious

illustrious and too too unfortunate Lover, with a fierceness in his countenance that challeng'd respect, lifted up his eyes to Heaven, and shewing to the people the Ponyard he had in his hand.

BEhold Generous Romans (said he to them with a certain accent of Authority) this is the very Ponyard which the fair and chaste Lucretia, thrust into her own heart, though as far from any crime as innocence it self. I shew it you, O ye Romans, to obtain your permission to use it against the most cruel enemy you have. 'Tis for that, that the illustrious Father of the vertuous Lucretia, and her unfortunate husband are come with tears in their eyes to demand justice of you: But that you see so many gallant men with their arms in their hands, is not so much to revenge the death of this generous Roman Lady, as to deliver you out of Slavery. This is the day, generous Romans, that you must shake off the Yoke of the outrageous Tarquin and the cruel Tullia. The blood of Lucretia had made Heaven propitious to you, and the injury she hath received from the eldest Son of your Tyrant, engageth all the Gods so far to revenge her death, that though you should not concern your selves in it, I am confident the same Gods who have inspir'd into me the attempt of turning him out of the Throne which he hath usurp'd, will take vengeance of his presumption; and will also punish you for your baseness, if you joyne not with so many gallant men, who are resolv'd to die this day, and be sacrific'd neer the body of the chaste Lucretia, rather then continue their subjection to the most abominable Tyrant in the World.

Brutus pronounc'd these words with such a noble confidence that the people of Rome astonish'd to hear him speak after that manner, was really perswaded the Gods had done a miracle on him, that the great understanding he then express'd was inspir'd into him; that they ought to look on him as a Messenger from Heaven; that they should hearken to him with respect, and follow his directions; so easie a matter it is, to dispose of the minds of the people, when one knows how to make use of those things whereby they are surpriz'd. So that after a great noise of acclamations, every one crying silence, the whole multitude became so strangely quiet, that Brutus drawing a happy Presage from the attention they gave him, continu'd in these words.

I Have already told you, generous Romans, continu'd he, that this was the day design'd for your Liberty, and I tell it you once more. This certainly is the day that you shall recover your own just Authority; since that it is of you that Lucretius and Collatine demand justice for the violence the chaste Lucretia hath receiv'd from the insolent Sextus. But alas, who can say he ever saw a crime equal to this of his? For suppose this injury of Sextus had been done to one of your Slaves, it were capital according to our Laws. But, generous Romans, you are not to learn that Lucretia was of a very noble blood, descended of a Family very considerable in Rome, even before the first of the Tarquins, had so much as thought of leaving Greece to come into Italy. You know further, that she was admir'd for her vertue, that she was Daughter to the Governour of Rome, and wife to a neer Kinsman of Tarquin. But it seems neither the consideration of blood, nor that of Hos-

pitality, nor the obligations of humane or divine Laws, nor any respect of the Pénatial Gods, witnesses of the presumptuous fury of Sextus, had the power to divert him from committing a crime so abominable, that it can hardly be express'd, and such as the vertuous Lucretia though she contributed nothing thereto, could indure to out-live, and hath chosen rather to die than to be in a condition to be guilty, though but of the memory of it. But if the innocent Lucretia hath perish'd through the crime of Sextus, it is but just that Sextus be destroy'd to satisfy the death of the innocent Lucretia. It is therefore of you, generous Romans, that Lucretius demands justice for the death of his onely daughter: And it is of you that Collatine demands the same justice for the outrage he hath receiv'd from a Prince that should have been his Protector. For to whom can these illustrious, but unfortunate persons address themselves to be reveng'd of their enemy? To the cruel Tullia, Mother to this unjust Prince? To her, I say, who made no conscience to poison her former Husband, though the most vertuous Prince in the World, who contriv'd her Sisters death, a woman infinitely vertuous; who saw her Father massacred, though the greatest and wisest of all our Kings, and caused her Chariot to pass over the body of that unfortunate Prince, to get into the Throne she is now possessed of with so much injustice: You know, Romans, that I tell you nothing but what is true, and that I adde nothing thereto. How then can we hope from any protection from the wickedest woman in the world, to revenge the most vertuous? Nor is there any probability of obtaining any justice of the Husband of such a Wife, a worthy Father of the Executioner of the innocent Lucretia. For besides that, he hath contributed to all the crimes of Tullia, that he poisoned his former Wife, put to death a Brother and a Father-in-law, what hath he not done to your selves? and what hath he not done to all Romans in general, and to every one in particular? He hath thrust Slaves into the Senate, he hath impoverished the rich, oppress'd the poor, banish'd or put to death all of quality who have not dissembled their vertue to save their lives; he hath undertaken a War onely to keep you under, he hath imputed false crimes to hook in the fortunes of those he did accuse, and hath even built Temples, though a despiser of the Gods as much as of men, onely to amuse and employ the common people, that so he might the more Tyrannically exercise the Authority he hath acquir'd through thousands of crimes. By this means is it come to pass, that the same Romans, (who according to sacred Presages, were looked on as Conquerours of the World) are turned wretched Mechanics, and are fitter to handle a Rule and Chisel, than a Sword or a Buckler. Nevertheless, as wicked and abominable as he is, if he were but your lawfull King, Lucretius and Collatine would submit to his injustice, without troubling you with their revenge, and would content themselves to seek it onely of the Gods. For my own part, I should also apply my self to them for that of my Father and Brothers death, who, as you know increas'd the number of his innocent Victims. But, generous Romans, you know that Tarquin is not your lawfull King, nor ever can be. This unjust Prince is crept into the Throne, contrary to the Fundamental Laws of our State; he was chosen neither by the Senate, nor by the people; he laughed at the Augures and their Presages, which are observed upon these occasions, and slighted all Ceremonies of Religion, which he hath alwaies made a Stalking-horse to the Interests of his Ambiti-

on. You should therefore be so far from acknowledging him to be your King; that you should think your selves obliged by the fidelity you owe your last lawfull King to revenge his death. Revenge it then, Romans, by revenging that of Lucretia, and to give you another motive to induce you thereto, know that the daughter of the vertuous Clelius your Fellow-Citizen, whose life the Tyrant, after he had banished him, hath so often indeavoured to take away, is one of his Captives, and that haply she will be exposed to all the misfortunes of Lucretia, if we do not suddenly deliver her. But what do I say? Your businesse is not onely to revenge your late King; your Fellow-Citizens dead or banished, nor to deliver the Daughter of vertuous Clelius, and Neece of the Grand Vestal, but it lies upon you to revenge your selves, and to keep your Wives, your Daughters and Sisters from falling into the same inconveniences. Consider, O ye Romans, what kind of Successor Tarquin will leave you, if you take not a generous resolution to root out the whole Family; consider what presumption Sextus will arrive to, if this crime escape unpunished; how great the insolence will be of a new Tyrant, born and brought up in Tyranny; and whom we shall encourage to be more cruell through our own shamefull cowardize. Let us then take this generous resolution, which the whole World shall one day celebrate with infinite praises; all we have to do, to be free, is to will it, we need no more then shut our Gates against a Tyrant, to become Masters of Rome, and to drive away a mischievous Woman, to banish hence all Vices. When we have once put in execution so noble a design, I am confident Tarquin's own Souldiers will prove his most implacable Enemies. They are all your Brethren, your Children or your Friends, they are subject to the same Tyranny as you are; you are all engaged in the same Interests, they acknowledge the same Laws, they adore the same Gods; and certainly, we shall no sooner have shown them so great an example of Vertue, but they will cheerfully imitate us. The most difficult part of the attempt is past, in that we have taken the boldness to speak so freely, and broke that infamous silence, which made us the Complices of Tarquin by conniving at so many outrages, so many villanies, so many crimes. But since we have this day begun to bemoan our selves, I doubt not but our lamentations will stir up the vertue of all Romans, and that what was privately resolved, will bee publickly put in execution. Tell me, I beseech you, Generous Romans, is there any one among you, who hath not secretly repined at the injustice of Tarquin, and hath not made vows and imprecations against him? And have I not reason to believe that all Romans will be of our side? Nay, I dare presume to tell you, that you are no longer in a condition to deliberate what you have to do; for since you have heard my Remonstrances, it concerns your well-fare that you carry the businesse on to the utmost extremity: Tarquin, as you well know, being so little accustomed to make any difference between the innocent and the guilty, that he would rather sacrifice all the Romans to his vengeance, then suffer one particular Roman to escape his revenge. Be therefore no longer in suspence, since you are already Traytors to him; and that you may desie his injustice, resign your selves to the conduct of the Gods. I therefore conjure you in the name of Romulus, our illustrious Founder, not to suffer Sextus to come into the number of his Successors;

I conjure you further in the name of Numa, the most religious of all our Kings; and I conjure you once more, in the name of Servius Tullus, the wisest and most virtuous Prince that ever was. But I particularly demand your revenge for the admirable Lucretia, and the liberty of Clodia in the name of the virtuous Tanquil, whose memory will never be lost among us. Consider therefore, once more, that since we have no lawfull King, you have the disposal of the Supream Power. Consider, I say, that you will be guilty of all the crimes your Tyrants shall hereafter commit, if you lay not hold of this opportunity that Fortune forces upon you. The day I now to speak to you on, is a fortunate day, it is neither that of the Calends, nor that of the Nones, nor yet that of the Ides, all which are fatal to great Enterprizes; all Presages for our use, and in a word, as I have told you already, we have no more to do to be free, then to desire it. Let us therefore courageously take up arms for the Liberty of our Country; but let it be with that Heroick Confidence which is always to be order'd in all great and fortunate emergencies. I have already told you, that this attempt is rash, and I tell it you once more; but in passing it were not, and that we must expect to struggle with a Civil War within our Walls, such as might arm Citizens against Citizens; that we must see the same Forces that now Besiege Ardea before Rome, and that the Temple of Janus were to be eternally open, should this oblige us to quit the design of destroying so unjust a Tyrant? Were it not more noble to see our Country engag'd in a perpetual War, then to be to a perpetual Slavery? Romulus, who is now in the number of the Immortals, was in a war against the Sabines as soon as he had laid the Foundations of Rome, but upon much slighter grounds then we have to War against Tarquin, since that he continu'd it to justify his carrying away the Sabine Virgins; and we have to deal with the Ravisher of Lucretia. Numa the Second of our Kings, but the first for Piety, allow'd by his Laws, that there might be just Wars, though he met not with any occasion to raise any during all his Reign. Tullus Hostilius did not onely carry on that so famous War of Alba; but was also engag'd against the Fidenates and the Veientes. Ancus Marius had to do with the Inhabitants of Latium, with the Sabines, the Veientes, and the Volsci. The former of the Tarquins of whose virtues the latter have not any, had he not War with divers Nations, especially the Thuscans? And Servius Tullus, a person of much Vertue and Moderation, did he make any difficulty to War against the same Thuscans, though out of no other considerations then those of Glory? Judge then, Romans, from hence what these great Princes would have done, if the publick Liberty had been in any danger, or that it had been to revenge so horrid a crime as that of Sextus's. Have not we been engag'd in a War for Tarquin? And are wee not still engag'd in one against our Neighbours to make him the more powerfull? Why then may we not as well be engag'd against him? It cannot be said we want any thing to raise it; for if we are for our selves, there is nothing against us, Rome having within its own Walls, Souldiers, Captains, Armies, and wherever it shall to subsist, without the assistance of any thing but its own strength, and its own vertue. Let us then resolve

to undergo the miseries of an eternal War, rather than sign a Peace with our Tyrants; for even the certainty of death should not fright us from doing our duty, since a glorious death is to be prefer'd before an ignominious life. Besides, imagine not there is any one among us, that expects or pretends to be your King; for we absolutely declare to you, that our design aims onely at the destruction of the Tyrant, and that we act upon no other principles than those of the Publick Good, Justice, and Glory. Let us then courageously take up arms; for, as I have already told you, it were henceforth more dangerous to continue in Peace than to begin a War. Let us revenge the innocent Lucretia: Let us maintain the privileges of the Vestals, which Tarquin hath violat'd by detaining the Captives of Ardea: Let us recall Vertue into Rome, and to execute the first act of Authority: Let us expel Tullia out of our City: Let us shut the Gates of Rome against our Tyrants: Let us make good our Walls if they assault us: And in a word, let us rather die like true Romans, than live any longer like infamous slaves. And now, O ye just Gods (added Brutus, looking up to Heaven) who are the disposers of this World, and the Protectors of Rome, infuse a true desire of glory into the hearts of the people that hears me, and suffer not your Altars to be any longer profan'd by the unworthy Offerings of our Tyrants. And you, illustrious Founder of our City, whom Vertue hath rank'd amongst the Immortal, suffer not your work to be destroy'd; and let not Rome which must one day be Mistress of the World, be any longer subject to the humors of the most cruel of Man-kind, and suffer not vertue to be at such a distance from the Throne, as not to be secur'd against Vice even in the houses of private persons. Divine Egeria who inspir'd wise Numa with such holy Laws, infuse into all those that hear me, an ardent desire to destroy him who hath so slightly observ'd them. Diana, Goddess of Chastity, to whom our late King hath built a sumptuous Temple, suffer not the chaste Lucretia to be unreveng'd. Ye sacred Guardians of our houses, for whom we pretend to have a particular adoration, forsake us not, but resign up our enemies to our just vengeance. And finally, thou great Jupiter, Master of all the Gods, to whom the abominable Tarquin hath built a Temple, out of sacrilegious motives, curb this insupportable Tyrant, whose Pride is such as onely Thunder can pull down. Revenge so many unfortunate men unjustly oppress'd; hinder Rome from being destroy'd, inflict the severest punishment on me that may be, if the love of my country be not the onely resentment of my heart; and as far as it is possible, infuse into all Romans the same resentments of hatred for their Tyrants, as the heart of Brutus is at this time seiz'd with, that Rome may be deliver'd, and all Romans put into a condition of happiness. Let us proceed then (generous Romans) this is the last day of your Slavery; if you follow me, Victory expects us, and I see her already stretching out her Arms to us. Speak, that I may know whether your apprehensions are the same with mine, or at least satisfy me by certain signs, what you would, or would not have. For if it be true, that I and my friends are the onely true Romans, and such as onely deserve so glorious a name; and that nevertheless we must quit all hope of delivering our Country: This Ponyard (added he, lifting up his arm) that hath pierc'd the heart of Lucretia, and

which I preserve to pierce that of the Tyrant, if opportunity befriend me, shall presently run through my own, and ease me of a life which I cannot any longer preserve with pleasure or reputation.

At these words the friends of *Brutus*, *Aronces*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Lucretius*, and *Callatime*, beginning to cry out all together, *Liberty*, *Liberty*, all that infinite multitude made the same cry, and express'd it self by a thousand tumultuous voices, that it was absolutely resolv'd to shake off the yoke of Tyrannie. But *Brutus* whom the love of *Lucretia* made then more active then that of his Country, caus'd the Body of this admirable Woman to be laid at the entrance into the Temple, placing some of the Inhabitants of *Collatia* to guard it; which done, conferring with *Aronces*, *Lucretius*, *Callatime*, *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, *Amilcar*, *Celeres*, *Mucius*, and divers others, who offer'd their services to him, it was resolv'd, that the first thing was to be done, was to secure the Gates. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being the main business of *Aronces* in this deliverance of *Rome*, he was of opinion, that while *Brutus* went to seize himself of the Gates of the City, it were fit another party of such as took up Arms for them, should be sent to take in *Tarquin's* Palace, so to secure *Tullia*, and to hinder the illustrious daughter of *Clelius* from being expos'd (during this Tumult) either to the insolencies of his Guards, or the cruelty of the abominable *Tullia*. This Proposal of *Aronces* seeming not unnecessary, a Party was assign'd him for that purpose; nay, they permitted *Artemidorus*, *Zenocrates*, and *Celeres* to follow him: and *Brutus* getting into the head of all those who had already taken up Arms, went to possess himself of the Gates.

The first Gate he came to was that which they called the *Carmental*-gate, which was between the *Tarpeian* Rock of the *Tiber*: Next he went to that which is near *Janus's* Temple, and the *Viminal* hill: then to *Romulus's* gate, towards the *Palatine* hill: and lastly, to that which is called *Pondana*, or otherwise *Romulida*: But as he went, he made a strange alteration in this great City. In a short hours time all the Temples were opened, all Shops shut up, the whole People were in Arms, all the Women went to their Devotions, and there was nothing to be heard through all the streets of *Rome*, but Imprecations against *Tarquin* and *Tullia*, Complaints for the deplorable death of *Lucretia*, and the praises of *Brutus*. The *Salij* began to sing in their Temples, to demand the Liberty of *Rome*, and doubled their care for the preservation of that miraculous Buckler, which was confounded amongst eleven others like it, lest it should be stolen. The *Vestals* came all about their Sacred Fire to beg the same thing of the Goddess *Vesta*; the great High-Priest sacrific'd for the same purpose: So that these examples of Piety authorizing the Insurrection, had no small influence over the minds of the people.

In the mean time, the creatures of *Tarquin*, those whom like so many slaves to him he had thrust into the Senate, or the Executioners of his Cruelties, were at a strange loss; for the rising prov'd so sudden, and so general, that they had only time to fly to *Tullia*, who was now in such a condition as she was never in before. Now as it happens that in all Popular Insurrections there is ever a third party that minds only Plunder; and endeavours to enrich it self by anothers loss, *Herminius* who much fear'd the disorder, desir'd *Valerius's* leave to place a Guard at his house, lest the excellent *Valeria* should be expos'd to any affronts; as also to dispose another at *Sivellia's*, where *Racilia*, *Hermilia*, and *Collatina* then were, with the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, who yet knew not any thing of the Tumult, regard this House was in a street somewhat distant from the place where it began. But it hapned that *Mucius*, *Herminius's* Rival (who had been one of the first that joyn'd with *Brutus*) was come, out of the same apprehension, to *Valerius's* door, with the same designe as *Herminius*; So that these two Rivals asking one the other what brought them thither, they very roundly satisfi'd one another. But *Herminius*

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nins being at the same time both generous and discreet, though naturally of a fiery nature, broke not forth into any violence upon this accident; but speaking to *Mutius*, I beseech you, said he to him, let our difference remain undecided, till we have deliver'd *Rome*; and if you will take my advice, let us endeavour to deserve *Valeria* by the destruction of *Tarquin*, for our Valour this day is only due to our Country. I am content (reply'd *Mutius*) but I think not fit to depart hence, if you allow me not to leave here as many of my people, as you do of yours; which being accordingly done, *Mutius* return'd to *Brutus*, and *Herminius* went to his virtuous Mothers to place also a Guard there. But before he came, the noise of what had hapned to *Lucretia*, and the rising of the City was gotten thither, so that the Prince of *Pometia* who was then entertaining his dear *Hermilia*, and *Titus* who was talking with *Collatina*, were extremely disorder'd; for being both very virtuous, *Sextus's* crime caus'd in them a certain horror. The Tumult in the mean time still increas'd, and they were not ignorant that *Rutillia* and *Sivellia* loved not *Tarquin*, and that they could not in honour forsake their Mother, how wicked soever she might be; wherefore there was a necessity they should part with *Hermilia* and *Collatina*, but after the most cruel manner in the world, since they had not the liberty to speak any thing to them in particular: 'Tis true, their eyes bid them a sad and sensible adieu. But the Prince of *Pometia* was somewhat happier then *Titus*, for he had the time to tell his dear *Hermilia* in few words, that he was extremely afflicted to leave her. Alas Madam, said he to her with a low voice, if what is reported of *Sextus* be true, I fear the Gods will henceforth forsake all the *Tarquins*, and that I must take my last leave of you; for I look on his crime as so horrid, that I think it but just to be punish'd for it, for no other reason, then that I am his Brother. If this unhappiness befall me, added he, pity my sad destiny: But though my Father lose his Kingdom for it, I shall have some comfort, if I lose not your affection.

Having said this, he was forc'd to accompany the Prince his Brother, and they were hardly come to the stair-foot, but *Herminius*, who had a great esteem for them, meets them, follow'd by those whom he intended to place as a Guard at *Sivellia's*, till the Tumult were over. This meeting surpriz'd them very much; for the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* seeing *Herminius* follow'd by people in Arms, easily apprehended from his being in *Rome* in that posture, that the danger was greater then they had thought it. *Herminius* on the other side, who infinitely esteem'd them, and was indeed much oblig'd to them, in that divers times they had oppos'd the King their Father in his behalf, who knew that it was for his sake they affected not *Mutius*, and met them thus in his Mothers house, was extremely troubled what to do; for it was unquestionably fit they should be secur'd, had he only considered the designe he was upon: but thinking with himself, that Honour, Generosity, and the very consideration of Hospitality permitted him not to do it, he chose the more noble side, and speaking to them; How sorry am I for your sake my Lords (said he) that you are Brothers to *Sextus*, and are oblig'd to be entangled in his ruine; and how sorry am I for my own, that I am forc'd to be of a party contrary to yours: Yet to assure you that I have a respect for Virtue where ever I find it, and will do you all the favour lies in my power, and haply somewhat more then I ought; I offer you a Guard to the Gate of the City which is now neerest, nor indeed can you take any other resolution. You are without Arms, you have none with you but slaves, the whole City is risen, there is nothing can oppose us, and if you deliberate a minute longer, I shall not haply be in a capacity to protect you. The Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* hearing *Herminius* speak in this manner, were much surpriz'd at it, for they knew his reality, and doubted not the certainty of what he said: Notwithstanding they stuck a little at the resolution they were to take: but hearing a great noise in the street opposite to that through which they were to pass, and seeing there was no choice to be stood upon, they accepted *Herminius's* proffer, but with intention to go out of the City, and to get into the Palace, where *Tullia* was, by a secret door that *Herminius* knew not of, in regard it was built in

his absence from *Rome*. To be short, having acknowledg'd *Herminius's* generosity, and regretted their own misfortune, they were brought to a Gate of the City which *Brutus* had not as yet possess'd himself of, conducted thither by *Herminius* himself, who having upon his return plac'd a Guard at *Sivellus's*, drew up to *Brutus*, who presently came to that Gate, at which the Prince of *Pometia* and *Titus* went out.

It hapned in the mean time, that this generous action of *Herminius* was so far from being prejudicial to the common cause, that it advantag'd it; for these two Princes being gallant, and withal vertuous persons, their presence might haply have cool'd the zeal of those who took up Arms against *Tarquin*. He did not therefore conceal from *Brutus* what he had done, as soon as he was come up to him. But as it is impossible to preserve any Order amongst a multitude of people that takes up Arms on a sudden, *Rome* was in a most deplorable condition; for though the whole City were up, yet every quarter not satisfied it was so, busied it self in making Barricadoes against the others. Those of the *Capitol* fortifi'd themselves apart, lest some one of the *Tarquins* should possess himself of the *Astyle* that was on that Hill. Those of the *Palatine* hill did the like; and those of the *Aventine* cut down almost all the old Lawrels, wherewith their Hill was in a manner cover'd, to block up the ways. They also guarded both ends of the *Subliian* Bridge by which *Ancus Marcius* had joyn'd the Hill of *Janiculum* to *Rome*. Those also of the *Quirinal* Hill fortifi'd themselves, as did also all the quarters of that famous City. There was also a Guard at the *Circus*, lest it might have been made a certain Fort: Those of the *Sacred* street barricado'd themselves: Those of the great street of *Apollo* did the like: that call'd *Eros* did the like: the street of the *three Ways* which was very populous divided it self, and was the only part of *Rome* where the Inhabitants disagreed. But for those that liv'd in the *Cyprian* street, never was there such fury heard of as they express'd against their Tyrants; for it having hapned that it was in that street the cruel *Tullia* caus'd her Chariot to pass over the corps of her Father, they conceiv'd themselves oblig'd above all the rest, to signalize their animosity against her: And indeed these were they who contrary to *Brutus's* intencion, plundered certain Houses that belong'd to some Creatures of *Tarquin*, and kill'd some that fled from them, though they made no opposition.

Brutus having thus possess'd himself of the Gates, and desirous to know what success *Aronces* had in his enterprise, he was for some time in no small disquiet, for he was inform'd that all those places I have nam'd were barricado'd: So that not being able at first to infer any thing thence but that the City was divided, he had some reason to fear, that his Designe would not prove effectual, that *Lucretia* should not be reveng'd, and *Rome* not deliver'd from her Tyrants; yet did not his great Heart fail him, but without any further debate he went from quarter to quarter, from Hill to Hill, from one place to another, from one street to another, and was extremely satisfi'd to find that all the Romans were of the same party. So that having acquainted them all that they were guided by the same *Genius*, such an infinite number of people follow'd him, that the multitude prov'd a hindrance to him.

Having therefore given Orders every where, he went to see what posture *Aronces* was in, who had it seems met with a greater resistance then he had expected. For all *Tarquin's* creatures being tumultuously gotten about *Tullia*, she had a many hands with her, such as being by their own Interests oblig'd to defend themselves, did it very obstinately. 'Tis true, *Aronces* behav'd himself extraordinarily in this adventure. As for the cruel *Tullia*, when they told her of the first beginning of the Commotion, she laugh'd at it, and thought it would come to nothing; and when they acquainted her with her Son's crime, and *Lucretia's* death, this detestable woman said, that if *Sextus* had caus'd *Collatine* to be poison'd out of the way, before he had made any love to his wife, she had never kill'd her self. But when she understood for good earnest that the whole City was risen, and that they were coming

ing to seize her in her Palace, she was hurried into the greatest fury and rage possible. She would needs go up into a Fort which look'd into the spacious place before the Palace, but the people who were already gotten together there in Arms, had no sooner seen her, but they gave her all the abusive language she deserv'd; So that not seeing any safety in exposing her self to the violence of an incensed multitude, she thought it her best course to make good the Palace, and to send to *Tarquin*, hoping he might come time enough to hinder this Tumult from proving his destruction. But at the same time as she was sending to *Tarquin*, she commanded a ponyard to be brought, poyson to be prepar'd, and that the Palace might be set on fire, if she were forc'd to fly at the Sally-port which was in the Moat; which done, being desirous to have the sole disposal of *Clelia*, she sent for her Keeper, to entreat him to translate her into that part of the Palace where she was, that so (said she to him) she may be more secure during the Tumult. But this man being sufficiently acquainted with the intentions of *Tullia*, answer'd her, that he durst not remove that Captive out of the place where she was; that he had sent to *Tarquin* as soon as the rising broke forth, and expected his Orders concerning her; whereupon he withdrew, and putting himself in the head of his Companions, would not return any more to *Tullia*, though she sent for him divers times.

On the other side, the Prince of *Pomeria* and *Titus*, compassing the Walls of the City to reach the Sally-port, whereat they hoped to get into the Palace, walk'd with an incredible disturbance; for being discreet and vertuous, they detested their Brother's crime, and easily fore-saw how dangerous the consequences of that Insurrection might be. But when they reflected on the secret concernment they had in this unjust action, they were almost perswaded to return into *Rome*, and put themselves at the head of those who endeavour'd to revenge *Lucretia*; for *Titus* was in love with the Sister in Law of the Illustrious deceas'd, and the Prince of *Pomeria* with *Hermilia*, who was an intimate friend of *Lucretia*. 'Tis true, he would have been much more afflicted if he had known her to be *Brutus*'s sister, and that *Brutus* was the Leader of that exasperated multitude which had taken up Arms.

Things being in this posture, *Aronces*, follow'd by *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocrates*, *Celeres*, and those whom *Brutus* had commanded to obey him, was gone to set upon the Palace where *Tullia* was, hoping either to take it, or force her from *Rome*, but principally to deliver *Clelia*. And indeed this Illustrious (but unhappy Prince) did prodigious things in this business; and having broke open the outer-gate, he was the first with his Sword in hand to assault those who made it good, and indeed did it with extraordinary resolution; for the Prince of *Pomeria* and Prince *Titus* (who were at last got into the Palace at the aforesaid Port, were in person in this outer-Court, both giving Orders, and fighting themselves. What was most observable in this engagement, was, that the cruel *Tullia*, who saw all from her chamber window, and the admirable *Clelia*, who with *Plorina* were gotten to that little grate, whence she had seen the Body of him who should have deliver'd her, when *Amilcar* was with her, were both Spectators of it: So that when the valiant *Aronces*, seconded by his Illustrious Friends, had at length caus'd those to retreat who made good the gate he had broke open, he spies the cruel *Tullia* at the Window before him, and the admirable *Clelia* at another on his left hand, so that having before him at the same time, the only object of his love, and one of the greatest objects of his hatred, it much augmented his Valour; especially finding the Prince of *Pomeria* and *Titus* at the head of theirs, it seem'd to him a matter of great Reputation. The fight that hapned in this outer-Court, was long and resolute on both sides; for it being fortifi'd with a certain Rayl two steps from the ground, and that there was an ascent of certain stairs to come into it, it was a great advantage to *Aronces*'s enemies. However *Aronces* forc'd them up so far twenty times, and was himself as often forc'd back to the Gate.

But while this Combate lasted, *Clelia* suffer'd something beyond all imagination, for she saw every minute her dear *Aronces* in a possibility to be dispatch'd; She had divers reasons why she should fear she might prove the cause of his death: For

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observing that *Aronces* in the very heat of that tumultuous Engagement, turn'd his head divers times towards the window where she was, she was so much afraid it might prejudice him, that she would have been glad to have been thence. But all consider'd, her curiosity to see what should happen to her dear Protector being the stronger, she stay'd to behold that furious Combate, which certainly had something of more violence than is ordinarily observ'd in any engagements of War. For the Romans who follow'd *Aronces* were so enrag'd, and so impatient to become Masters of the Tyrants Palace, where there was excellent good Plunder, that of what humour soever they were, none wanted motives to fight. The Covetous consider'd the riches of the Booty; the Generous, the destruction of *Tarquin*; *Aronces's* friends, the Liberty of *Clelia*, the Vertuous look'd generally on the chastisement of *Tullia*, and revenge of *Lucretia*.

There wanted not also on the other side divers causes of an extraordinary Valour: For as to the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, though they had a horreur for the Crimes of their Father, Mother, and Brother, yet a Throne lying at stake, all they could pretend to was in hazard, and for those who accompanied them, they were so far perswaded that if they were taken, the people would tear them to pieces, that they made an incredible opposition; insomuch that there was not any thing of this nature heard of before, there being so many people kill'd in this Encounter, that the place where they fought was covered over with dead Bodies.

But that which had in likelihood prov'd the ruine of *Aronces*, was, that while he fought and forc'd the Valiant Princes he had before him, up to a certain Lodge, *Tullia* sent out others by a gate that was on the right hand, who shut *Aronces* in, and immediately thereupon Barricado'd the Gate which he had broke open, by which means he was shut into the outer Court of the Palace, and could not be reliev'd from without. There was indeed some opposition made against those who executed the Orders of *Tullia*, but at last they were effected, *Aronces* being at that same time particularly engag'd with the Prince of *Pometia*. For *Zenocrates*, he dealt with Prince *Titus*, and for *Amilcar* and *Celerus*, they endeavour'd to get within the Rayl, to make way for some of their men, and deslin'd forcing the Lodge, which was so obstinately maintain'd.

But when *Aronces* understood by the cries of those that fought behind him, that the Orders he had given for the guarding of the Gate which he had forc'd, had not been well observed, he gave himself in a manner for lost; for he could not fight in two places, having not so great a Force as that he could any way divide it. Upon this the greater part of his men were more troubled how to force a passage out of the Court, then desirous to take in the Lodge. But this being not the designe of *Aronces*, who would have chosen rather to die, then to retreat, and quit his resolution of delivering *Clelia*; No, no (said he to those who minded only the forcing of the Gate) it is not there that we must fight; for Persons truly Valiant, never go out at the same places by which they came in: Follow me therefore Romans, for that way that you would go, there is nothing to be expected but slavery; and the way I bring you into, leads you into Liberty.

Aronces pronounc'd these words as if he had been really assur'd of Victory; so that all drawing up to him, he made a fresh attempt; but did it with so much courage, and was so well seconded by all his friends, and particularly *Zenocrates*, that the Prince of *Pometia*, and Prince *Titus*, were forc'd to give ground. *Aronces* forc'd them to quit the Lodge, and all they could do, was to sacrifice part of their people for a safe Retreat into the Palace; with much ado to keep out their enemies from coming along with them.

Those in the mean time who sallied out by the Orders of *Tullia* to possess themselves of the outer gate, no sooner perceiv'd that the Princes their Masters had quitted the Lodge which they maintained, but they also forsook the gate they were to keep, and enter'd into the Palace the same way they came out; by which means *Aronces* and his Friends became absolute Masters of the Court. But being further desirous,

desirous to force the Palace-gate, the cruel *Tullia* commanded to be cast on them a certain artificial Fire which *Tarquin* had made use of some time on the *Tiber*, in the time of the *Sabine* war: For there being some of that composition still left, *Tullia* caus'd it be employ'd to the great discommodity of the Combatants, in regard the fire fastned so on any thing it touch'd, that it could not be gotten off, nor put out, but with much difficulty. Besides, she caus'd to be thrown out at the windows whatever was proper to crush down her enemies; nay she pull'd down a certain row of Pillars, which stood on a Model on the top of her Palace, to overwhelm those who should endeavour to become Masters of it. Thus though *Aronces* had no more enemies with swords in their hands, yet was he in greater danger then before, for from all the windows in the Palace they shot arrows, cast this artificial fire, or threw something to press down those that it light upon.

In the mean time the valiant *Aronces*, not mov'd at the greatness of the danger, and thinking himself over-happy that his dear *Clelia* saw what danger he was in for her Liberty, notwithstanding that tempest of Darts, Stones, and Fires, made use of the same Engine, which he had before employ'd to break open the outer-gate: for *Lucretius* being Governour of *Rome*, had furnish'd him with it, when he first set upon the Palace.

Things being in this Posture, *Brutus* who was become Master of *Rome* without any resistance, comes to the place, having given order for all things else-where. But he comes thither followed by *Valerius*, *Herminius*, *Lucretius*, *Collatine*, *Mutius*, and an infinite multitude of armed people: So that *Tullia*, and the Princes her Sons seeing that the Inner-gate of the Palace would be forc'd, and that it was impossible for them to hold out till the arrival of *Tarquin*, took a very strange resolution; for the Gate being broken open, and falling, *Aronces* spies in a great Entry, a many combustible things heap'd together, which *Tullia* had caus'd to be brought thither on a sudden, and which she had set on fire when she went away: so that instead of finding armed People to make good that Gate, *Aronces* and his Friends saw only a great eruption of flames which deny'd them entrance after a very strange manner. This Illustrious Prince therefore being forc'd to retreat, turn'd his eyes towards the window whence he had observed *Clelia*, and where he then saw her; but he now sees her in such a posture as pierc'd his heart; for he perceiv'd her clinging to the Grate, to avoid going with certain men who would have forc'd her thence, and looking towards him to demand his assistance: Soon after he lost sight both of her and *Platina*, nor could he any more see the cruel *Tullia*; so that imagining in all likelihood that this unjust Princess had translated *Clelia* somewhere else, and that she was in her power, he felt something it is impossible to express. Coming therefore up to *Brutus* and *Herminius*, he told them what a confusion he was in. He had no sooner acquainted them with it, but *Brutus* having told them there was a secret door to the Palace, he doubred not but that *Tullia* and her people had resolv'd on an escape. In a word, though there were divers things thrown out at the Windows, it was not with such violence as before; so that it might easily be perceiv'd the Palace was in a manner forsaken. Had there been no other concerns then those of *Rome* and *Brutus*, it had been but necessary to let those escape who endeavour'd it, and render the Gods thanks that they were gone, not taking the trouble to pursue them. But the Liberty of *Clelia* being at the stake, though *Brutus*'s soul was fully taken up with the grief and revenge he took, and was to take of the death of *Lucretia*, and the Liberty of his Country, yet he told *Aronces* he should have what force he pleas'd for to overtake *Tullia*, before she should joyn with *Tarquin*, who in all appearance would soon leave the Camp to come to *Rome*. But that nothing might be done but upon sure grounds, whilst they endeavour'd by the help of Ladders to get in at the Windows, which were now forsaken: *Herminius* sent immediately to the Walls to discover what people were flying in the fields, while that no time should be lost, they sent orders to those who kept the Horses when they came from *Collatia* to *Rome*, to bring them where they were.

In the mean time those whom *Herminius* had sent upon the Walls, returning said the Fields were full of people running away, some with Arms, others without; some loaden with luggage, others not quite cloath'd: some on horse-back, others afoot; and that amongst the rest, there were a many women. But that *Aronces* might no longer doubt whether *Clelia* were within the Palace, it hapned that those whom *Tullia* had left to hold the Assailants in some play for a while, fearing they might be surpriz'd if they stay'd too long, soon follow'd her: so that it being now easie to get in at some Windows, whence they had taken away the grates, they found the Palace absolutely dis-inhabited, there being only left the Prince of *Numidia*, who was still very sick, and some few other wretches, who having been hurt in the first Combate in the Court, were got in with the Princes, when the Lodge had been forc'd; and had staid (though much against their Wills) in that forsaken Palace. Whilst therefore *Lucretius* did what he could to quench the fire, *Aronces* having gotten into the Palace, went to *Clelia's* chamber, where he found her not. But what was most horrid of all, was, that he understood by some of the wounded, that *Tullia* had caus'd that Illustrious Roman to be taken away, against his Will, in whose custody she was, who yet would needs follow her. He understood further, that this cruel woman went thence, having *Clelia* in one hand, and a ponyard in the other: and that she said as she went out, that if she were pursu'd, and likely to be overtaken, she would first kill *Clelia* with it, and afterward her self. No sooner had he heard these cruel expressions, but he is fill'd with fury; and he was no less disturb'd at the fear of *Clelia's* death, then *Brutus* was at that of *Lucretia*. In the mean time he was at a loss what to do in such an unhappy conjuncture, in as much as he was forc'd to stay for Horses ere he could pursue *Tullia*, though he was much in doubt whether he should do it or not; for if he follow'd her too weak, it would come to nothing: if he went with a great force, he fear'd the cruel *Tullia* might really do what she had threatned. Yet was he infinitely desirous to follow her, and was in an extraordinary discomposure, that he could not do it as soon as he wish'd.

On the other side *Anilear* sought all the Palace over for the other Captives, but he could not learn any thing either of *Cassia* or *Danae*, or any of the rest of their friends, only *Plotina* he understood had voluntarily follow'd *Clelia*.

But at last the fire being quench'd, and those who were gone for the Horses having brought them, *Brutus* and *Aronces* consulted with all their Friends, and having well considered the state of affairs, and understood from the wounded Soldiers that remain'd in the Palace, that *Tullia* had sent for *Tarquin*, and that when she went thence, she thought him far on his way to *Rome*; it was resolv'd, that *Lucretius* and *Valerius* should remain at *Rome*, to take all necessary order there, and to shut the Gates against the Tyrant, if he should offer to enter in; for it might be easily imagin'd, that in an occasion of such importance as this was, *Tarquin* would not bring with him too great a Force, in regard it would take up too much time; besides, that it was likely enough he might think it no hard matter to appease this Tumult. It was also conceiv'd that *Sexsus* would be retir'd into some place, that so he might not incense the people by his presence: So that *Brutus* resigning himself to the justice of heaven, to his own great heart and conduct, undertook to put the Camp into the same disorder as he had done *Rome*. To that end, he told them, he would take such a way, as that in all likelihood he should not meet *Tarquin*, and, that *Clelia* might not be neglected, a Force should be assign'd *Aronces*, wherewith to follow *Tullia*, and do what he thought conducing to the safety of that admirable person. The Designe of *Brutus* seem'd at first somewhat too high, but he so far satisfi'd his friends, that at were vain to make a rising in *Rome*, if *Tarquin* continu'd Master of the Army; and in fine, he spoke to them with so much authority that they could not but comply with him. However it was not thought fit he should go without any Guard; wherefore having found that they could presently send out two hundred Horse, *Brutus* took fifty
of

of them, and assign'd the rest to *Aronces*. But the difficulty was to get out of *Rome*; for the Romans who then look'd on *Brutus* as their Tutelary Deity, oppos'd it with so much earnestness, that it was like to a cause, a general disorder throughout the City; and there were above two hours spent ere they could be perswaded, that it was for their Interest that *Brutus* went out of *Rome*.

Aronces on the other side, had as much ado to get out as he, and they were both encompass'd by such a multitude of people, that though they were the deliverers of *Rome*, they were not Masters of themselves: So that it was almost night ere *Brutus* and *Aronces* could get out of the City, which was no small affliction to this disconsolate Lover, whose business out was to seek his Mistress.

But when these two unfortunate Lovers were gotten out of *Rome*, their friends were divided, *Herminius* and *Musius* stood for *Brutus*, conceiving themselves more oblig'd to him, as being Romans, and *Artemidorus*, *Amilcar*, *Democritus* and *Celerus*, were of *Aronces*'s side. But though they were divided as to Interests, yet did they jointly wish the prosperity of their several designs. For *Aronces*, he took the way that he was told *Tullia* had taken, who he understood had taken up two Chariots at a house she had within two miles of *Rome*, for she went from the Palace on horse-back. But for *Brutus*, he wheel'd about another way into the Camp, without meeting *Tarquin*, and he was so fortunate, as to reach it just at the break of day. Nay, it happen'd so critically, that by the same time that *Tarquin* had got to *Rome*, *Brutus* came to the Camp, where he no sooner arriv'd, but he understood that *Sextus* was gone out of the way, as soon as the report of the insurrection at *Rome* was brought thither.

In the mean time, how sensible soever *Brutus* might be of the death of *Lucretia*, the design he had to revenge it, was the reason that he spoke of nothing but joy, triumph, and liberty. In a word, this illustrious Roman going from Tent to Tent assembled all the Officer; but while he gets them together, he speaks to all the Souldiers he meets, he tells them all, that *Rome* is free, that *Tullia* had left it, that all the adherents of Tyranny were sent out of the City; he assures them that *Tarquin* should find the Gates shut against him, and entertains them with peace, reward, glory and rest. He represents to them, the fruitless inconveniences they had suffered during the time of the Siege of *Ardea*; he calls them the true deliverers of their Country, if they have but the courage to declare themselves, he intreats them, he importunes them, nay sometimes he threatens them; he takes *Herminius* to witness of all he saies, whose integrity he knew was well known; to their interests he adds those of the Gods, and he speaks to them after so confident and heroick a manner, that the prodigious change which they found in him, produc'd the same effect in the Camp as it had done in *Rome* and *Collatia*, and rais'd in them admiration and respect for him. So that the name of *Brutus*, and the word *Liberty* passing from mouth to mouth, the whole Camp fell into disorder, and both Officers and Souldiers unanimously submitting to *Brutus*, acknowledge him for their Chief, and the deliverer of their Country. Whereupon sending hastily to acquaint those of *Ardea*, that he restor'd them to that Peace which *Tarquin* would take away from them, provided they would joyn with *Rome* against *Tarquin*, he raises the Siege and begins his march towards *Rome*, bestowing the Pillage of the Tyrant's Tents upon the Souldiers, so to ingage them by that act of hostility to persist in their revolt.

But while *Brutus* seconded by his friends manages the affairs of the Camp with so much success for the Liberty of his Country, and the revenge of *Lucretia*. *Tarquin* arrives at *Rome*, confident that his presence would establish his Authority there: But he was much mistaken, when he saw the gates shut

against him, and that some told him from the Walls, that the people of *Rome* banish'd him for ever with all his Family, and declar'd him unworthy the name of a King, which he had with so much injustice usurp'd. *Tarquinius* having not with him at this time above 400 horse, was forc'd to retreat; but could not do it without horrid threats to those who had deny'd him entrance; for he knew nothing of what was happen'd in the Camp, and thought he had no more to do to th' astise *Rome*, then to raise the Siege of *Ardea*. But when in his return, he understood by the King of *Clusium's* Envoy, whom he met, as also by some of his own creatures, that his Army was comming against him under the command of *Brutus*, whom all obey'd and acknowledg'd for one of the greatest men in the World, and by this means found himself without any assistance, between a City risen against him, and a revolted Army; he had certainly, need to summon up all his Courage, to support so great and so sudden a Revolution. Upon the first relation of this strange accident, he made a halt; then he ask'd whether they knew where *Tullia* was, and what was become of the Captives; for those who came from the Camp told him they were gone from *Rome*. But being told that the Captives were in *Tullia's* disposal, and that she had taken the way to *Tarquinius*, he also took the same, and that with much diligence, commanding secretly two of his creatures whom he had employ'd in thousands of Crimes, that if his enemies should pursue him, and set on him with a party stronger then his own, they should keep close to his person, and if they saw him in any likelihood to be taken, kill him; for though I have a heart great enough to hinder me from falling into the hands of my enemies, said he to them, with his eyes full of fury, yet I fear my arm will prove too weak to dispatch my self, or shall miss the first attempt I shall make on my self, if I am forc'd to it. Hereupon he began to march and this unjust Prince who saw himself over whelm'd with all kinds of misfortunes in an instant, and that through the Crimes of his Son, or Wives, or his own, was so abominable, as not to have the least remorse, but implo'd his wits to be reveng'd of those whom Heaven us'd as instruments to punish him for usurping a Kingdom, and ruling with so much cruelty and injustice.

Brutus, in the mean time, though crown'd with the glory of freeing two Cities at the same time, and being the deliverer of his Country, and the revenger of his dear *Lucretia*, was the most unfortunate man in the World, when it came into his mind that *Lucretia* was dead, and *Sexus* alive. And indeed, though *Brutus* was of a nature gallant, milde, and the most obliging in the World, yet after the death of *Lucretia*, he seem'd to have chang'd his humor and temperament, and all his life after, affected a certain austere vertue, wherein there seem'd to be something of roughness; nay sometimes, something of cruelty, to those who were not inform'd of the secret of his heart, and could not guess at the true cause of his melancholy; and that insatiable Ambition which though *Rome* were delivered, he had to root out the race of the *Tarquinius*. Yet had he withall an admirable command of himself in this great Occurrence, wherein it concern'd him to confirm his Victory by his Presence. For when he had disposed his Troops about the Gates of *Rome*, he made his entrance, which was with extraordinary acclamations; and without any further delay, having return'd the Gods thanks in *Jann's* Temple, which he caus'd to be shut the more to assure the people, he call'd a Council of all the persons of quality, in *Hippili's* Court, as being the most convenient place of any for great Assembly. They were no sooner got together, but the people by an unanimous consent, having no lawfull King, conferr'd all Authority on *Brutus*, with this Title of *Consul*, onely for one year. Which done, this new Consul ordain'd the Senate to consist of 300, which he chose with so little contestation that all the Citizens were satisfi'd

they

But while *Brutus*, *Collatine*, *Valerius*, *Lucretius*, *Herminius* and *Mutius* were busied about the regulation of their City, so to perpetuate the liberty they had acquir'd *Arances*, the unfortunate *Arances* met with a contrary destiny. For having parted from *Brutus*, and been inform'd which way *Tullia* took, when she left the house where she had taken up the two Chariots he follow'd it, till he came to a place, where he understood that the multitude of people that follow'd *Tullia*, was divided. In this place was he at a great loss, not knowing what resolution to take. He imagin'd indeed, that his business being onely to find out *Clelia*, it was more likely she was rather in that party where there were Chariots, then where there were onely Horses, and he was not much mistaken; for he conceiv'd that *Tullia* seeing her self far enough from *Rome*, had sent the Princes her sons to the Camp, and kept on her way. And indeed it happened so, that this cruel Princess seeing her self in that extremity would not take *Clelia* with her to the Camp, but thought better to carry her to *Tarquinius*. But she being in one Chariot, and having disposed the Captives into another, he who had the conduct of the latter being faithfull to *Tarquin*, whose misfortune he had not yet understood, and making it his business to deliver *Clelia* out of the power of that cruel Princess, carried his business so handsomly that he caused him who conducted the Chariot of the Captives to go somewhat slowly, so to be at a distance from that of *Tullia*, who having her mind persecuted with the memory of her Crimes and the representation of the miseries would fall upon her, thought not on *Clelia*, as not suspecting any could be guilty of so great a presumption as to offer to take her away from her. She thought indeed at first to have taken her into her own Chariot; but the very sight of her being troublesome to her, she dispos'd her into the other, which going more slowly stay'd somewhat behind. This man therefore in order to his secret design, having caus'd the Axle-tree of the Chariot of the Captives to be broken, when it was taken up at the house by which *Tullia* had pass'd, told him who conducted it that he must overtake *Tullia*, and therefore must put on a little faster. But he had scarce gone a hundred paces ere the Axle-tree flew asunder, so that there was no going any further. Upon this accident, hee said they must needs leave the Chariot there, and that every one of his Companions should take one of the Captives behind him. So that these unfortunate Beauties not knowing what to do, and seeing that it was to no purpose to make any resistance, submitted, thinking they were all to follow *Tullia*. He who was the Author of the design, took *Clelia* into his charge; one of his Companions took *Plorina* behind him, another *Casina*, another *Danae*; and so some or other the rest of the Captives.

Now while these Captives were together, they had resolv'd to endeavour each to persuade him who carried her to bring them to *Rome* or *Ardea*, and the more to ingage them to promise great rewards. Accordingly, *Clelia* was no sooner on horse back, but she began to intreat him who carried her, to do an act of Virtue, and carry her to *Rome*, promising him extraordinary rewards if he did it. She prevailed so far, that the fellow, who as I told you had his secret design in it, seem'd to condescend, and making a little halt, he took the first way he came to on the right hand. But *Clelia* not desirous to be alone with him, intreated him to persuade his Companions, who had the charge of her friends to follow them; or at least that *Plorina* might accompany them. Hee answered, that if the business were communicated to so many, she would bee discovered; but at length, calling to him who carried *Plorina*, pretending he had broken something about his Bridle, he made him stay a little behind the rest; so that turning out of the way, and taking advantage of a little Hill, they put

on a good pace. But coming to a certain Passage, which *Plotina* knew, as being of the Country, she perceived, the fellow instead of carrying them to *Rome*, drove towards *Ardea*. So that acquainting *Clelia* with it, that afflicted beauty told him that he was out of his way; and that his design was to ruine them. By no means (repli'd he) for I deliver you out of the hands of a Princeesse who hates you, to put you into the power of a Prince who loves you.

At these words was *Clelia* extreamly disquieted, for she chose much rather to be expos'd to the cruelty of *Tullia*, then the Passion of *Tarquin*. And not knowing that that Prince was gone from before *Ardea*, and that he had neither Kingdom nor Army, *Clelia* was in an incredible disturbance. Infomuch that without any further deliberation, she casts her self off the horse, the fellow not being able to hinder her, and calls *Plotina* to her assistance, who could not do as much, as being held fast by him who carried her. Not that *Clelia* had any hopes to save her self; but hop'd only by making a little stay there, that the Gods whom she invoc'd would send her some relief.

In the mean time, *Tullia* having observed that the Chariot of the Captives follow'd not, caus'd her own to be stay'd, to know whence the disorder happen'd. But at last, understanding that it was broke, she commanded *Clelia* to be brought into hers, not out of any motive of goodnesse; but out of a consideration of the most cruel jealousy in the World. So that some that were about her putting themselves in order to satisfie her, they call'd him who was charg'd with the Conduct of that Beauty. But not finding him, and acquainting *Tullia* with as much, she commanded twelve of her people to pursue them, and to bring *Clelia* back, or never to see her again. These proving succesfull in their search, were come almost to the place where *Clelia* cast her self to the ground, and where she yet was, obstinately refusing to get up again. So that he who was to have brought her to *Tarquinius*, seeing these twelve horse approaching, whom he presently knew, he saw it was not his best course to return any more to *Tullia*, but to seek protection from *Tarquin*. He therefore attempted, once more, to perswade *Clelia*, really thinking he did her a good Office. But Madam (said he to her) you consider not that *Tullia* would not have you in her power, but to put you to death. It matters not (answer'd the generous *Clelia*) I would rather suffer death, then the love of your unjust Prince.

She had no sooner said this, but she perceives a great body of Horse towards *Ardea*, and imagining they were some of *Tarquin's* Troops, she began to run crosse a Meadow, before those whom *Tullia* had sent to take her, though she doubted not much, but that she sought her own death. She had not gone twenty paces, but turning about to see whether she was follow'd, she perceives twenty horse drawn off from the Body she had seen, making towards her as fast as they could ride. So that conceiving they would easily overtake her, she stood still, seeing indeed she could do no otherwise; for those twelve horse discovering that they whom they saw, were not of *Tarquin's* Forces, ran away; and hee who would have carri'd *Clelia* to the Tyrant perceiving it also, got up on Horse back, and provided for himself, and his companion to disburthen himself of *Plotina*, set her down and followed him.

Hereupon these two Beauties being met again, and resolving to die together, were much surprized to see *Horatius* riding before those twenty horse, which were drawn off from their Body. But though *Clelia* lov'd him not, nay might indeed charge him with all the misfortunes of her life, as having hindred her to marry *Arances* neer *Capua*, and knew that he did hate that illustrious Prince, and was by him reciprocally hated; yet in regard he was a

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virtuous man, and had a respect for her, besides an infinite love, it was some joy to her, to see that she was not any longer subject to the violences of *Tarquin*. *Horatius* on the other side, being come in the head of these twenty Horse, out of no other consideration then that of Humanity, to relieve women whose condition he saw was such as needed relief, was no lesse amaz'd to find the admirable *Clelia*. He presently alights, and coming towards her with infinite respect: Well, Madam (said he to her) shall I obtain pardon for having carried you away from *Capua*, by bringing you to *Rome*; now that it is delivered from that cruell Tyrant, who hath so often sought the life of the generous *Clelia*.

I know not (repl'd she) whether the Crime you speak of, is of such a nature as may be absolutely pardon'd; but I am certain you will put an extraordinary obligation on me, if you bring me to *Rome*, since *Tarquin* hath no more to do there. But *Horatius* (added she) may I trust you? You may Madam (repl'd he) and if I bring you not immediately to *Rome*, account me the most infamous of Mankind: For in a word (I profess to you) considering the obligations which it hath pleas'd my destiny my Rivals should cast on me, I will never prejudice him by any other waies then those of my addressees, my services and my own Vertue. But Madam (added he) we must lose no time, for there have hapned so great changes in one day, that me thinks all should change again in one day; therefore give me leave to set you on a horse which you shal guide your self, that so you may not suspect I have any design to force you any where, and may the more willingly permit mee to bee your Conductor.

Notwithstanding all this, *Clelia* would needs be assur'd by a new Engagement, that *Horatius* would bring her to *Rome*; which done, this Illustrious Roman chusing out a Horse among those that follow'd him, caus'd one of his people to attend and conduct *Clelia*, and another to take *Plautina* behind him; and so without any further stay he took his way to *Rome*, follow'd by the whole Body which had overtaken him.

But *Clelia* being extremely desirous to know the State of Affairs, whereof she had not heard any thing, since she had seen her dear *Aronces* expos'd to so great danger (for her sake) in the Palace Court, entreated *Horatius* to acquaint her with what he knew. He therefore told her, that *Brutus* had wrought a revolt in the Camp; that he had sent Word to *Ardea* that *Rome* would have peace with Her; adding, that for his own particular, to come as soon as he could to her, he had got together two hundred Horse, with intention to cast himself into *Rome*, having not been certainly inform'd that *Tullia* had carried her with her. *Horatius* had scarce told her thus much, but he understood from some of his men who went before, that there was seen in the Plain into which they were entring, a very desperate fight between two Parties, very unequal in number; for there might very well be on one side, three or four hundred Horse, and there seem'd not to be on the other much above an hundred. This Intelligence put *Horatius* into some disorder, for he must needs think it could be no other then *Tarquin*, who he knew had taken with him from the Camp three or four hundred Horse, and conceiv'd he must have met with some of those who had revolted from him: So that his heart being divided between Love and Honour, he knew not whether he should go and relieve those who stood in need of his Assistance, or make it his business to conduct *Clelia* safely to *Rome*. But to take a mean between both, and to know at least more certainly what the matter was, he sent some of his men to make discovery, and lay close behind a little hill.

Clelia, who little imagin'd that the Illustrious *Aronces* was engag'd in a dangerous fight against *Tarquin*, and thought he had been in *Rome*, or with

Brutus, was very importunate with *Horatius* not to trouble himself about any thing, but to bring her into some place of Safety. And indeed, her insinuations were so prevalent, that he seeing those whom he had sent out return'd not so soon as he expected, he could no longer endure that *Clelia* should be in any fear of falling into the hands of *Tarquin*. So that he turn'd out of the way he would have gone, leaving only two of his men, to bid those whom he had sent, when they were return'd, to follow him the way he should lead them, which was the neereſt to go to *Rome*. But these two waited to no purpose, for those who had been sent out to discover the Parties that were engag'd, had been forc'd to fight themselves, *Tarquin*, who had soon perceiv'd them, having order'd thirty of his men to engage them, out of a fear of being surpriz'd by some fresh supplies; and accordingly, they had been either taken Prisoners, or cut to pieces: Besides, that *Tarquin* having been inform'd by those who had been taken, that *Horatius* was not far from him with two hundred Horse, and easily inferring that if he joyn'd with *Aronces* he were utterly lost, since that valiant Prince found him so much work with so small a handful of men, he commanded his people to make one final attempt to overcome him; for till then, in regard he was Son to a King who was his Ally, from whom he expected Protection, he had given Order that he should not be kill'd. But considering the importunity of his present condition, he was oblig'd not to debate the business any longer: So that *Aronces* was in an extreme danger; for he had but about an hundred Horse left, and had almost four hundred to deal with.

Besides all this, the Prince of *Pometia* and Prince *Tius* had joyn'd their Father, and being oblig'd to fight for their Father how wicked soever he might be, they engag'd *Aronces* with an incredible Courage, though they had an infinite esteem for him. 'Tis true, the Valour this Prince express'd that day was so prodigious, that there never was seen any thing like it; for he was several times surrounded by his enemies, yet could they neither take him Prisoner, nor hurt him. He kill'd (in a manner at *Tarquin's* Elbow) that valiant *H. Ilius*, with whom he had some time fought near *Ardea*: and if *Tarquin* had not us'd a subtle shift, he might have been overcome by him: so signal was his Valour, and so worthily was it seconded by that of *Artemidrus*, *Amilcar*, *Zenocras*, and *Celerus*.

To this may be added, that the Romans whom he had with him, were in so much fear of falling into the power of *Tarquin*, that they behav'd themselves so much the more gallantly. But at last *Tarquin* having caus'd some of his people to make out-cries as if *Rome* were return'd to its Duty to him, and that his Army had chang'd their resolutions; those who were with *Aronces* taking Alarm at this false report, though he did all that lay in his power to hinder them from believing it, ran away: so that he was left alone with his four Friends, amidst so great a number of enemies; yet would he not yeild, till that there was no other remedy, after he had receiv'd a wound in his right Arm; but at last he was forc'd to submit to the multitude by which he was surrounded, and become the Prisoner of a King who had lost both his Kingdom and his Army.

But that this adventure might prove yet more insupportable to him, it hapned that *Tarquin*, whom it concern'd to treat him well, had indeed an extraordinary care of him, out of some considerations of Policy only, though he hated him most horribly, both as a Lover of *Clelia*, and that he found him in Arms against him; so that after he had put a Guard upon him, and those Friends of his who met with the same Fortune, except *Amilcar*, who made a shift to escape after he had been taken, it hapned that *Tarquin* causing *Aronces* to be dress'd at the first House he met in his way, one of *Horati-*

his men who had been taken by some of *Tarquin's*, standing neer him when he was dress'd, knew him, and made acquaintance with him. *Aronces* who could not want a curiosity for such a Rival, ask'd him by what adventure he came thither, and where his Master was? To which this man, being of the humour of those, who, when they relate things, love to circumstantiate, answer'd, that *Horatius* recovering at length of his wounds, found himself in a condition to cast himself into *Rome*; then told him how he had found *Clelia*, highly expressing the satisfaction that Beauty had in meeting him so seasonably, assuring him that he was to carry her to *Rome*, and that they would be there very suddenly. The first apprehensions of *Aronces* were extremely confus'd and entangled; for after a long fear that *Clelia* might perish through the cruelty of the implacable *Tullia*, he arriv'd to a slender comfort, when he understood that she was not in her power. He was not also dissatisfis'd that she went to *Rome*, as also that she was quite out of the reach of *Tarquin's* violence, and *Sexius's*; but when after all he consider'd, that she was fallen into the hands of a Rival, a person of so great worth as *Horatius*, one who had such an advantage over him, as to render him so considerable a service; and withal saw himself wounded, and Prisoner to a Prince who he knew lov'd *Clelia*, and who would not fail to return him to the King his Father, and to engage him into his Interests, he thought himself the most unfortunate man in the world: for he fore-saw what in reason should be the consequence of so cross an accident. Accordingly when he was got on Horse-back, and forc'd to follow a Prince whom Fortune had forsaken, and who went for refuge to *Ceres* intending to send thence to Treat with *Porcennas*, he entertain'd himself after the saddest manner that could be. For when he call'd to mind with what eagerness he wish'd *Rome's* Liberty, and *Tarquin's* Ruine, and consider'd that the Misfortune of that Prince was the only cause that he was his Prisoner, he acknowledg'd in himself, that men were guilty of great rashness, when they presum'd to desire any thing precisely of the Gods; since that many times what they desire, proves more prejudicial to them then what they fear: So that not daring in a manner to wish any thing, for fear of making any wishes against himself, he was extremely afflicted, especially when he consider'd that *Clelia* was in a place where he had two very considerable Rivals; that himself in all likelihood should be turn'd over a Prisoner to the King his Father, and saw not any thing whence he might derive the least comfort, but the hopes he had in the Friendships of the illustrious *Brutus*, and the generous *Horatius*.

The End of the Second Part of CLELIA.

FINIS.

THe Literal Escapes which have hapned, both in this, and the former Column, being such as the Ingenious Reader may easily reconcile to the true sense and meaning, we shall not need put them on the Side, and therefore shall only think it requisite to give notice, that in regard the work hath pass through divers hands, the names of Places and Persons are not Interpreted every where alike: As in some Places, Leontine, and Agrigentine, and Ericine, instead of Leontum, Agrigentum, and Ericium: As also, Clodamas, Clidimira, Janicula, Philonice, and the like, which the Candid Reader, minding the Translations and History, it is presum'd will not make any balt at.

THE END OF THE SECOND PART OF CLELIA.